THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

April 1988

£1.30



Great British Hooligans

Ambassadors we can't afford

Plus. Exclusive Pictures from Russia, Kingsley Amis and the liveliest entertainments guide



A 5 LITRE V12, AND NOT ONE OF THESE ENDORSEMENTS IS FOR SPEEDING.

"The engine is a sheer delight. The long running BMW 'six' set a target for turbine-like smoothness which none of its rivals have matched. The surprisingly light (only 529lb) alloy 12 five-litre has now lifted the target to even greater heights". THE TIMES

The automatic transmission "was excellent mated to the 735i's straight-six and it's magnificent in charge of the V12, managing its extra muscle with consummate efficiency and skill. Light-throttle upchanges are all but imperceptible". MOTOR

"What it all adds up to is a car that surpasses all rivals for sheer silky smoothness of operation, coupled with apparently limitless power". "Wind noise is minimal and there is hardly any tyre rumble to disturb those who ride in this magic carpet of a car". FINANCIAL TIMES

"No road car has a better driving position than the BMW." "No car has clearer instrumentation." "It is *the* luxury car of the late 1980s; of that we have no doubt". FAST LANE

"Inside, the flagship BMWs come fully loaded. Air conditioning, electrically adjusted and heated seats, remote central locking, remote alarm system, remote window and sunroof closure – you name it, the BMW has it". AUTOCAR

"The bald conclusion to this test is as inevitable as it is emphatic: BMW's 750iL is currently the world's finest large saloon". MOTOR

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

THE BMW 750iL COSTS £53,750. THE 735i COSTS £28,920. PRICES, CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCLUDE CAR TAX AND VAT BUT NOT DELIVERY OR NUMBER PLATES. INCLUSIVE DELIVERY CHARGE, INCORPORATING BMW EMERGENCY SERVICE AND INITIAL SERVICES, £233 + VAT. FOR A 750iL OR 7 SERIES INFORMATION FILE, PLEASE TELEPHONE: 01-897 6665 (LITERATURE REQUESTS ONLY). FOR TAX FREE SALES, TELEPHONE: 01-629 9277.

HAVING DISPOSED OF A SECONDHAND EMERALD, THEY ACQUIRED A FIFTEEN HAND CHESTNUT.

A horse might not quite cost a kingdom, but it would certainly set you back a princely sum.

The going rate for a good riding horse, or even pony, is at least £2000.

Saddlery and clothes will add £500 or so to your mounting bill. Then, once you take stabling, feed and farriers' and vets' fees into account, you will have to put aside around £4000 a year just to keep your new mobile asset mobile.

Which is why it could be worth taking a look around you. Frequently, objects you may own or inherit turn out to be alarmingly valuable.

Of course, it takes the eye of a specialist and years of experience to recognise the difference between an item of worth and one that's merely of interest. Hence Phillips have over a hundred-and-twenty specialists at your disposal.

So how do you go about turning the small mount you don't want into the larger variety you do?

Simply take it into your nearest Phillips. There are more than twenty auction rooms and offices around the country, staffed by professional auctioneers and specialists in fine art and antiques.





A fine emerald single stone ring in a plain mount. Recently sold at Phillips for £14,000.

Usually they will be able to appraise your item on the spot.

On the occasion when a more specialised eye is called for, then the relevant London department will be called upon.

When, and only when, they know exactly what they are dealing with, you will be advised of the best time to put your object up for auction, and the most favourable venue (since certain items fetch higher prices in certain places).

Photographs will be taken, where appropriate, and catalogues produced, culminating in the sale itself. You will be promptly advised of the hammer price, and your cheque will be with you shortly thereafter.

Not all the finest items are found in London. We recently sold a diamond pendant, which was first taken to our Cambridge office, for £140,000.

So whatever you may have and wish to sell, bring it along to your local Phillips.

For further information and a complimentary copy of our preview of forthcoming auctions, please call Andrew Singleton on 01-629 6602.

You'll find our knowledge most rewarding.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS SINCE 1796

BLENSTOCK HOUSE, 7 BLENHEIM STREET, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1Y 0AS · Telephone: 01-629 6602
LONDON (3 AUCTION ROOMS) · BARNSTAPLE · BATH · CAMBRIDGE · CARDIFF · CARLISLE · CARMARTHEN · CHESTER · COLWYN BAY
CORNWALL · EDINBURGH · EXETER · FOLKESTONE · GLASGOW · IPSWICH · KNOWLE · LEEDS · MELBOURNE · MORLEY · NORWICH
OXFORD · PLYMOUTH · ROCHDALE · SHERBORNE · BRUSSELS · GENEVA · NEW YORK · PARIS · THE HAGUE · ZURICH
Members of the Society of Fine Art Auctioneers.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7077 VOLUME 276 APRIL 1988

MAIN FEATURES

26 THE GREAT BRITISH HOOLIGAN The phenomenon that shocks the world

36 THE MEN WHO DECIDE WHAT THE PM SEES Richard Norton-Taylor reveals the unknown power structure inside Number 10

40 WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE £100 James Delingpole asks Londoners how long it takes them to earn the magic figure

46 SACRED COW: THE GARRICK CLUB Suzanne Lowry darkens the doorstep of London's famous male retreat

52 TRY LIBEL Marcel Berlins and Richard Ingrams assess the consequences of taking newspapers to court

56 50 WAYS TO IMPROVE LONDON What the readers think

58 THE QUICK BRIGHT FOX Paul Fox rejoins the BBC—lair of the pompous and boring. Michael Leapman discovers why

60 WILL THE BUCK STOP HERE? Peter Greenberg assesses the effect on American tourists of the declining dollar; Candida Crewe finds out what service they can expect in five London hotels

62 BELIEVERS IN A GODLESS STATE Exclusive pictures from behind the Iron Curtain

REGULAR FEATURES

7 EDITOR'S LETTER

9 READERS' LETTERS

12 THE MONTH Simon Horsford's news report

18 SERPENTINE An aspish look at the capital

22 AMPERSAND The Alan Rusbridger column

71 TRAVEL Michael Watkins in Jamaica

75 ARCHAEOLOGY Dr Colin Martin on Armada excavations

78 FOOD & WINE Matthew Fort gives a birthday party, Kingsley Amis at the Gavroche, Michael Broadbent on the Loire

98 WIT'S END Tom Fort warms up for the London Marathon

ARTS

80 OVERTURE: THE FACE CHANGER Martin Colyer looks at the work of graphic designer Neville Brody

84 BOOKS Reviews by Ian Thomson, Michael Stewart and Ian Stewart

87 REVIEWS George Perry on Cinema; Chris Riley and J. C. Trewin on Theatre; Margaret Davies on Opera

91 LISTINGS A selective guide to arts and entertainment in the city

Cover photograph by Steve Lyne



The Russian Orthodox Church p62



Are London hotels up to standard? p60



How long before he earns £100? p40



Switzerland's sunniest swimming-pool

CH-6600 Locarno
Tel: 0104193/33.02.82.
Telex: 846 143

Built in 1876 – a historical first-class hotel with 20th-century conveniences. Located in a romantic park at the centre of the town, just a few minutes from Lago Maggiore. Beautiful rooms and suites with all modern conveniences – direct dialling telephone – cable TV with 16 programmes. French restaurant and garden restaurant *Alle Grotte* (Ticino specialities) – Liberty bar – P – Tennis court.

HOTEL REBER ★★★★
LOCARNO AU LAC

First-class hotel in a sunny and very quiet location directly on the lake. French restaurant – American bar – lake terrace – Spanish grill-room – piano player – private bathing beach – heated swimming-pool – boat landing stage – tennis court – large subtropical garden – P – elevator – direct dialling telephones – cable TV (20 programmes). 30 rooms and 8 suites recently refurbished. **Open all year round. New: conference room with capacity for 100. Reservations: The Reber family. Telephone: 0104193/33.02.02. Telex: 846 074.**

★★★★
Hotel Du Lac-Seehof

A FLOWER BOUQUET . . .
Gastronomy, sports, entertainment, leisure, relaxation.
Located directly on the lake, 1km from the city centre. Do you know us? We shall be glad to send you leaflets and a programme of events. Restaurant *L'Arazzo*, Bar *Le Petit Point*.

Cristina and Corrado Kneschaurek, jun., Hotel du Lac Seehof, CH-6902 Lugano Telephone: 0104191/54 19 21. Telex: 844 355

europa ★★★★
grand hotel au Lac Lugano

Directly on the lake promenade with a magnificent panoramic view – restaurants – piano bar – snack bar – Café Boulevard – swimming pool – night club – shopping – P – Avis Rent a Car – conference and exhibition facilities.

7 days half-board: Sfrs 910·00 per person in a double room.
7 days room and breakfast only: Sfrs 630·00 per person in a double room.

P. L. Bravin, Manager, CH-6902 LUGANO. Phone: 0104191/55.01.71. Telefax: 0104191/54 27 57 Telex: 844 333

HOTEL MEISTER ★★★★
LUGANO PARADISO

The holiday hotel with a traditional Swiss atmosphere. Central location, near lakeside walk and boating pier. San Salvatore train.
80 rooms with all modern conveniences, partly air-conditioned. Distinguished reception rooms, bar, lift, sun terraces, *heated swimming-pool* in idyllic garden, meadow for sun-bathing, barbecue, P. Garage opposite. Tennis court. Cinema and other entertainment nearby. 7-day overall rate for ***Lugano to your own requirements*** from **Sfr. 525·00** (room and breakfast).

Information and bookings: H. & J. Müller, propr. Tel: 0104191/54.14.12. Telex: 844 346.

HOTEL
OLIVELLA
AU LAC

Restaurant *La Voile d'Or* and *Oliva* Bar al Lago – hotel bar – piano-player – outdoor swimming-pool – sauna – massage – water skiing – boats – windsurfing – supervised kindergarten – convention, conference and banquet facilities.

YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS . . .

For information and reservations: Jacques and Eliane Bettex, Mgrs. Telephone: 0104191/69 10 01. Telex: 79 535 CH.6922 Morcote.

Laghi del TICINO
Magia di luce e colori...

Southern Switzerland



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

EDITOR
Henry Porter

ASSISTANT EDITOR	Laura Cotton
ART DIRECTOR	Fran Gutteling
PICTURE EDITOR	Mary Corcoran
ARTS EDITOR	Sally Richardson
PRODUCTION EDITOR	Margaret Davies
SUB EDITORS	Joanna Willcox Simon Horsford
EDITOR-AT-LARGE	Geoffrey Wansell
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS	Edward Pearce Kim Fletcher Lewis Chester
ARCHAEOLOGY EDITOR	Ann Birchall
TRAVEL EDITOR	David Tennant
LISTINGS CONTRIBUTORS	Margaret Davies Chris Riley Roger Sabin Edward Lucie-Smith
ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR	Jeffery May
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER	Humphrey Lee
DEPUTY ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER	Daphne Capel
SALES EXECUTIVES	Jane Washbourn Marcus Orchard
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS	Melinda Smiley
CIRCULATION MANAGER	Richard Pitkin
PRODUCTION MANAGER	John Webster
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT	Lora Savino
CIRCULATION/ ADVERTISEMENT SECRETARY	Jenny Ford
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	James Bishop
PUBLISHER	Tony Price
PROPRIETOR	James Sherwood

© 1988 *The Illustrated London News*, a partnership of James B Sherwood and British Ferries Ltd. World copyright of all editorial matter, both illustrations and text, is strictly reserved. Colour transparencies and other material submitted to *The Illustrated London News* are sent at their owners' risk and, while every care is taken, neither *The Illustrated London News* nor its agents accept any liability for loss or damage. Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. Be sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* by placing an order with your newsagent or by taking out a subscription. Orders for subscriptions and address corrections to: ILN Subscription Department, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR. Telephone 0858 34567. Second-class postage paid at Rahway NJ. Postmaster: Address corrections to The Illustrated London News, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc, 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001, USA. ISSN number: 0019-2422.

Newstrade Distributor: S.M. Distribution, 16-18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9 8DX. Telephone 01-274 8611. USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 ($29), USA £25 ($39), Europe £28 ($44),Canada £28 ($55), rest of the world £32 ($50). Typesetting and printing in England by Watmoughs Limited, Idle, Bradford; and London. Colour reproduction by Bridge Graphics Limited. Published at the office of The Illustrated London News, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF, March, 1988. Agents for Australasia: Gordon & Gotch Ltd; branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Launceston and Hobart, Australia; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, New Zealand.

Editor's Letter

VOLUME CONTROL

Science masters with a taste for futuristic speculation used to tell their pupils that the printed word would become obsolete in their lifetimes and the book would become as laughably archaic as the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages.

Well, they were wrong. Books are being sold in greater numbers every year and individual books are causing more trouble than television and newspapers put together. Television has been considerably subdued in the last few years and newspapers, as Marcel Berlins points out on page 52 of this issue, are becoming increasingly wary of the libel laws. The only occasion when newspapers cause much of a stir these days is when they attempt to publish material which is extracted from a book.

There could be no more convincing evidence of the renewed power of the book as a vehicle for an individual's views or revelations than the successive rows over Peter Wright's *Spycatcher*, John Stalker's memoirs of his investigations in Northern Ireland, and the two unauthorised biographies of Robert Maxwell. Whatever the merits of these books, it is quite clear that Peter Wright, John Stalker, Tom Bower (*Maxwell the Outsider*), Peter Thompson and Anthony Delano (*Maxwell, a Portrait of Power*) would not have found another outlet for their work.

The Government and powerful individuals like Mr Maxwell have now woken up to the reality that although a book has a very limited audience (a 100,000 hardback sale is exceptional) books tend to be read by people who matter. Thus they are prepared to go to great lengths to stop books being distributed. Maxwell has even threatened individual booksellers with the possibility of legal action if they stock the two offending versions of his life.

This is wrong, particularly for a publisher whose whole being should be steeped in the rights of free speech. Despite his failure to get an interim injunction on the books he has considerable legal and financial resources which naturally frightened the average bookseller. Not all, however, were intimidated and Julian Blackwell of the famous Oxford booksellers challenged what he termed as "bullying". Whatever the outcome of the legal dispute he should be congratulated, because the right to print and publish material should not be curtailed by these pre-emptive legal strikes. Books and booksellers are still an important element of the democratic process.

Harold Brook Baker is editor of *Burke's Peerage*, which is a sort of bloodstock handbook for those who wish their daughters to marry into the ancient and landed lines of Britain. Although the book appears less frequently these days, Mr Brook Baker is no less in evidence. He is one of the great self-promoters and possesses a considerable talent for spotting a news story and reacting to it in public so that his name and *Burke's Peerage* acquire a gratuitous mention in the newspapers. This is by no means a dishonourable activity; it is just good public relations.

In the middle of March Mr Brook Baker became agitated about the dangers that Prince Charles faced during his skiing holiday and he wrote to the royal family imploring them all to be more careful. It is certain that the royal family were touched by the concern of no less a person than the editor of *Burke's Peerage*, although they were probably less impressed by the fact that he released his letter to the Press and it was quite extensively quoted by the newspapers following the tragedy at Klosters.

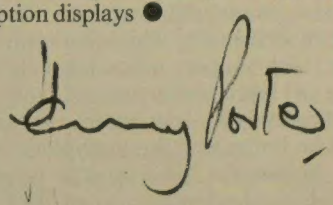
It is to be hoped that Brook Baker's advice is always ignored. It would be ludicrous if the royal family and particularly the heir to the throne were sheltered from life to the degree that he advocates. Dangerous sports like skiing and polo-playing are a necessary release from the safety of the rest of his life.

In this issue of *The Illustrated London News*, we print readers' ideas for improving London. There was an enormous response to the original feature which appeared in February and I am pleased to announce that Lieutenant-



Robert Maxwell: unauthorised biographies

Commander L.E. May has won the case of champagne for the best ideas. They were not spectacular but they were all intelligent.
1. A London tourist board office to be opened in the West End, in addition to the one in Victoria. 2. All London canals to be cleared and maintained to keep the routes open. Booms to be strategically placed in order to avoid rubbish collecting. 3. Canal towpaths to be cleared and landscaped. 4. More buildings to be provided with signs indicating just what they are. 5. "Look up" signs to be installed in places of interest so that passers-by notice what is above street level. 6. New telephone booths designed on the lines of the pavement super loo; pay-on-entry would limit vandalism. 7. All good views of London, like the one from Waterloo Bridge, to be given appropriate description displays ●



ILN WEEKEND VISIT TO CHARTWELL, SISSINGHURST, PENSHURST PLACE & CANTERBURY

(May 13–15, 1988)



A morning at Chartwell, which was Sir Winston Churchill's country home for more than 40 years, will be the highlight of the next *ILN* weekend, which will be centred in the lovely countryside of Kent. Readers will also visit the garden created at Sissinghurst by Sir Harold Nicolson and his wife, Vita Sackville-West, the medieval manor of Penshurst Place, and the Pilgrim's Way exhibition in Canterbury.

This special *ILN* weekend will begin on the evening of May 13 at the Wateringbury Hotel near Maidstone, where readers will stay. Guests will be welcomed in the evening by the Editor-in-Chief of the *ILN*, and after dinner Grace Hamblin, who was Churchill's secretary for many years, will talk about her memories of working at Chartwell, where she later became curatrix. The house will be visited on Saturday morning. After lunch there the party will travel to the tiny village of Penshurst, which is dominated by the 14th-century manor house containing a large collection of antiques, paintings and fine porcelain and tapestries. The house was the birthplace of Sir Philip Sidney in 1554, and is now the home of his descendant, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley.

On Saturday evening Mr Nigel Nicolson, son of Sir Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West, will dine with the party and talk about Sissinghurst, where he now lives.

Sissinghurst will be visited on Sunday morning, and after lunch there will be a guided tour of Canterbury. The *ILN* weekend will conclude after this, but the hotel will offer preferential rates for those wishing to stay on.

The total cost of the *ILN* weekend, including accommodation for two nights at the Wateringbury Hotel, all meals from Friday dinner to Sunday lunch, transport, entry fees, etc. will be £170 (£10 supplement for single room) per person.

Numbers have to be restricted, so to ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the form as soon as possible. Confirmation of your booking will be sent to you at once and further details will be forwarded in April.

To: The Illustrated London News (Chartwell), 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Please reserve me.....place(s) for the ILN weekend visit to Chartwell, Sissinghurst, Penshurst Place and Canterbury (May 13-15, 1988) at £170 per person (£180 for single room).

I should like a single/double room (delete whichever is inapplicable)

Name .....

Address .....

.....**Tel no**.....

I enclose my cheque made payable to The Illustrated London News

I wish to pay by Access/American Express/Barclaycard/Diners Club

My account number is

Signature.....

READERS' LETTERS

PICK-ME-UP

We always look forward to our copy of the *ILN* because it's like flying to London for the day! I used to go to the restaurant "Caprice" when my uncle lived and worked in London. In your December issue there is an article about it written by Kingsley Amis.

I was surprised that such an expert does not know the sweet he had, a very popular Italian dessert called *tiramisu*. He believes it to be Japanese, probably because like "ju-jitsu" it ends in "u"! The word itself tells you the meaning: tira mi su (pick me up).

Mrs Achille Bianchi, Lugano

FORTIFIED

As a subscriber of quite a few years' standing, I'd like you to know that the *ILN*'s new and brighter format and style are much appreciated in our household; it easily maintains its standing as our favourite magazine.

We particularly enjoyed Tom Fort's "Song and Dance in Ecchinswell"—a great piece on the vanities and come-uppances of the New Mighty. Please let's have more from him.

Andrew Woods, Vancouver, Canada

GLARING ERRORS

I am glad to see that you interviewed Tom Wolfe, a writer I admire. I have read the book that has now been so widely praised and I notice that Gilbert Adair has got a crucial fact wrong. He says that the hero of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is a hit-and-run driver. This is not true; the hero's mistress Maria is the culprit. Did Gilbert Adair read the book?

Otherwise, congratulations on an excellent issue. I still miss the Bridge article each month.

Roger Pilley, Berks

Your man Gilbert Adair has pulled a fast one on you. He either did not read (or did not read carefully) the tremendously popular and fine novel of Tom Wolfe—*The Bonfire of the Vanities*.

Errors:

1. Adair: Sherman did hit the boy and run.
Book: Sherman's girlfriend hit the boy while driving away. Sherman did not.



2. Adair: The boys were not muggers.
Book: The boys were muggers. One by experience and training; the other, the wrong person at the wrong time.
3. Adair: The English "journalist's" (he worked for a scandal sheet) name was Fallon.
Book: His name was Fallow.

Adair missed the book. He bought Fallow's story and then got his name wrong.

Joe Humphreys, Virginia, USA

GOOD SIGNS

Do I sense a welcome change in the direction of the *ILN*? It seems that the October, 1987 issue has a good deal less of the glossy full-page photos and such items as Sherlock Holmes, and more substance. Also, at least one can find your name on the same page as your editorials—but why don't you sign them? As an emigrated (1957) Devonian I do like the reviews of the mores of the society (for example, Laurie Taylor's new series) plus news of Docksides, etc. I lived in Gunnersbury for three years and never knew about the cemetery. Are the prisons open for visits? If so, they might make another interesting "List of the Month".

Peter E. Liley, Indiana, USA

POINT OF FACT

It has come to my attention that the *ILN*'s first editor was also the proprietor of Old Parr's Life Pills. He drowned in Lake Michigan.

Christopher Hawtree, Hove

Ed replies: *No. This was the founder and owner, Herbert Ingram, who was indeed also the proprietor of Old Parr's Pills, which were aperients made from a secret formula of vegetables. Ingram drowned in Lake Michigan in 1860 when the paddle steamer he was sailing on collided with another vessel. His body was recovered and is buried in Boston, Lincs, where he was born. A statue in his memory was erected by the Boston Stump. The first editor was "Omnibus" Bayley, so-called because he also edited a publication of that title. Described in the* Dictionary of National Biography *as a "miscellaneous writer", Bayley was improvident and always in financial difficulties. He was replaced as editor of the* ILN *after six years by Charles Mackay, a musician. Bayley died in 1853.*

A tight squeeze

London 100 years ago: *ILN*, April 28, 1888

The unprecedented state of things on the front bench threatens to end in an unseemly physical struggle. It represents the unfortunate condition of the Liberal Party since the split on the Irish Home Rule question—a house divided against itself. Still considering themselves entitled to their coign of 'vantage near the gangway . . . the Marquis of Hartington and Mr Chamberlain, with their two ex-Ministerial colleagues, are yet to be seen seated in line with Mr Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt . . . and the rest. But so crowded is the bench often with the Gladstonian contingent that there is barely room left for the Liberal Unionists . . . Stalwart, strong, and muscular, Lord Hartington would be a difficult member to dispossess of his seat. . . . But so great is the pressure that it has sometimes come to pass that gentler Sir Henry James has had to perch himself on the extreme edge of the bench betwixt Lord Hartington and Mr Chamberlain, until, unable to endure any longer the discomfort of constant slipping, he has been compelled to quit the House.

THE SILENT MEMBER

SICK SOCIETY

A society which puts Mrs Thatcher in the House of Commons, or Lester Piggott in gaol, is a very sick society indeed. To do both suggests a terminal illness.

The system of employing such and such advertising agents to suborn the dimwit majority into maintaining the conqueror's rights to fines and taxes and a barbaric, sadistic and unmitigated legal profession is overdue for the other *belle dame sans merci*.

David Gascoigne de Vere Webb, Johannesburg



WHINING AND DINING

I feel stupendously compelled to write in response to your lengthy article on the stagnation of London. I recommend that all of those whose hearts are touched by the demise of our Londinium should meet. The main goal would be to get quite jolly, contentedly full, make lots of new friends and then send out vigilante groups to exterminate all perpetrators of dreariness.

Edward Bowles, Gosport

Your "50 ways to improve London"(*ILN*, February) had one factual error. You are right that the City of London and its corporation fail to observe the Festival Day of their Patron Saint, St Paul, but you gave the wrong date for this. The Feast is on January 25, not January 24.

This festival day closes the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, and as St Paul advised Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmity", it would be fitting if the corporation of the City of London were to offer free drinks to all of us who, like Timothy, are in episcopal orders.

The Rt Rev J. P. Burrough, Oxon

For more readers' ideas see page 56



One of the oldest buildings in this unspoilt medieval wool town, The Swan dates from the 14th Century. Documents indicate that it was an inn as far back as the 15th Century.

The building incorporates the old wool hall, and with lofty timbered ceilings and a minstrel's gallery, it typifies rural Suffolk.

The restaurant features heavy oaken beams, a massive linteled fireplace, the best of English cuisine and the best wines for miles around.



THE SWAN, LAVENHAM



THE MARINE, NORTH BERWICK.

The Marine Hotel is a delightful Victorian turreted mansion, which stands proudly overlooking the 16th green of the magnificent North Berwick Championship West Links Golf Course.

Only 24 miles from Edinburgh it's the perfect venue to combine business and golf. The hotel commands superb views past the sandy beaches of the Firth of Forth to the distant shores of Fife.

The Marine serves the very best Scottish beef, lamb, game and a variety of sea foods. Choose your digestive aid from an exceptional selection of malts. Breakfast too is an exceptional meal, setting golfers up for the day and businessmen up for the fray.



THE WALDORF, LONDON.

This elegant Edwardian building is built on the sweeping curve of the Aldwych, where the city meets the West End near Covent Garden's lively piazza and arcades.

Everyone meets everyone in the sunken Palm Court Lounge, a peaceful setting to talk to colleagues. The Footlights Bar maintains the relaxed atmosphere of a traditional English pub.



Just a few minutes away from Gatwick Airport and the M23 motorway link is this charming reminder of old England, set on the doorstep of the rolling Sussex Downs.

The George is easily recognised by its rare gallows sign which spans the High Street. Hardly the most welcoming sign you might think, until you sample the hospitality inside.

This 17th Century inn is heavily beamed and timbered.

The lintel above the great fireplace in the hall is dated 1615. But much of The George is probably even older.

The traditional yard of ale currently hanging in the bar holds 3 pints and is a challenge to any modern traveller.



THE GEORGE, CRAWLEY/GATWICK.

Even the locals like staying in Trusthouse Forte hotels.



Over 300 years old. The hotel was formerly an inn where the notorious Dick Turpin appeared before the local Justices.

It took its name in 1794 when William Middleton rebuilt the original centuries-old inn and added a fine Georgian facade.

Near Hull and Humberside, the regions best known dishes include local seafood specialities served in the restaurant, washed down with Theakston's bitter, another local speciality.



THE BEVERLEY ARMS, BEVERLEY.

Stay at a Trusthouse Forte hotel and you won't have to look far to find the most popular pub or bar thereabouts. You'll be there already.

Every one of our hotels is a local to someone.

And they all offer businesslike facilities for business people.

For a free illustrated directory of all the Trusthouse Forte hotels post the coupon below.

Or telephone us on 01-567 3444.

For your free Trusthouse Forte Hotels Guide return to: THF Hotel Guide, Freepost, Feltham TW14 8BR.

*Mr/Mrs/Ms*_____

*Position*_____

*Business Address*_____

_____

*Postcode*_____ *Tel*_____

Trusthouse Forte Hotels

You'll feel at home when you're away.

ILD/4

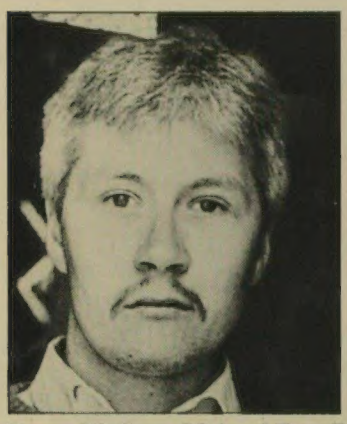
THE STATE'S HIT MEN

Relations between Britain and Ireland became more strained than at any other time in the last decade. A succession of incidents perceived by the Dublin government as inflammatory and wantonly hostile, and by the British Government as appropriate and justified, caused an almost total breakdown in the dialogue.

Following hard on the heels of the Stalker controversy and the dismissal of appeals by the "Birmingham Six" came the shooting of Aidan McAnespie, an unarmed Catholic, at a border checkpoint in County Tyrone. The Irish government said the Gardai would conduct its own inquiry into the apparently accidental killing. A few days later the Army said that Private Ian Thain was being released from prison after serving three years of a life sentence for the murder of the pop group road manager, Thomas Reilly. Then, at the beginning of March, there was the shooting of three unarmed members of the IRA in Gibraltar by the SAS, who had been flown there specifically to carry out this task.

All these incidents seemed to confirm to the Irish government that Britain, which does not have capital punishment, is operating a shoot-to-kill policy.

At home, MPs voted to allow television cameras into the Commons. The Government outlined plans for a radical shake-up of the Civil Service, and confirmed its intention to privatise electricity. The one major surprise was provided by British Aerospace which suddenly declared an interest in taking over the Rover Group.







PACEMAKER

Danny McCann, Mairead Farrell and Sean Savage—the terrorists killed by the SAS in Gibraltar

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8

● Mikhail Gorbachev said that Soviet troops would begin to withdraw from Afghanistan on May 15 and that the process would be completed within 10 months.

● Danish police authorities said that speeding offences had dropped by a third since they started putting cardboard policemen beside some roads.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

● The House of Commons voted by a majority of 54 to allow television cameras to film proceedings for a six-month trial later this year.

● An international historians' commission investigating President Waldheim's war record said that he had knowingly participated in illegal and inhumane activities, although it stopped short of directly accusing him of personally committing war crimes. On February 14 Chancellor Franz Vranitsky threatened to resign if the work of the government continued to be hampered by the debate over Waldheim's war record. He said the president had "not dealt exactly with the truth" over his role. The following day Waldheim told the nation in a televised broadcast that he refused to resign and suggested that he might sue those who had defamed him. On February 16 Mrs Thatcher said the file on six commandos who were executed in Greece in 1944 after allegedly being interrogated by Waldheim would be reopened.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

● Lord Young, the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, said that an investigation would begin on possible insider dealing in the shares of Peachey Property.

● The Metropolitan Police said that crime in London fell by 4 per cent in 1987, the first decrease for 10 years.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12

● Two Palestinian boys aged 14 and 17 were shot dead by Israeli troops during a riot after prayers in Nablus. On February 17 Neil Kinnock, during a visit to Al-Itthad hospital in Nablus, criticised Israeli tactics and condemned them for shooting Palestinians in the back. Two Israeli soldiers were later arrested for burying four Palestinian youths under wet sand after beating them—they were later rescued by local villagers. On February 25 George Shultz, the US Secretary of State, arrived in Israel and declared that "1988 could be the year of peace in the Middle East if we all approach the situation with goodwill and open minds..." Later in the day two Palestinian teenagers were shot dead on the West Bank and Shultz was snubbed by Palestinian leaders. On February 26 the Israeli Defence Force arrested four soldiers after a CBS television crew filmed them attempting to break the arms of two Palestinians with rocks. By March 3 the US Secretary of State had visited the capitals of Egypt, Jordan and Syria but American plans for an international peace conference were hampered by Israel's rejection of PLO participation in the talks and their refusal to concede some of the occupied territories. In London King Hussein of Jordan urged Shultz to continue and President Reagan directed him back to the Middle East for further negotiations. Restrictions were later introduced on the movement of foreign journalists on the West Bank and Israeli soldiers were issued with fibreglass batons because they said the wooden ones broke too easily. By March 10 strikes continued to paralyse the area and the death toll had risen to 85.

● At least 20 Young Conservatives, including the controversial right-winger Harry Phibbs, were barred from attending their own conference in Eastbourne for fears that they might embarrass the party. Martin Woodroofe beat Andrew Tinney to become chairman of the 20,000-member youth wing.

● The inflation rate in the UK fell to 3.3 per cent in January.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13

● After two days of hard bargaining the European Community governments reached an agreement on the reform of EEC finances and the control of agricultural services. Agricultural spending will be controlled by price cuts, the community's resources will be increased and Britain's budget rebate will continue. Labour MPs said the deal was unfair.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14

● Three PLO officials were killed in a bomb explosion in Limassol. The PLO blamed Mossad, the Israeli secret service. The following day, also in the Cyprus port, a PLO ship brought to carry hundreds of Palestinian deportees to Israel was damaged by a bomb that exploded underwater.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15

● Pirmin Zurbriggen, the Swiss skier, won the Downhill at the start of the XVth Olympics in Calgary. Britain's Martin Bell finished eighth—the best ever placing by a Briton in the Games. By the end the Soviet Union had won 11 golds (29 medals in total) and East Germany nine. Britain won nothing but did provide the media star of the games—ski-jumper Eddie "The Eagle" Edwards, a plasterer from Cheltenham, who came a distant last in both his events.

> "We have not been treated straight. Only the French could do this, they are crazy. I never did understand men."
>
> *Mrs Thatcher at the EEC meeting in Brussels, February 12*

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16

● Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, said that he was making the Prevention of Terrorism act permanent. Introduced after the 1974 Birmingham pub bombings, the Act, which enables police to detain and question suspected terrorists for up to seven days without them having to make a court appearance, had been reviewed annually.

● TV-am sacked 229 technicians who had been on strike since November in a dispute over working practices.

● New Zealand and England drew the First Test match in Christchurch. The Second Test in Auckland also ended in a draw on February 29 as did the Third Test in Wellington on March 7.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17

● Lieutenant-Colonel William Higgins, a senior US marine serving with the United Nations peacekeeping force, was kidnapped by three gunmen in the southern port of Tyre. Muslim extremists later claimed responsibility.

● Tom King, the Northern Ireland Secretary, announced two further



JOHN REARDON/REX

The Palestinian death toll rose on the West Bank as Israeli troops clashed with the demonstrators





MAURO CARRARO/REX

The Prince of Wales had a narrow escape in Klosters when his friend Major Hugh Lindsay was killed in an avalanche while they were skiing the Wang, one of the resort's most dangerous runs

inquiries into the role of Royal Ulster Constabulary officers, including senior ranks, to find out whether they should face disciplinary action stemming from the shooting of six people in 1982. Both inquiries are expected to be completed within a couple of months.

> "The belief in our fatherland is at stake. You can trust me."

President Waldheim speaking on Austrian television to refute allegations of his involvement in war crimes, February 15

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18

● In response to growing concern about chemicals in aerosol products damaging the Earth's ozone layer, leading manufacturers of spray toiletries said they would attempt to develop alternative chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) which would be "ozone benign".

● Mrs Thatcher announced a radical shake-up of the Civil Service with 12 Whitehall departments—involving some 70,000 civil servants—set to be transferred to new agencies which will deliver government services to the public and be run by private-industry-style chief executives.

● Ford workers voted to go back to work after accepting a new two-year pay deal. They had been on strike for two weeks.

● Unemployment rose in the UK in January by 26,344 to 2,722,154.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20

● Jimmy Swaggart, one of America's most popular religious broadcasters, stepped down from his ministry after being accused of consorting with a prostitute. Swaggart, minister of the Assemblies of God which has a worldwide following of 200 million people, was instrumental in the downfall of preacher Jim Bakker who committed a similar indiscretion last year, claiming he was "a cancer that needed to be excised from the body of Christ". In a sobbing confession to his congregation, Swaggart begged for forgiveness for his sins against God and his family. His church later said he must stop preaching for three months and undergo counselling for two years to atone for "moral failure".

● At least 78 people were killed and more than 15,000 left homeless after a wave of storms hit Rio de Janeiro. Earlier in the month mud-slides caused the deaths of 207 people and left 13,000 homeless.

● Wales beat Scotland 25-20 at Cardiff Arms Park in the Five Nations Championships and France beat Ireland 25-6 at Parc des Princes in Paris. On March 5 Wales beat Ireland 12-9 at Lansdowne Road in Dublin to win the triple crown and England beat Scotland 9-6 at Murrayfield in Edinburgh.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21

● Mrs Thatcher was reported to be concerned that Mikhail Gorbachev appeared to the public as much less

threatening than previous Soviet leaders. She allegedly said to Nato ambassadors that the "Russian bear was easier to deal with when it looked more like a bear than it does now".

● A Grenadier Guardsman shot and killed a 23-year-old Catholic, Aidan McAnespie, at a Co Tyrone border checkpoint. The soldier, who is in military custody, claimed the weapon went off accidentally. The following day the Irish government took the unprecendented step of ordering its own police force to carry out its own inquiry and they later exhumed the body so a post-mortem examination could be carried out by the Republic's chief pathologist. Tom King, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, said he hoped the Gardai would pass on any relevant information to the RUC. On February 24 two part-time soldiers were killed and two others injured after a bomb exploded in Belfast's city centre. On February 29 two IRA terrorists were killed near the border village of Crossmaglen when their own bomb exploded. One of the dead men was Brendan Burns who was top of the RUC's wanted list.

● Two passenger jets, a Pan Am 727 and a B-Cal BAC 111 with a total of more than 220 passengers on board, almost collided over southern England as they flew within 800 feet of each other. After the second air-miss in a month, MPs called for a wide-ranging investigation into Britain's air-traffic-control system. The following day a helicopter carrying 11 passengers almost collided with a jet over the North Sea. Paul Channon, the Secretary of State for Transport, rejected calls for a public inquiry. Later it was announced that flights during the summer would be delayed as air-traffic controllers reduced flight frequency in British skies and on March 3 the Civil Aviation Authority said that in future it would disclose details of all air-misses.

● Land-Rover's 6,000 manual workers went on strike after voting to reject the company's pay offer.

● Pop star Michael Jackson reportedly claimed that his skin was turning lighter because of his vegetarian diet.



JOHN HILLELSON

Moral hypocrite: television evangelist Jimmy Swaggart confessed to a fascination with pornography since boyhood



REX FEATURES

The raving right: Young Conservative extremists hail Andrew Tinney, their candidate at an election rally

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22

● A Glasgow University study concluded that Edinburgh was the most agreeable city to inhabit in the British Isles. London came 34th, nine places behind Glasgow itself.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23

● Hereford & Worcester District Council and the Department of Health and Social Security said they would be investigating a surge of child sex-abuse cases involving 80 children in a two-month period. The role of one paediatrician, Dr John Nicholson, who diagnosed 54 cases, was said to be central to the inquiry.

● The Army confirmed that Private Ian Thain, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder in Belfast in 1983 of Thomas Reilly, a 22-year-old Catholic and road manager with the pop group Bananarama, was being released after serving only three years in jail. He would return to the First Light Infantry Regiment but would not serve in Northern Ireland again.

> "I personally, as I have become older and more autocratic, have banned aerosols from my household."

Prince Charles speaking at the Better Environment Awards for Industry, February 23

● The United States announced that British tourists and business people visiting America would no longer require visas as from next year.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24

● An independent report said that the Meteorological Office failed to predict the hurricane of last October because it relied too much on computer forecasts.

● The South African government effectively banned 17 leading anti-establishment organisations by prohibiting them from "carrying out or performing any activities or acts whatsoever," and it introduced a draft bill aimed at preventing such groups from receiving funds from abroad. On February 27 at least 7,000 members of the neo-Nazi Afrikaner Resistance Movement (AWB) attended a rally in Pretoria at which their leader, Eugene Terreblanche, called for a separate state for Afrikaner whites in South Africa which would allow blacks only to the extent that their labour was needed, and would expel all Jews. On February 29 Archbishop Desmond Tutu was among 150 people arrested in Cape Town for demonstrating against the new clamp-down on anti-apartheid groups. Later the Law and Order Minister, Adriaan Vlok, said the AWB was being investigated under the Internal Security Act. On March 2 the far-right Conservative Party won decisive victories over the governing National Party in two Transvaal by-elections.

● A survey in *Money* magazine disclosed that Britain has seven billionaires and at least 20,000 millionaires.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25

● Cecil Parkinson, the Energy Secretary, announced his proposals to break up the Central Electricity Generating Board into three sections as part of his privatisation strategy. A separate grid company owned by 12 area boards will operate the "supergrid" and will be expected to seek the cheapest routes of supply. Lord Marshall, chairman of the CEGB, said he regretted the decision to break up the board and that it was "unlikely to be in the best interests of the electricity customer", but Parkinson said it would create a modern and competitive industry.

● A policeman was shot and wounded as an armed gang escaped with more than £600,000 from a security van in Stoke Newington.

● At least 2,000 demonstrators took to the streets and clashed with police in Seoul during the inauguration of President Roh Tae Woo.

● The head of Panama's defence forces, General Manuel Antonio Noriega, was asked to step down by President Eric Arturo Delvalle following accusations of involvement in drug trafficking—he was recently indicted by two US federal grand juries. The following day the National Assembly ordered Delvalle to step down instead and Manuel Solis Palma, the former education minister, was sworn in as the new president. Delvalle went into hiding, supposedly under the protection of the US embassy, but vowed to return the country to "constitutional rule". On March 7 seven members of a British security firm, acting under the orders of the Panamanian ambassador, forcibly re-occupied the Panamanian consulate in London which was already occupied by staff loyal to the deposed president. The staff were later

charged with public order offences.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26

● Mikhail Gorbachev appealed for calm as at least 300,000 demonstrators took to the streets during nationalist protests in the Armenian capital of Yerevan in support of demands for the boundaries of their republic to be increased and for the return of the Naborno-Karabakh area in neighbouring Azerbaijan. It was later reported that 33 people had died in the Caspian industrial port of Sumgait and troops had been moved into the area. The Soviet press blamed "hooligans" for the disturbances and on March 3 Gennady Gerasimov, the government spokesman, said a curfew had been "proclaimed" and that the situation was "calm but tense".

● John Duffy, a former British Rail carpenter, received seven life sentences at the Old Bailey for murdering two teenagers and committing five rapes. Mr Justice Farquharson described the so-called "railway killer" as "nothing more than a predatory animal".

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27

● Amid allegations of ballot-rigging the Executive Council of the Transport and General Workers' Union, Britain's biggest union, was taken over by the hard Left by a majority of 23-16.

● Archaeologists confirmed that they had established the site of London's Roman amphitheatre beneath an area now occupied by the Guildhall. Digging began last July and the find was described as one of the most exciting in Britain since the Second World War.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29

● The Department of Trade and Industry said that Britain had a trade deficit of £905 million in January.

● Anthony Newton, the Health Minister, said that prescription charges would rise to £2.60 from April 1.

● Labour-run Derbyshire County Council said that Chesterfield School, founded in the 16th century, must replace its crest and Latin motto "Non quo sed quomodo" (Not whither but how) with the legend "Derbyshire supports nuclear-free zones". The following day council leaders said they were prepared to let the school retain its crest on official notepaper as long as the anti-nuclear slogan appeared alongside.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1

● Lord Young, the Trade Secretary, announced that British Aerospace were negotiating to take over the state-owned Rover Group. However, they were seeking a cash injection of £400 million so that Rover were free of debt and there was enough working capital to keep the company running for a year.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2

● Nato leaders meeting in Brussels agreed to maintain "effective and up-to-date" nuclear and conventional forces for the "forseeable future" after several hours of behind-the-scenes bargaining.

● Liberals and Social Democrats voted to form the new Liberal and Social Democratic Party but almost half the membership did not bother to vote.

● Armed robbers escaped with more than £1 million after a raid on a security van near Millwall Football Club in south London. A security guard had been forced to co-operate with the gang when they took his wife as a hostage.

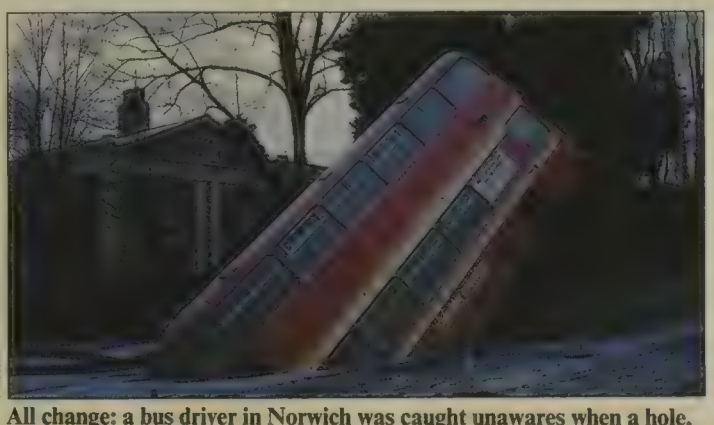


JOHN HILLELSON



ALL SPORT

Calgary Olympics: Katarina Witt retained her figure skating title and Matti Nykaenen won three golds in the ski jumping



FRANK SPOONER

All change: a bus driver in Norwich was caught unawares when a hole, blamed on chalk workings, appeared in the street

THURSDAY, MARCH 3

● At least 13 people were killed and more than 100 injured during polling in the Bangladeshi elections. The government insisted that voting had been "free, fair and peaceful".

FRIDAY, MARCH 4

● Peter Coleridge, the head of Oxfam's Middle East operations, was kidnapped by the Abu Nidal group near the Ein Hilwah refugee camp outside Sidon in South Lebanon. A Syrian Oxfam official was also taken hostage. On March 8 both were released and Coleridge said, "We were not seized but arrested for taking photographs in the camp."

● Nicholas Ridley, the Environment Secretary, said that an independent auditor would be called in to investigate a deal whereby Westminster Council sold three London cemeteries for 15p each when it could have made over £77,000 on the deal.

● Police threatened to arrest 60 tube train passengers who "hijacked" a Northern Line train at Finchley Central because of delays and diversions. Earlier in the week passengers at the same station forced a train to continue to its journey after being told to get off. London Regional Transport said they would consider prosecutions if the hijacks continued.

> "We don't want war but everybody should know that the AWB is no Sunday school picnic . . . we will govern ourselves with our superior white genes."

Eugene Terreblanche, leader of the AWB, during his demands in Pretoria for a separate state for Afrikaaner whites in South Africa, February 27

SUNDAY, MARCH 6

● Three IRA terrorists, including one woman, were shot dead in Gibraltar after the security forces uncovered a plot to detonate a bomb in the town centre. They were thought to have been killed by members of the SAS. On March 8 Spanish police discovered the car used by the IRA in Marbella. It contained 140lb of explosives. They also said they were hunting for a woman believed to be the fourth member of the gang. Three days later more than 60 Labour MPs backed a Commons motion, sponsored by Eric Heffer, denouncing the killings as "tantamount to capital punishment without trial".

● Eight people died as thousands of anti-Chinese protesters, including Buddhist monks, clashed with police on the last day of the "Great Prayer Festival" in Lhasa, Tibet. A Chinese news agency claimed the riot had begun when Buddhist monks put poison into the tea of Chinese officials.

MONDAY, MARCH 7

● Three Israeli civilians were killed when three Palestinians hijacked their bus in the Negev desert. The Palestinians were later shot by Israeli troops.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8

● In the Super-Tuesday round of primaries and caucuses for the US presidential election, when 20 states cast their votes, George Bush took a firm hold on the Republican nomination, while the race on the Democratic side was still left wide open. Bush won all but one of the states contested by the Republicans and is well in front of his closest rival Bob Dole in the opinion polls. For the Democrats, Governor Michael Dukakis, the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Senator Albert Gore divided the spoils.

● The pound made strong gains against foreign currencies which by the end of the week amounted to a rise of 3.5 per cent. Mrs Thatcher said interest rates would not be cut as a way of keeping sterling down, a view which contrasted sharply with that of Chancellor, Nigel Lawson, who favoured tight controls.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9

● A confidential letter leaked to Jack Straw, the Shadow education spokesman, showed that Margaret Thatcher was in disagreement with Kenneth Baker, the Education Secretary, over his plans to test pupils throughout their school careers.

● The Government said that local authorities could no longer use lease-back schemes to get round expenditure limits. Recently Brent council arranged a £30 million sale and lease-back deal on its headquarters with a Japanese bank.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10

● Prince Charles was reported to be "feet from death" as an avalanche struck his skiing party in the Swiss resort of Klosters, killing his friend Major Hugh Lindsay, a former equerry to the Queen. The Prince's party were skiing off-piste on a particularly dangerous part of the Gotschnagrat mountain, when the avalanche happened. Patti Palmer-Tomkinson, who was swept down a steep slope with Major Lindsay, broke both her legs.

● Lord Spens, the former merchant banker, became the fifth man to be arrested on charges in connection with the Guinness affair. He was remanded on bail of £500,000.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13

● At least seven people died when an avalanche hit the Austrian ski resort of St Anton ●

—SIMON HORSFORD

We hadn't been back to Skye since our honeymoon, but nothing had changed.

Lochalsh was just as breathtaking, Helen just as lovely.

"You're still an admirer then?" she said, indicating the Volvo.

"More than ever," I replied fervently, and it was instantly clear that I didn't mean the car.

Which was a little awkward, considering we'd been divorced for nearly three years.

The timely arrival of the ferry saved me from further confusion and we were across the loch and heading for Harlosh before Helen asked the inevitable question.

"So what are you doing here? A sentimental journey?"

"Not at all," I replied a little too quickly. "I had some business in Inverness and, well, it's a chance to try out the car. I only took delivery on Monday."

Helen must have caught a note of pride in my voice, for she snuggled deeper into the leather seats and looked up impishly at me.

"A little extravagant for you, isn't it?"

I refused to rise to the bait.

"It cost £20,395 excluding number plates and delivery," I said mildly.

"For that, I get a 2.3 litre, turbocharged, fuel-injected engine, capable of speeds far in excess of anything I need these days, but pleasing all the same."

"It's extremely comfortable, as you may have noticed, very reliable and it has a hint of luxury that I not only like, but feel I've earned."

The smile faded from Helen's face.

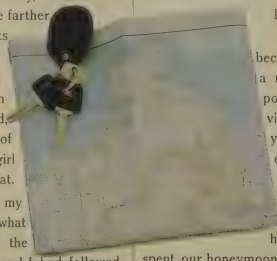
"Were we part of the price?"

There was no answer to that, so I didn't attempt one. To give myself a breathing space, I slipped a tape into the player and filled the car with Thelonious Monk.



For the next few miles, Helen seemed lost in the music, whilst I was pleasantly absorbed in noting how effortlessly the 760's new suspension coped with the bumpy, twisting mountain road.

And then, inevitably, the nearer we got to Harlosh, the farther back my thoughts drifted.



Thirteen years ago, I had driven down this same road, in the same make of car, with the same girl in the passenger seat.

My first love, my first car. I'd no idea what had happened to the Volvo, but Helen and I had followed a well-trodden path.

We hadn't so much drifted apart as sailed full steam in opposite directions, both of us so busy building our separate careers that one day we found we'd made separate lives as well.

"Richard?"

Her voice cut through the Monk and the memories and I looked across at her.

"Were you very surprised when you saw me at the ferry?"

I nearly choked.

Surprised? Just because I drive into a remote Scottish port that I haven't visited for thirteen years and find my ex-wife waiting at the dockside, calmly asking for a lift to the hotel where we'd spent our honeymoon?

"Not at all, I always keep in touch with old friends this way," I said flippantly and instantly regretted it when I caught the flash of pain in her eyes.

"I came up here to do some research for the rag," she volunteered, "and I suppose the fact that it would have been our anniversary put the idea into my head."

"Anyway, when I saw the Volvo drive up, I thought God, wouldn't it be funny if it was Richard and then when you got out..."

"It wasn't so funny after all," I finished for her.

"Something like that."

There was an odd note in her voice and I waited, wondering what was coming next.

"Do you remember that old Volvo we had?"

I thought of the battered snapshot in my wallet and said nothing.

"No electric sun-roof," she continued, "no electronic climate control, no electronic anything, but it was a sweet little car."

Ahead of me the lights of Harlosh flickered in the gathering gloom, and I slowed, searching for the turning to the hotel.

"What do you suppose happened to it, Richard?"

"Knowing Volvos," I said casually, "it's probably still going strong."

"Unlike us," murmured Helen in a voice so low I could barely catch it.

I counted silently to three, took a deep breath and plunged.

"We should be there in time for dinner, if you'd care to join me?"

"For old time's sake?" she asked. I shook my head and thought, oh well, in for a penny, etc.

"They say the average life of a Volvo is about twenty-one years," I said carefully.



Helen merely looked at me.

"It occurred to me," I went on, "that if you're not doing anything for the next decade or so, we could put this one to the test."

There was a long silence and my heart lurched. Then she said quietly, "I thought you always traded your car in every three years?"

"Usually," I replied and noticed I was gripping the wheel a little too firmly.

"But just lately I've learnt that some things become even more valuable, the longer you hold on to them."

"I am," said Helen, "quite remarkably hungry."

The new Volvo 760 Turbo.

ASK YOUR VOLVO DEALER ABOUT VOLVO LIFETIME CARE. THE VOLVO 760 SALOONS & ESTATES FROM £20,075 TO £23,125 INCLUDING CAR TAX & VAT (EXCLUDING STANDARD NATIONAL DELIVERY CHARGE £165, INCLUDING VAT). PRICE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS. FOR A BROCHURE TELEPHONE: 0800 400 430 FREE. FOR CUSTOMER INFORMATION TELEPHONE: (0473) 270270



Murdoch stalks his prey

Rupert Murdoch is good at many things but remaining as a minority shareholder in a company that he admires has never been his strong point. Sooner or later he succumbs to his acquisitive instincts and buys a majority holding.

It is for this reason that no one, least of all the board of directors of Pearson, the owners of the *Financial Times*, should in any way relax. Over the last year Murdoch has built up a holding of 20 per cent in the company.

He has protested that he has no hostile intentions and that he is simply interested in coming to an arrangement with Pearson about the potential of the *Financial Times*. Should Pearson be lulled into regarding Murdoch as a well-meaning partner? Certainly not. Murdoch has made the discreetest approach to Lord Young, the Minister for Trade and Industry, to find out whether the Government would object to him buying the *Financial Times* and selling *The Times*. The answer is there would be no objections.

This will worry the management of the *Financial Times*, not to mention its journalists, who are unlikely to relish the idea of being part of the same stable as *The Sun*. It will also cause despondency at *The Times*, for the only likely buyer is Robert Maxwell.

Could this explain why the pair, who have little affection for each other, have been breakfasting like old friends?

Guess who's coming to dinner?

A late decision on a Friday evening to dine out with, say, three friends at a restaurant like Bibendum in Fulham Road can meet with little success. If the table has not been booked a couple of weeks earlier the diners will almost certainly be robbed of an evening of Art Deco elegance and Simon Hopkinson's famed cuisine. But what if the restaurant is told that the party includes Jerry Hall?

Between 5 and 7pm on a Friday evening Serpentine attempted to book a table for four at six well-known London restaurants and not surprisingly found quite a number of them fully booked at the required time of between 8.30 and 9pm. Serpentine then rang back and mentioned the Texan model's name.

First, **Langan's Brasserie**. The Mayfair restaurant could not find



REX FEATURES

Jerry Hall: magic in a name

a space for four humble diners. When they heard that Jerry Hall would be gracing the restaurant they found a table at 10pm. They could not make it any earlier, but said that we could have drinks.

Kensington Place, a new and somewhat trendy restaurant at the end of Kensington Church Street, was rather more resistant to the charms of Miss Hall. A firm but genial voice replied: "Personally I would love to have Jerry Hall here, but I can't fit her in. I'm sure our sister restaurant, Launceston Place, would be delighted to have her eat there."

Ma Cuisine was robustly loyal to the diners that had already booked all the restaurant's tables. A French voice replied: "Well, it doesn't make any difference . . . I told you. It's fully booked."

Le Caprice, an enchanting dive for the advertising industry, was more flexible. At first there was only dining space at the counter until the name Jerry Hall was mentioned. There then followed this long exchange.

"How many will you be?"

"Four."

"Just a moment." Long pause. "What time you want to come?"

"About 8.30."

There was a good deal of background noise. The telephone was switched to hold until another voice came on the line.

"Hello. Good evening. I'm sorry if we kept you. There is a table this evening for Miss Hall. But unfortunately it won't be before 9 o'clock."

"That sounds fine."

"Lovely. So we'll be looking forward to . . ."

The **Gay Hussar** was extremely apologetic at being unable to fit in Miss Hall, though it has to be said that there was some initial uncertainty as to who she was. "Jerry who?"

"Jerry Hall."

"Jerry Hall? Er, not tonight, I'm afraid we are absolutely packed. I'm very sorry."

The final victim of the evening was the newly opened **Bibendum**. It is fairly small, immensely popular and very difficult to book at short notice. However, the mention of Jerry Hall quickly ensured a table at 9pm. Of all the restaurants that had been "booked-up" this was the quickest to find a table.

Big ambitions for literary agents

The literary agent is clearly no longer what he used to be. The age of the elderly gentleman ensconced in a book-lined office in Bloomsbury is passing. Even the age of the determined and persistent lady agent is waning. In their place comes the corporate agency, already found in showbusiness and sport. The literary world is now being seduced by the same big ambitions, big money and big talk.

The literary agent was always a curious animal, a shoulder for uncertain authors to weep on, a small-time businessman negotiating contracts with notoriously stingy publishers: almost a bank manager and a psychiatrist wrapped in one. For between 10 and 15 per cent of their authors' earnings, the literary agents kept the world at bay.

They grew out of the great era of Victorian literature and prospered in the early part of this century. Two of the biggest contemporary agencies came from a partnership of three men, Curtis Brown, A. P. Watt and David Higham. These three controlled the giants of 20th-century literature. As the years passed they split apart to form their own agencies, Curtis Brown going on to become the largest, but A. P. Watt following close on its heels.

In the 1980s, however, they are transforming themselves into large and less personal organisations as they spread their interests across the media. For example, in this decade Curtis Brown absorbed the John Farquharson agency and moved from its Paddington house to an office block in Regent Street.

Another of London's great literary agencies, A.D. Peters, has embraced the Fraser & Dunlop agency, and is abandoning its genteel terrace house near Charing Cross for the less historic environs of Chelsea Harbour.

It seems only a matter of time before the process gathers more momentum. Often as not, change is being forced on agencies from the outside, as was the case with Deborah Rogers's, set up in Notting Hill in the final weeks of last year. It was raided by Andrew Whylie, a sleek and double-breasted corporate American who lured away three of her best clients—Salman Rushdie, Bruce Chatwin and Caryl Phillips—with promises of dollar wealth.

Miss Rogers, a remarkable woman who in one breath talks about her ailing mongrel and in the next pins down Random House in a $100,000 deal, has decided to merge with Gill Coleridge of Anthony Shiel Associates to take on the parvenus from abroad.

This is the way things are moving. For as much as the author likes a sympathetic ear, a marriage counsellor, a masseur for his ego, he also likes an agreeable advance from his publishers.

Watch out, Jonathan Clewes, Gillon Aitken and Deborah Owen. If you don't eat someone they may well eat you.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KAY SMITH

No word from the angry old man

What has become of the second volume of John Osborne's most recent look back in anger—his autobiography? The first volume, *A Better Class of Person*, which so memorably



MARTYN GODDARD

John Osborne: lying low

macheteed his mother, was a best seller in both hardback and paperback, and then turned into a successful television film by Frank Cvitanovich. But since then there has been a distinct silence.

Some publishing insiders are beginning to speculate that the great man decided to settle so many old scores in his new book—most of them with people still alive—that would be a minefield of potential libel actions.

But there could be less obvious reasons. Osborne does not want to publish anything much at all at the moment. He is rumoured to be hoarding a completed play, and insisting that it remains unpublished for the foreseeable future. Certainly his friends are maintaining a discreet silence about its existence.

Besides, he has not been well of late, and has spent a period in hospital followed by a lengthy convalescence. He even moved house from his beloved Kent to the gentler climes of Gloucestershire—perhaps intent on slipping still farther away from the inquisitive gaze of the public eye.

It is to be hoped that isn't the case. For while Harold Pinter is trumpeted the length and breadth of the land, it is time that J. Osborne's greater muse was properly acknowledged—even if the man can be a bit awkward.

Decoding London's postal districts

Even to the native Londoner the postal districts of the city seem to be utterly without rhyme or reason. Most people instinctively know where, for instance, W6 and W12 are but have no idea why the lower-numbered western district should be farther from the centre of London than the higher number, especially when the opposite is true in other areas. NW3, is, for instance, closer to the centre than NW4.

There are a number of theories as to why this should be. The most popular is that the districts are numbered clockwise in a spiral motion. This turns out to be untrue but it took longer than we expected to establish the real reason for this quaint system. Nobody seemed to know. The National Postal Museum was unavailable for comment, the Post Office Archives were completely mystified and the Post Office Users' National Council was unenlightening.

Even the Post Office itself took 24 hours to find the answer. It is this: the first post codes were introduced in 1856 and were given letters taken from the compass points. In 1917 numbers were added. These were based on the alphabet. So, a district like Hammersmith (W6) has a lower number than Notting Hill (W11) because its first letter is higher in the alphabet.

Unpalatable news for the Dorchester

Bulletins from the world of *haute cuisine* generally leave the British feeling a little flat. Nothing seems quite so inessential to us as the news that someone has served pears with venison and invented a new form of cookery, or that a chef is moving from one restaurant to another.

The departure of Anton Mosimann from the Dorchester Hotel in Mayfair *is*, however, interesting. Mr Mosimann is one of the two or three best chefs in Britain and is certainly the most famous. He has created one of Europe's great restaurants and single-handedly maintained the Dorchester's reputation as a good hotel, which is why its senior managers are looking a touch depressed and talking about closing the place for extensive refurbishment.



GUGLIELMO GALVIN

Anton Mosimann: moves on

Some time ago it was clear that Mosimann was going to leave. After nearly 13 years of reducing the cooking staff (from 130 chefs to 85), reforming the kitchens and their ways, collecting rosettes and publicising himself and the restaurant, Mosimann took a long holiday and found that he did not relish the prospect of returning. "After 13 years there was nothing left to achieve at the Dorchester. I am only 40 and there are still many things that I want to do."

Although a chef to his fingertips, Mosimann is by no means obsessional. He is a man of wide-ranging interest and experience. When he was 13, for instance, he saw a Chevrolet Corvair car pass in the street and decided that he wanted one. He set up a small scrap-metal business and by the time he reached his 18th birthday was able to buy the car. He is still a collector of cars—and also of people. He is said to have a strange group of friends ranging from garage mechanics to peers.

Mosimann's new residence is The Belfry Club, in Belgravia, which he is going to change into a dining club. This will free him from the need to cater for untutored palates and also from the need to please the guidebooks.

Writers' and artists' clause for complaint

The Copyright Bill, which is proceeding slowly and quietly through the various parliamentary stages, contains one clause which will undoubtedly worry a large section of the media, that is to say, all those who rewrite, reword, re-edit, redraft without consulting the creative originator. The clause, known oddly as the moral rights clause, gives the author or artist a legal right to object to "unjustified subsequent modification". This would naturally affect the magazine and newspaper industry but, more important, it will give the power of veto to film directors and screen-writers whose work is recut, scrambled and rejigged as a matter of course. Although Serpentine agrees with this in principle it would like to point out that this paragraph has been condensed from two pages of densely written legalistic prose.

Family heritage felled by a bank manager

It is safe to say that the publication of the proceedings of the Toddington Conference later this year will not cause much of a stir. For the history of the Tracy family tends to be a very specialist interest indeed. However, it does represent the culmination of the life's work of one Tracy, the seventh Lord Sudeley, who has spent 20 years researching the origins of and wrongs done to his family.

Lord Sudeley, who rejoices in the timelessly bizarre Christian name of Merlin, is absorbed to the point of obsession by the travails of the Tracys, which appear to have started in the Dark Ages when their lands in what is now Belgium were confiscated, and ended 100 years ago when a London bank demanded an immediate settlement of a debt that ruined the fourth Lord Sudeley.

Between 893 and 1893 there were highs and lows. The Tracys received peerages, occupied high office, fought campaigns and one even murdered an Archbishop of Canterbury.

It has never occurred to the present baron that his great heritage should be anything other than the subject of a popular cult. Under a tattered and worn four-poster bed in his flat in Marylebone lies a rolled scroll of very considerable length. This is Lord Sudeley's pedigree and anyone without time on his hands would be ill-advised to encourage his lordship to give it an airing.

Were it not for the stupendous financial incompetence of the fourth Lord Sudeley, Merlin would in all probability still be occupying one of the family's stately homes and managing one of their considerable estates. Nonetheless the Tracys do seem to have suffered from an unusually vicious bank manager and Lord Sudeley continues a dialogue with the bank on the matter to this day.

The family were given no warning of financial difficulties and were forced to sell off their assets. These included two stately homes, Toddington in Gloucestershire with 7,000 acres and Greynog in Powys, Wales with 18,000 acres. A town house next door to Buckingham Palace went and also a collection of Swiss glass and a collection of paintings by Canaletto and Ricci. Had more warning been given and selected assets been auctioned at a more leisurely pace, the Tracys would still be landed and rich today.

So the Toddington Conference,

organised over four days by Lord Sudeley two years ago, was more than simply an academic feast. It established that the family which had survived a millennium of wars, political strife and tyrants was eventually felled by a bank manager. The present Lord



The seventh Lord Sudeley

Sudeley feels it an irony that the bank responsible for destroying a pre-Domesday inheritance, should have sponsored the medieval exhibition entitled The Age of Chivalry.

Forecast of prophets

The occult community is pleased to announce that its future is exceptionally good. Not since the surge of psychic activity in 19th-century London has the loose alliance of card readers, astrologers, mediums and fortune-tellers been in quite such demand.

This may be a self-serving prophecy issued in the knowledge that success breeds success and that more people will be encouraged to turn from divine inspiration to inspired diviners. There does, however, appear to be some truth to it. Battersea, one of the most humdrum of the city's districts, hosts the Prediction Festival in the early spring and later, in May, the Mind, Body and Spirit Festival is held in Westminster. Setting aside for the moment the curious inability of either festival to predict exactly the number of visitors they would be catering for, there is a record of increasing attendance at these gatherings, especially at the Westminster affair which attracts representatives from such diverse fraternities as the transcendental hummers and lay line walkers.

There is also a lot happening in other parts of this "futures market". Four magazines devoted to prediction and the occult regularly appear to sell well (they all, presumably, turn in a prophet). Lin Wieland, editor of *Your Future*, believes that the interest has been present but has until now been submerged.

It is, of course, important for the modern occultist to set himself apart from the bogus and sometimes downright fraudulent activities of the Victorian antecedent. Being seen to be modern and up-to-date is a high priority. The latest device to be found at festivals, for instance, is an astrological forecast computer which spews out prognoses of varying complexity, depending on how much the operator is paid (cross my keyboard with silver).

Members of the psychic movement are anxious not to be confused with what they refer to as the loony fringe, that is to say, the members of the Occult and Psychic Society, which has not been invited to attend any of the spring festivals. One of their number has been prosecuted for interfering with remains in Highgate Cemetery and sending voodoo effigies to police officers.

This sort of behaviour is deeply frowned upon. Nevertheless, the psychic community still finds that a theatrical element goes down well with the clientele. They often trade under mystic titles like Ocallabar, Zak or Laxmi and frequently perform odd little rituals of their own which are designed to add conviction to their forecasts.

Still, the public require this sort of hocus pocus. Having paid £10, the punter does not want his or her future to be read out in the manner of the British Rail recorded-information service.

A SERPENTINE COMPETITION

Thirty-nine years ago, so legend has it, the tall, owlish figure of the then Mr William Rees-Mogg (later to become editor of *The Times*) invited the then Margaret Hilda Roberts (later Mrs Thatcher) to sample the delights of an Oxford tea-room. Tragically, what passed between these two undergraduates on that memorable occasion has so far gone unrecorded. Serpentine wishes to offer the customary bottle of champagne to any reader who can provide the essence of the exchange between these two great figures. Did they talk about the gold standard? Did they discuss fiscal imperatives? Or was the conversation on a slightly lighter note, centring, for example, on Miss Roberts's affection for the New Look from Paris? Entries of no more than 300 words to Serpentine at *The Illustrated London News* by April 30.

Contributors: Sophie Laybourne, James Delingpole, Geoffrey Wansell, Roger Sabin, Sally Richardson, Julian McNamara and Henry Porter.



Letter from BRANDYWINE STREET

A woman was standing in a crowded subway train in New York the other morning, waiting for it to move out of the station, when she felt a man's hand groping her. This practice, which is known there as "mashing", is evidently quite common and this particular woman decided to make a stand.

She turned to the man behind her, slapped him smartly across the face, punched him in the head and shoulders, grabbed him by the collar, pulled him out of the train, knocked him down and slammed his head repeatedly on to the platform. The man, Robert Davidson of East 64th Street, who is six inches taller than the woman, remained silent during most of this experience but towards the end began shouting apologies and calling for the police.

There is a lot of this kind of thing in the United States. It reflects some of those curious strands of American culture which serve to show that despite all the links of trade and tourism and language and history, the people are deeply different from Europeans. Part of it is that they live and breathe violence. At one end of the spectrum this means that they are so at home with violence that they barely notice it.

A few weeks ago a light plane crashed into the Potomac river which runs through the centre of Washington DC. It was six hours before anyone did anything about it. It then transpired that the plane crashed because the pilot had blown his brains out with a handgun. It must be true that if a manic-depressive kamikaze ended it all in the shadow of Battersea Bridge, it would create a bit of a stir, but this incident rated only a couple of paragraphs deep inside the pages of Washington's bulky newspapers.

The *Washington Post* devotes a page and a half each Thursday to a catalogue of the week's crime—pithy summaries of robberies, burglaries, rapes and homicides all neatly organised by neighbourhood so that we can peep through a keyhole at the city's suffering.

Washingtonians are very frightened of crime. While London's young middle class are obsessed with house prices, their American equivalents love best of all to swap horror stories about muggings. I was told with real passion that I must not venture east of 14th Street, where the city's poor live. There I would certainly be attacked, maybe even killed.

But the *Washington Post*'s weekly catalogue actually tells a different story. For example: "A woman awoke to find a man standing in her living room holding her camera. She snatched the camera and the man fled. . ." "A man demanded money from a pedestrian. She threatened to kick him and the man fled. . ." "A man snatched a purse containing cash from a motorist's car. She got out and chased him and recovered her purse and the money . . ." "A man entered an apartment by forcing the front door. A female resident found him sleeping in her bed when she returned home. He has been arrested."

It is not just that American criminals appear to be losing routine encounters with their victims. The Department of Justice has just released figures which show that violent crime is falling in America as a whole and in Washington in particular. So why the obsessive fear?

There was an extraordinary incident in New York, reported by the *New York Times*, of a bespectacled man walking downtown who had his glasses snatched from his nose by another pedestrian who said: "If you want them back, give me $10."

The man searched in his pockets and could find only a $20 bill, which he proffered. "No," said his assailant. "The price is $10. I won't take 20." A third pedestrian, passing by, then intervened and offered to act as mediator. He held the glasses while the first man went into a shop to get some change and then supervised the transaction. Business completed, they all went on their way.

What do these people think they are doing? It is as if they are colluding in the atmosphere of criminality. It is the same attitude which is at work in the American love affair with violence and in their urge to strike back—these people want to believe they are under siege.

In the meantime, the woman who mashed the masher on the subway has just been offered $1,000 to tell her story to the *National Enquirer* magazine ●

Nick Davies, Washington DC

Hyatt Carlton Tower, 2 Cadogan Place, London SW1X 9PY. Telephone: 01-235 5411.



This book is about David Frost, Clive Sinclair, Lord Lichfield and many others. It also has a space reserved for you.

The Chelsea Room is undisputably one of London's finest restaurants. Gourmet guides direct patrons to its award winning French cuisine. The wines have been chosen and laid down with loving care. And the view over leafy Cadogan Place provides the perfect setting.

But the restaurant's real point of difference is the service offered by Maître D' Jean Quero and in particular his personal red book.

In it he keeps notes on all his regular guests. And his guests' guests. How soft they like their soft boiled eggs for breakfast. How pink they like Carré d'Agneau. Whether they prefer their Martini shaken or stirred.

There is nothing which pleases him more than being able to serve four guests with the correct cocktails, as they like them, without having to take an order.

The Chelsea Room has now been extended to include conservatory windows, private dining room and elegant new bar. Which pleases Jean Quero. He still has a few empty pages in his red book.

HYATT CARLTON TOWER

A PARK HYATT HOTEL

& ampersand

Alan Rusbridger tunes in to some sleepy wave-lengths and battles with new brands of beastly toys

Small children and insomnia go together. Different people have different remedies. Some go for pills, some for drink, some for herbal tea, some for work, some for divorce. Myself, I go for the radio.

It is not always a foolproof way of getting back to sleep, but it is nearly always less boring than lying motionless wondering when the baby is next going to scream and whether if you scratch that itch on your left calf you will wake up your bedfellow. So I was pleased to come across an excellent little booklet, *Dial-Search*, published by George Wilcox from his home in Eastbourne. Now, if I wish to sleep, I have the means at hand to bore myself into a deep coma. And if I wish to lie awake mentally stimulated nothing could be simpler.

Mr Wilcox was in the Signals in the war and a teacher thereafter. He likes classical music and is a bit of a radio nut. His 46-page booklet (fifth edition just out) is a comprehensive guide to any station you are likely to pick up on your portable trannie in the middle of the night, and a good many besides.

Mr Wilcox himself is partial to the all-night classical music programme put out by Swiss Radio and spends a good 500 words on how to situate your set so that you can pick it up without being gatecrashed by BBC Essex (point the end of your radio in the direction of Chelmsford) or troubled by long-wave interference from Europe UN. ("We worried endlessly over this, but have learned to live with it.") So thoughtful is Mr Wilcox he even warns you that once a month the main Sottens transmitter is off the air for maintenance.

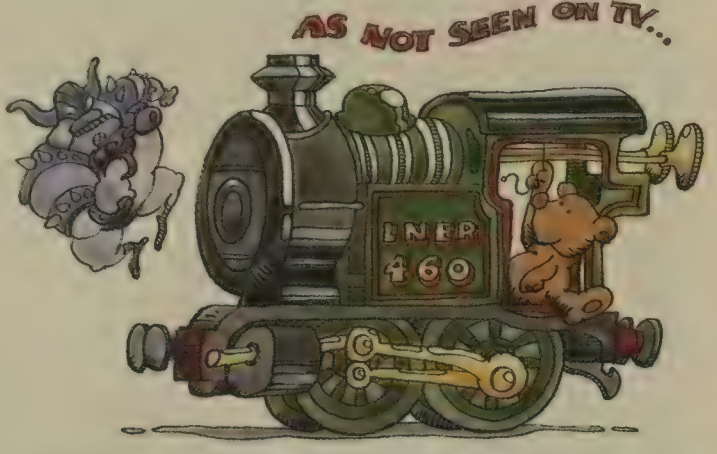
There is a special section on picking up North American stations ("it does involve staying up late"). If you tire of WTOP Washington or CKLM Quebec, why not go for XEBBC Tijuana or Radio Rumbos in Caracas?

There are 11 pages of local radio stations in Britain and English-language stations from Albania to Vietnam. You can take your classical music or jazz from Poland, France, India or Denmark. But my favourite section is right at the end, where Mr Wilcox reproduces the ghostly jingles that come crackling across the ether at some unearthly hour. Those irritating snatches of melody that have driven you to distraction in the middle of the night can now be unmasked as the signature tune of Radio Bulgaria, Sweden or Vatican—or a mixture of all three. I am not absolutely certain my hours of sleep will increase, but it will all make a pleasant change from LBC, the World Service and the baby. (Available from George Wilcox, 9 Thurrock Close, Lower Willingdon, Eastbourne, E Sussex, BN20 9NF; £3.25 plus 35p p&p.)

It is virtually impossible to write about toys without sounding old bufferish. I was perfectly happy with a one-armed teddy bear, a bag of chipped marbles and a broken penknife, so why aren't kids today? On the other hand I defy anyone to take a serious look at the current toy market and come away with anything other than a chilled heart.

There was a toy fair in London recently at which I picked up a copy of a magazine called *Market Digest*, which gives advance warning of trends in what are known as "major toy properties". Toy manufacturers appear to have three rules when it comes to major toy properties: boys like death and destruction; girls like dolls and fashion accessories; and anything can be flogged to anyone if the television back-up is big enough.

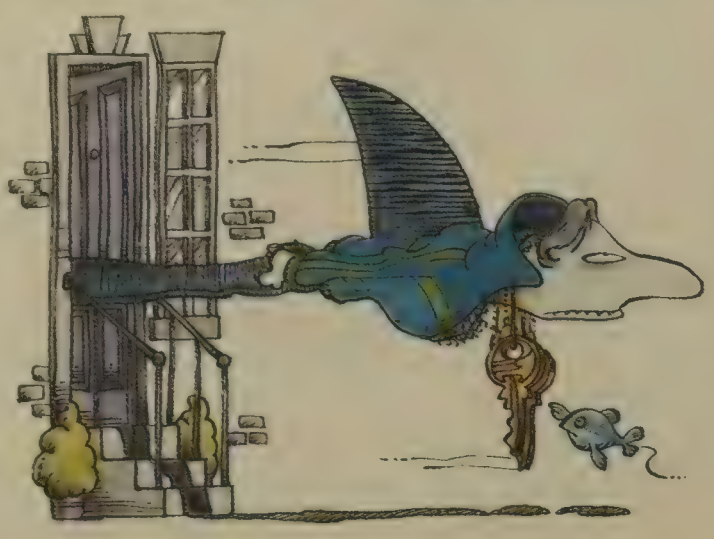
Boys first. In the coming year they can look forward to six "concepts" based on Masters of the Universe, including re-styled He-Man and Skeletor characters.



If they tire of that they can progress to Marshall Bravestar, with its lead character, Rapid Fire. Sadly, they may never get to play with Captain Power and the Soldiers of Fortune: that's the one where the toys "interact" with the telly—they fire at the screen, while the screen fires back at the children. A BBC children's TV executive is quoted as describing the series as "super" while conceding that it was unlikely to be shown on British TV "because of its close link with the toys". Ah well, we shall just have to grin and bear the loss. Never mind, though. There is still Battle Beasts or Action Force (backed by major TV advertising). There is still Manta Force (with its "new range extension", Red Venom), Centurions and Roadblasters and (on BBC) Defenders of the Earth.

Girls can look forward to Lady LovelyLocks, a "hair-play fashion doll". The war between Barbie and Sindy has hotted up, with Barbie acquiring her own perfume range. There is even to be a black Barbie. There is a rock-and-roll fashion doll named Jem, to be backed by a national hair competition. There is a doll concept called Oh Penny!, with four "major playsets" as optional extras—Penny's swimming pool, Penny's tree house, Penny's stable and Penny's vehicle set.

I could move on and describe the revolting animal ranges, with names like Puffalumps, Smooshees and Wrinkles. But maybe I am beginning to sound old bufferish.



Our neighbour in north London has recently moved out. We were not entirely sorry to see him go since we were pretty sure he was a gangster. He rarely showed his face by day. By night his house filled up with an assortment of unsavoury-looking characters draped in gold jewellery, one of whom we once saw in the street trying on a black balaclava with narrow eye slits. Well, okay, we didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes.

Nevertheless, it was pleasing when our new neighbour rushed round the other day flourishing a document he had found in an old cupboard he was decorating. To whit: a divorce petition from the ex-occupant's wife. The petition cited as a reason for wanting a divorce the fact that our former neighbour was destined to spend 12 years c/o Chelmsford Prison, Essex. Twelve years! It is not, as my wife observed, the sort of sentence you get for driving without brake lights. My wife now insists that she felt safer while the gangster was there. Better, she says, to live next door to a shark than a minnow. We shall see ●

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD SAWERS

SNOW WHAT.



The new 1988 fourwheel drive Fourtrak Estate is quieter, smoother and more powerful.

There's still a choice between either a 2.8 litre diesel/diesel turbo or a 2.0 litre petrol engine linked to a five speed gearbox.

Power steering, high and low ratio fourwheel drive come as standard. Top of the range models even have adjustable suspension.

On the inside you'll find specially designed seats, a built-in stereo radio/cassette, and enough room in the back for a mountain rescue team.

The Daihatsu Fourtrak. Don't get stuck with anything else.

For more information about the Fourtrak Estate Range just fill in the coupon or telephone 0800 521 700 at our expense.

Send to Daihatsu (UK) Limited, Freepost, PO Box 5, Dover CT17 0BR (no stamp required).

Name .....

Address .....

Postcode ..... Tel No .....

ILN 4/88

DAIHATSU

Fourtrak Estate prices start at £11,299, including Car Tax and VAT. Delivery, road tax and number plates extra.

IF THIS IS HOW YOU FEEL AFTER LONG-HAUL FLYING,



A TRIP WITH AIR CANADA COULD COME AS A RELIEF.



Long-haul flying can be draining no matter how comfortable the seats or how good the in-flight entertainment.

The fact is, the longer your flight, the more your biological clock gets out of time with local ones.

The key to flying is to take it easy. And there's no better airline to help you do just that than Air Canada. Relaxation is in our blood.

That's why, although our service is very attentive, you won't be fussed over unless you want to be.

When you want to eat, the food is first-class. It's what we call Nutri-cuisine, that is low fat, low salt, low sugar. And it's always fresh, never frozen.

But, as always, it's not what you do, it's the way that you do it.

And our way is the Canadian way. Relaxed and confident.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

AIR CANADA

The Great British Hooligan

Great Britain is renowned for its yobs: young men whose behaviour is at least repulsive, at most terrifying. We look here at that most shameful of our exports. Godfrey Smith sets the scene



ALL-SPORT

One of the most distinctive sounds that English life and literature can offer is that of English county families baying for broken glass. That, at any rate, is what we are led to believe by Evelyn Waugh, making his brilliant début in 1928 with a coruscating first novel called *Decline and Fall*. The arresting phrase is used by Waugh in the prelude to the book to describe the sound of upper-class Oxford undergraduates celebrating, not wisely, but too well, after one of their drunken parties. Two timid dons who hear the uproar sit quaking, but expectant; if only enough damage is done, they will be able to drink, by the arcane laws of the college, some of the Founder's priceless port. It is all, as far as they and no doubt the readers were concerned, good, clean English fun.

The peccadilloes of the English young were forgiven then—and perhaps are forgiven now—as long as they were committed by upper-class young men. They may have been yobs, but they were rich and charming yobs; or so Waugh would have us believe.

Indeed, we have all been inured to the Waugh doctrine through the massive success of his later, more mature novel *Brideshead Revisited* on our television screens. There, you will recall, the narrator, Charles Ryder, meets his mentor and soulmate, Sebastian Flyte, in similarly *outré* circumstances. Sitting quietly in his Oxford rooms, reflecting on life before a roaring fire, the air heavy with smoke and spice, his mind weary with metaphysics, Charles is suddenly interrupted by the aristocratic countenance of Sebastian appearing through his open window and puking in. Now actually it is not very agreeable, or sensible, or well-mannered to do any such thing. We laugh—or at least some of us laugh—because this is merely the high-spirited horseplay of England's *jeunesse dorée*. The idea that such charming young men are in truth no more than the mindless yobs of the modern football stadium

Blood-bespattered football fan, above, and right, rowing club's old boys' reunion at Henley. "The word yob, or rather, the behaviour associated with it, has now spread so widely across English society that it is no longer a prerogative of the under-privileged or even the untalented."



HOMER SYKES

hardly crosses our minds. Or does it?

Yob is one of those words—like so many key and colourful English terms—which has entered our language rather tentatively, as a new guest enters a room, but which has taken an enormous hold upon our collective imagination. It has been in the language for more than 100 years; but, like so many such words, it has subtly changed its meaning. In Edwardian times, for example, and certainly in the First World War, it meant no more than an officer or one who is easily fooled; and was used by soldiers in that sense. In those relatively innocent days it was no more or less than backslang for boy. It was not until after the Second World War that it began to assume its darker texture. In 1957, when we were all being transfixed by John Osborne's *Look Back In Anger*, the word slipped into his dialogue roughly as we understand it now: "Let's go to the pictures." "And have my enjoyment ruined by Sunday-night yobs in the front row?"

Another angry young man, John Wain, used the word as we now understand it five years later in one of his early novels. Like so many other key English slang words, it appears in various guises. Thus it has found perhaps a more permanent and affectionate home, and is now enshrined by the house journal of English vernacular, *Private Eye*, in the character of Sid Yobbo. He is a loutish newspaperman who, despite all his rough edges, has won the public's allegiance, to the dismay of the public-school men who run the *Eye*.

I know a particularly caring and socially-aware middle-class family who banned the word in the house, presumably on the grounds that it showed an offensive and dismissive attitude towards one's less fortunate countrymen. The trouble is, however, that the word yob, or rather the behaviour associated with it, has now spread so widely across English society that it is no longer a prerogative of the underprivileged or even the untalented. Yobs are now everywhere in England.

It would be easy to concentrate on soccer violence. The difficulty is that the public has rightly become totally hardened to the stories of football violence which burst with sapping regularity every season. True, there are low points of iniquity, as in the appalling scenes at the Heysel stadium tragedy in Brussels when 39 were killed and 400 injured—mainly Italians—as a result of cumulative English violence. True, there are now sophisticated sociological findings which show that such large-scale hooliganism is rooted deeply in society itself; that it is groups of neo-Nazi thugs who exploit the football stadium for their own purposes. That, however, does nothing to erase the group portrait of a sport mutilated beyond repair by a small core of malevolent and mindless psychopaths.

The problem with any sort of reporting here is that it tends to paint with too broad a brush. By chance I found myself recently in a London tube train carrying football supporters. There were far too many for the train—and they were boisterous, extrovert, exuberant and male. They had so little room on the floor that they stood on the seats. They sang and they cheered. But they were not violent. Indeed, by the end of the journey I had almost warmed to them.

The fact of the matter was that they were merely young men—very young men—out enjoying themselves. They were not all that different from what I was myself at their age. They were not all that different from the sons of friends and the boyfriends of my daughters. They were indeed no more or less than our children. So, the closer one comes to the walls of violence, the more one sees the irregular nature of the brickwork. Any gang of young men can look like thugs. Any gang of young men may be turned into thugs. The closer one looks, the harder the problem is to resolve.

It would be tempting and easy to isolate soccer as a special case and relate it to the incidence of income and class. If we could show that all the disadvantaged members of society, those that were bottom of the money pit, those without jobs or prospects or even decent homes were, to a man, precipitated into the easy outlet of soccer violence, then we should have a very simple answer to our problems or, at least, an easy analysis of those problems. Certainly, there is evidence to support such a theory. Soccer fans do tend to come from centres of inner-city deprivation. They do tend to be manual workers. It may be that they are being led by sophisticated groups of troublemakers with fascist or nihilist or anarchist proclivities. It may be that they are all victims of some sinister national or international conspiracy. But I doubt it. I think that soccer is merely the outward and most physical sign of a much deeper malaise in all society. Why it should particularly manifest itself in English society is a much harder problem to address.



HOMER SYKES

Henley Regatta: Is this merely the high spirits of England's *jeunesse dorée*?

It is very simple to distance ourselves from soccer violence. The rugby man, for example, can shrug his shoulders and say smugly that crowd violence is unknown in his sport. There are certain clear arguments in his favour. When, last year, English soccer and rugby fans followed each other on successive weekends into Paris the difference was dramatic. While hundreds of the soccer fans were arrested for drunkenness and rowdyism, only one rugby man was arrested and that was for falling into a pond, rather the worse for wear, and not knowing who he was when he was fished out. But he had not committed any violent act against anyone else. By the same token, despite all the violence on the field of play and all the booze that goes down on the day, there has never yet been any crowd violence at the headquarters of rugby football, Twickenham. Yet I should be loath to suggest that there is no evidence of yobbism in rugby.

Come, if you will, and stand with me outside the men's lavatories at Twickenham on the morning of a great rugby international and see how the hordes of fans there, unable or unwilling to wait their turn, are only too happy to urinate outside the building, leaving huge pools on the ground. Moreover, it is as normal, and indeed as socially acceptable, for a rugby supporter to puke on tour with his team as it was for Sebastian Flyte to puke through the window at Oxford half a century ago.

Let us then turn from the muddy squalor of English winter sports to the noble summer game. Cricket, after all, has entered the language, and entered the world's consciousness, as the symbol of fair play. The notion that you play the game and walk when the umpire tells you to walk is still deeply ingrained in the English mind. Yet the modern game is already flawed by the onset of violence. Only last season a Pakistani supporter had his throat cut by a missile in the one-day game between his country and England at Edgbaston and had his life saved by the timely first aid of a policeman.

Similarly, the great West Indian batsman, Viv Richards, coming on to play for Somerset at Weston-super-Mare two seasons ago, was greeted with taunts of "black bastard" from louts on the terrace. But when he vaulted over the fence to ask who had been impugning his legitimacy, there were no takers. Pakistani batsman Javed Miandad said last summer that Mike Gatting, the England captain, and Imran Khan, the celebrated Pakistani all-rounder, shared a secret fear that one day soon somebody would be killed at a cricket match. Still, it must be said that the cricketers themselves do not give an edifying lead to their supporters. Thousands of young cricketers watched on television this winter as Mike Gatting had a bawling match with the Pakistani umpire about his decisions. It may be that the introduction of the one-day game has taken not only the torpor but also the sportsmanship out of traditional cricket. It may also be that the provision of alcohol all day long has a lot to do with the problem. And perhaps, throughout sport, it is the arrival of very big money that has dulled the edge of chivalry.

Many and various and ingenious have been the theories to account for the rise of the English yob. It is due to the collapse of the family, say some. It is due to the failure of religion, say

others. It is due to the new affluence, say yet others. It is because television holds a violent mirror up to society, say yet more.

I should dearly like to be able to substantiate a theory about the fragmentation of English life. This would argue that, from childhood on, the English are split into groups which alienate them from each other and from society. Those who can afford to pay for an independent education are split from those who cannot. It is a matter of astonishment to Americans, as it is to the Germans and French, to see how we separate our children according to our means. Anyone on the Continent who goes to a private school is generally thought to be deficient in some way. In France everyone goes to the *lycée*; in Germany they all go to the *Gymnasium*; in America everyone goes to the high school.

In Britain we go where our parents can afford to send us. We tend to separate our boys from our girls. And, perhaps the most important consideration, because we are an island we separate ourselves from the mainland and from the mainstream of European thought and culture. So that when we finally meet it, we are hit by a tremendous culture shock. It may be that because we live in a cool climate we are unused to the warmer and more emollient lifestyle of those who drink wine with their meals as a matter of course from childhood onwards; so that when we take to it in our adolescence it inflames and disorients us.

If it were just a question of money and class, how are we to account for the scenes at the last match between Eton and Harrow when David Manasseh, the Harrow captain, was greeted with racist jeers as he strode to the wicket? If Etonians know no better than that, who does? Would our young men be civilised if they had been brought up from birth on close and easy terms with women? Well, perhaps they might. But that might depend on the women.

There is nothing new about all this. It is now 100 years since the Ball of Kirriemuir, a dance in staid, dour, law-abiding, God-fearing Scotland which ended in a famous orgy. It is more than 80 years since Dr T. F. Young, giving evidence to the inter-departmental committee on physical deterioration, reported that young members of the working class "tend to throw off all parental authority . . . get to congregating around street corners at night . . . become what we call corner boys and get drunken habits. They have no idea of discipline or subordination." And it is more than 100 years since a gang of undergraduates decided to break up the furniture of an effete Irish student at Magdalen College, Oxford, called Oscar Wilde.

Four of them were deputed to burst into his rooms while the rest watched. Wilde booted out the first, doubled up the second with a punch, threw the third through the air, and taking hold of the fourth—a man as big as himself—carried him down to his rooms and buried him beneath his own furniture. So perhaps the arch aesthete's answer is the right one: to meet violence with violence. But it is a desperate doctrine.

I believe the present rush of appalling, mindless, random violence will gradually subside as mysteriously as it erupted. Still, I think it will get worse before it gets better. Meanwhile, we can seek only to understand what is incomprehensible; to tolerate what is intolerable; to forgive what we can't forget and, perhaps most of all, to remember those faraway days when we were yobs ourselves ●

Great British Hooligan

PACKAGE BOORS

Ninety-nine per cent of British holidaymakers are well behaved. The other 270,000 are cause for grave concern, as Simon Horsford and James Delingpole found out

"It was like El Alamein. I have never seen such a rabble in my life. They were all drunk at Gatwick before the plane left the ground." Charles Harden, a travel agent for 17 years, had found himself booked on the same flight as a group of young revellers. "The hostesses were molested throughout the journey, and at the end of the flight the captain said, 'If I get a crowd of passengers like this on the way back, I'm going to refuse to take off.' "

Last year the behaviour of certain British tourists, in their uniform of football strips, Union Jack T-shirts, tracksuits and Hornes' leisurewear, did much to confirm Britain's poor reputation abroad. Their bouts of excessive drinking, loutishness and violence throughout the Mediterranean attracted extensive press coverage. In 1987, 27 million British people went abroad. If only one per cent cause trouble, it constitutes a serious problem, one which is beginning to damage Britain's relations with its European neighbours. Certainly no other country exports such boorish behaviour.

In Magalluf, one of the most popular resorts in Majorca, 350 Britons were arrested during the height of the season last year—the figure is deceptively low. The police turn a blind eye to many incidents and, although some people are fined on the spot or put in the cooler overnight, drunken groups of youths are often left to stagger unhindered through the streets, chanting popular drinking songs. It does not make for good public relations, and the Majorcan population was particularly incensed when three English tourists almost beat a taxi-driver to death with a brick in a sock.

Travel companies, tourist organisations and the local traders in holiday resorts are anxious to play down the seriousness of such incidents. There is too much money at stake—last year 7.5 million Britons visited Spain, accounting for a considerable part of the country's estimated tourist income of £9 billion. When pressed, tourist organisations give a number of explanations for the yob problem.

Alcohol is an important factor. The British, unused to liberal licensing laws, embark on 24-hour drinking binges encouraged by indulgent barmen who offer a perpetual "happy hour" of two drinks for the price of one. In Rhodes last year two especially popular concoctions were a B52 (Kahlua, Grand Marnier and Bailey's) and the Slammer (tequila and ginger ale)—both are knocked back in one.

Others claim the major fault lies with the travel companies. "They are definitely to blame because they are all trying to undercut each other," claims one long-haul operator. Carlos Costa of the Portuguese Tourist Office agrees: "Cheap package holidays geared to the mass market mean that the ability to travel has been opened up to people who lack education and do not know how to behave properly, and when they are in a group they create trouble." Thomas Cook, for instance, are pulling out of the entire European holiday market at the end of this season because it is not worth their while financially and because they feel their image is not synonymous with cheap package holidays.

Club 18-30 is the best known of the companies which cater for young singles and has therefore acquired a reputation for rowdiness. A reputation which it is keen to improve. "We don't encourage excessive drinking," claimed Jane Bishop, the company's press officer, "and we are highly thought of in the trade." Their brochure, however, emphasises a series of foreign clubs and bars with such suitably ethnic names as "Pub 007", "Queen Vic" (described as being "an English-style pub run by Spain's answer to Dirty Den"), "The Duke of Wellington" and "The Video Pub" (with "large drinks at small prices").

Of the major European tourist destinations, Italy and, more particularly, France, have largely escaped British hooliganism. Perhaps this is because they are more expensive and more overtly cultural destinations than the "sun 'n' sex" (or "wet and wild" as the Club 18-30 brochure puts it) destinations of Spain and Greece.

There are occasional difficulties with richer tourists in France. Hooray Henries on road races may vandalise French restaurants. Pauline Hallam of the French Government Tourist Office says, "The French have a very pragmatic attitude. The damage is usually paid for and so the victim will say 'Good, a chance to refurbish my restaurant.' " Such opportunities are not



The Continental blackspots: where to avoid the British yob

common and a survey by the French tourist office found that the typical Britons visiting France were middle-class, in their 30s or older, enjoyed good food and wine and had an earnest approach to holidaymaking.

Upper-class vandals have been known to cause trouble in ski resorts. Last year *The Mail on Sunday* claimed that a group of Britons had caused £18,000 worth of damage to a nightclub in Tignes. But Camilla Buxton of the Ski Club of Great Britain says, "There's an incredible amount of loyalty from the locals; the British have been involved in skiing for a very long time. The Swedes have a much worse reputation."

Edward Macmillan-Scott, the European parliamentary spokesman on tourism, is calling on the Government to take a much firmer line against rowdy young Britons. Some EEC countries want to enforce a law requiring charter companies to sell accommodation with plane seats. This poses a serious threat to cheap holiday flights and enables authorities to turn away tourists without a licensed address at which to stay. One Greek official said nearly a million of the Britons who visited Greece were in the down-market category, with many flying over and then sleeping rough. However, Macmillan-Scott feels that enforced accommodation sales will hit the wrong target as many of the trouble-makers take package holidays and have plenty of money to spend—the cheap flights are often used by people with no intention of being rowdy.

What Macmillan-Scott wants—and he echoes the feelings of many of his European counterparts—is for the Government to tackle the problem in the same way as it is dealing with football hooliganism: by taking tougher measures against drinking and allowing for exclusion orders to be made against convicted hooligans. "Our own PR is not good at the moment," he says. "We must be seen to be dealing with the problem. This would go a long way towards placating some foreign governments. The rude, drunken and nationalistic behaviour displayed by these yobs is very damaging. We must recognise a responsibility to the host country."

Towards the end of last year Tim Eggar, the Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, published a report which criticised the behaviour of Britons abroad and also outlined the problems faced by British consuls. Arrested and often abusive yobs frequently expect consular officials to wave a magic wand and arrange cash loans and free flights back to Britain if necessary. The Foreign Office has produced a leaflet, *Get It Right Before You Go*, which describes how a British consul can help British subjects abroad and gives basic precautions about insurance of health and belongings, involvement with drugs etc. A spokesman said, "These trouble-makers are now becoming a pain in the backside. If they are put in the local police cells, the consul has to sort out legal representation, money and so on. Our aim is to get them sent straight home."

Macmillan-Scott wants these guidelines to be developed, to prepare the unwary traveller for the effects of stronger beers, all-day drinking and the consumption of alcohol in the sun and during the flight. Other measures considered by some EEC countries include stricter policing and heavier fines. British tour operators have already discussed with the Spanish authorities the possibility of having a special police force to patrol the beaches, clubs and bars of Majorca and Ibiza to prevent fighting and rowdy behaviour. The endorsement of passports of persistent or particularly bad offenders has also been discussed.

Both Eggar and Macmillan-Scott want tour operators to advise customers on how to behave. Some companies are thought to

THE PERFECT FIND.



The finest antiques in the perfect setting.

HALLIDAYS
Fine Antiques for the Connoisseur

Hallidays Antiques Limited
28 Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, London SW3 1NJ Tel: 01-589 5534
& 26 superb showrooms at
The Old College, Dorchester-on-Thames, Oxon. OX9 8HL Tel: (0865) 340028/68

CAREFREE RETIREMENT IN AN HISTORIC COUNTRY MANSION

Private apartments for long-term occupation are available in our historic houses each of which is set within extensive private grounds.

The properties are easily accessible and are situated in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Essex, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire and Devon.

All have been tastefully converted to provide luxury living whilst retaining their original character and atmosphere.

All services including meals, cleaning and heating are provided by Resident Administrators.

Write or telephone for our illustrated brochure.



COUNTRY HOUSES ASSOCIATION
(E20) 41 Kingsway, London WC2B 6UB
telephone 01-836 1624



Whether you wish to buy or sell Fine Jewellery, our unique **Jewellery Consultancy Service** can be important to you.

The following extracts from clients' letters speak for themselves:

"I would like to say what a pleasure it has been to do business with you, and my wife and I are extremely grateful for the extra £200.00 which you sent us for the solitaire ring. It is comforting to know that there are still a few people in business today whose level of integrity is of the highest order. We shall not hesitate to recommend your company to anyone we know."

"Thank you for the cheque for £750.00 which I received today. I was surprised and delighted to receive this amount for the sale of my diamond and ruby ring. May I say how courteous your staff were when I placed my ring at your disposal."

"This is to acknowledge receipt of a cheque for £924.00 from your sale of my Victorian diamond drop earrings. As always, my grateful thanks for getting me such a good price!"

When you wish to sell your jewellery, Richard Ogden will give you highest possible prices for an immediate sale. Alternatively he will display it for you, insured free, at **retail** prices in his windows, the only charge being a fee payable when it is sold.

Member of THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF GOLDSMITHS

Richard Ogden

International Jeweller
28 & 29 Burlington Arcade Piccadilly London W1

Member of THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS ASSOCIATION

Specialist in Probate and Valuation
Antique Silver also purchased at highest possible prices
For an appointment
please telephone 01 493 9136/7 or 6239

On request: Wedding Ring Leaflet free.
Complete Ring Brochure £1 – refundable with purchase.

operate blacklists, although they will not admit to it. The Association of British Travel Agents (ABTA), which represents 650 tour operators, defends the industry's record: "It is not the job of tour operators to police tourists; that is the job of the local police," maintains spokeswoman Sarah Baker.

The problems often begin during the journey. When rival West Ham and Manchester United fans clashed on the *Koningin Beatrix* ferry in 1986, the captain had to turn back to Harwich with three people suffering from stab wounds. At the trial Judge Brian Watling said, "It was an act of piracy which shamed Britain."

A voluntary agreement has now been reached between the General Council of British Shipping and the ferry companies to take action against such thugs. The measures include a demand that organised parties thought likely to be troublesome, like football supporters, be accompanied by stewards and pay a cash deposit of between £500 and £1,000 to cover possible damage. Bars will be closed at any hint of trouble. The police have set up an "information exchange" which enables them to warn ferry companies of potential troublemakers. Sealink would not discuss other methods but a spokesman said, "We are prepared to take the necessary measures to ensure that we have no problems on the ferry and if we do, then it will be contained."

Airline companies are also taking a much firmer line with drunkenness—and last year

> We must deal with the problem. We must recognise a responsibility to the host country

British Airways approved the use of plastic handcuffs to restrain unruly passengers. The Civil Aviation Authority also said it was enforcing its Air Navigation Order Article 49 which states, "A person shall not enter an aircraft drunk or be drunk on any aircraft." As a consequence, last summer three men were left in Corfu because no airline would fly them home after their behaviour on the flight out. On at least three other occasions planes were forced to make emergency landings because passengers had gone berserk.

George Yeaman of Dan Air, the longest-established airline charter company, which carried about five million passengers last year, says that some incidents are inevitable when so many people are travelling, but blames delays at airports for drunkenness. "Passengers get plied with cheap drink at duty-free bars and then they open their own duty-free bottles and finish them off."

The Foreign Office points out that the acid test of the behaviour of Britons abroad will come in June when England visits West Germany for the European Football Championship Finals. The German police say they are fully prepared but are they? The Governor of Palma prison has said, "All Englishmen, when they are drunk, destroy everything they find . . . they fight the police as soon as they meet them." ●

HOME TRUTHS FROM ABROAD

Derek Ive explains the Spanish reaction to "los hooligans" from his home in Madrid



The English abroad, whether at football matches or on holiday, apparently behave in a way totally dissimilar to their Continental counterparts

ALL SPORT

Early in the fifth century hordes of mounted northern warriors swept down into Spain and, with barbaric ferocity, wrote their name into modern language. They were called Vandals. And for most of the ensuing century the peoples of the Iberian peninsula and Balearic islands, long civilised by centuries of Roman rule, suffered every oppression at the hands of these fearful invaders whose supreme achievement was to leave nothing of recognisable value in their wake.

These were the Dark Ages of Spain. And the memory of the Vandals' cruel havoc lived through subsequent civilisations of Visigoth, Moor and Christian to epitomise wanton destruction in a word.

Fifteen hundred years on, modern Spaniards are uneasily aware that not all Vandals were laid to rest in the history books. With the renewed vigour of any phoenix, an updated British version of the dreaded hordes descends annually on many Mediterranean resorts to terrorise courteous native and decorous expatriate resident alike.

The Spaniards have chosen an English name for these unwelcome guests—los hooligans. And it is curiously apt, for the frequent habitats of many of them are the rain-whipped terraces of British football grounds. It is no coincidence that tour operators specialising in cheap holidays for this army of young singles have often sought custom directly from football supporters' clubs at preferential prices.

Favourite destinations are the once-idyllic islands of Majorca and Ibiza, and the packed, high-rise east coast resort of Benidorm. The bait is brazenly simple. Sex, sun and sangria in unlimited quantities—if the publicity blurb is to be believed. Tens of thousands do believe it, and the fantasy starts in airport bars from Glasgow to Gatwick with a bit of chat and a few drinks, waiting for the charter flight to one of the under-30s' dream destinations.

A glut of men with earrings, sleeveless T-shirts and inevitable jogging shoes may not score many sartorial points. But the modern British Vandal need not feel inferior as he stumbles off the plane, boozed and blinking in the same sunshine that welcomed his cultural counterpart 15 centuries ago.

The Yobbo Brigade is now an integral part of the Spanish tourist scene. While the vast majority of ordinary families are soaking up the sun and enjoying paella, the yobs are busy getting drunk. Many start the night's fun tanked up and looking for trouble. And, although tourists from other countries have their yobbish element too, the British have the unchallenged reputation of being the worst.

"They have made a bad impression on the islands," said Balearic government tourist chief Jaime Cladera. "Of course we know they are only a minority and don't represent Britain. But a minority that keeps everyone awake brawling, falling down drunk and breaking bottles is bound to get publicity. Some resorts in Majorca and Ibiza have suffered badly. Now we're trying to change the image."

With that seemingly impossible task in mind, mayors from towns worst-hit by yobbo vandalism met tour operators and government officials in Palma recently to plan strategy for the future. Executives from Britain's Big Two—Thomson and Intasun—were there. Ideas ranged from pep talks on the plane to the infiltration of British bobbies into the hotels.

"We can't stop the youngsters coming here," said Antonio Tur, mayor of San Antonio Abad in Ibiza, "but we had positive discussions with the tour operators to improve their behaviour. We have also introduced strict rules in the town to control excessive music noise. Bars and discos must have soundproof doors which are kept shut after midnight. Of course people will continue to get drunk and cause problems. That's something we've learned to live with, and we have stepped up policing. We're not going to let the hooligans run San Antonio."

The Twentys travel organisation sees things differently. Their blurb for the 1988 season reads: "San Antonio is a decadent town where you can do exactly as you like, realize your wildest dreams, and walk about the town in a tanga or less." Lured by such promise, the waves of rowdies show no signs of abating, and alcoholic aggression and chundering are seen by many as an indelible part of our culture. "Anglos, Go Home," has been scrawled on island walls.

One reason why there are more British



FRANK SPOONER

Sun and cheap booze: irresistible?

yobbos in Spain than other nationalities is that our package deals are the cheapest in Europe. That and the guarantee of sun and cheap booze make it an irresistible attraction to addicts of soccer-match-style punch-ups.

Things got so out of hand in Benidorm in the early 1980s that the town hall instituted a special "green beret" commando-style police force that comes on duty in the evening, and meets violence with violence. Their long, heavy, white, night sticks mete out swift and painful retribution to any transgressor. Radios and jeeps make them available to quell hooliganism within minutes of a report.

Focal points of trouble were in the "Little England" area around the Talk of the Coast disco pub. "It was all-night mayhem," recalls British vice-consul John Seth-Smith. "Fights, drunkenness and all-night rowdiness made life impossible for ordinary tourists. The Green Berets have changed things a lot. They use their clubs and ask questions after. It's bitter medicine, but it is the only way.

"British yobbos even tore up all the trees in

the streets. Now they think twice before doing anything like that. Of course, trouble still breaks out. But it can be kept under control."

Yobbos are now looking farther afield. Last year Tenerife tourist authorities called for action against British Vandals. In one incident there, tourists smashed a hole through a wall between two apartments because they wanted to be together.

But Majorca, Ibiza, Lloret and Benidorm still bear the brunt of the invasion. The bitter price war between operators has made holidays available to younger and less mature Britons who easily succumb to the novelty of round-the-clock drinking.

Now the International Leisure Group, of which Intasun is part, are expanding into Germany and the Benelux countries. That means British Vandals may soon be matched by their German cousins (the original Vandals, incidentally, were a Germanic tribe). This move has sent shudders of horror through the German tourist industry, which has generally aimed further up-market.

Meanwhile the price war rages on and yobbos will continue to flock to Spain for cheap booze and a punch-up, giving themselves and everyone else a headache. Spaniards have woken up late to the fact that not all the British look and act like David Niven ●

LOW LIFE IN HIGH WYCOMBE

Loutish behaviour has even reached England's once-peaceful market towns, as Lewis Chester discovered

The only good thing about yobbism in the staid Georgian streets of High Wycombe is that it appears to be developing on multi-racial lines. This summer the courts will have to deal with the legal consequences of the worst night in the town's history by trying 26 defendants—11 black and 15 white.

The violence erupted on New Year's Eve when a group of skinheads tangled with blacks attending a disco competition at the town's Multi-Racial Centre. At its worst pitch 100 people were slugging it out—70 black and 30 white, according to a police estimate—before some of the whites fell back on the uncertain security of the Anchor Inn.

The siege stage, with the Anchor being raked by missiles and peppered with a shotgun blast, was the most terrifying of all. It lasted over an hour, until after 2am, before the police could summon the reinforcements needed to relieve the pub. When the dust had settled it was discovered that £15,000-worth of cameras had been looted from a nearby shop.

In Brixton terms, perhaps, none of this would be any big deal, but High Wycombe is in the most verdant part of Buckinghamshire. Surrounded by the Green Belt, the town is beautifully positioned to benefit from the wealth-creation opportunities of Silicon Valley. A combination of old class and new money gives the town a certain cachet and on a warm day stars like Roger Moore and the Bee Gees can be observed, content, at its watering-holes.

So how could it happen in High Wycombe? The town's police chief, Superintendent Peter Breach, is among the first to admit bafflement: "I certainly don't know the answer—if I did it wouldn't have happened. If you look at the area, compared to a lot of other places, we don't have the prevailing circumstances that give rise to this sort of thing—we're not an inner city, we don't have great areas of devastation, and we don't have any significant unemployment. My understanding is that employers have difficulty filling the jobs."

Nor is the racial situation, in terms of numbers at least, unusually complicated. In a total population of 165,000 there are 12,000 Asians and 6,000 of West Indian origin, little more than 10 per cent.

After the riot, the local Tory MP, Ray Whitney, and a number of other public figures, suggested that much of the trouble had been caused by "outsiders". There is something in this, but probably not a lot.

Entertainments at the Multi-Racial Centre can attract customers from a wide area and on New Year's Eve there were visitors from Reading, Luton and London. Wycombe is also an area of interest to the National Front which has twice tried to organise marches in the town and been denied permission.

But the "outside agitator" theory does not impress people who have been closest to the action. Neil Masuda, a young journalist on the *Bucks Free Press*, has covered all of the town's race-linked incidents over the past three years. He said: "It's possible that a spark might be provided from outside, but I don't think it's necessary. Wycombe can generate its own sparks. We have a strong skinhead element—almost by definition hostile to blacks—and a lot of pub landlords are pretty right-wing. The situation, particularly with the West Indian minority, is very tense, certainly worse than when I started this job. Now you can almost bet on two serious outbreaks a year and several minor ones."

Some things have got marginally better. The spate of mysterious fires in Asian homes came to an end when a resident was burnt to death. On the other hand, breaking the windows of the town's 50 or so Asian shop-owners retains its popularity in the yob culture.

The escalation has been in the level of unpredictable violence on the street and in the clubs. In the summer of 1986, 40 West Indian and white teenagers skirmished outside the Oceans Night Club following the arrest of an alleged purse-snatcher. A year later five policemen were injured in a furious brawl outside the Multi-Racial Centre when one of them tried to make an arrest. Last September two policemen—again trying to make an arrest—were kicked unconscious.





ALL SPORT/DAVID CANNON

Superintendent Breach insists that police relations with minority groups in the town are good—"though you always have a problem with a minority". Even more remarkably, he maintains that mayhem on New Year's Eve was not a race riot but an incident that involved "two groups that are quite distinct".

This is not merely police doublespeak; respectable Wycombe abhors the notion of being bracketed along with Brixton or Bristol as a racial battleground. One of the young white men, ensnared in the riot's early stages, said, "It was only racial in that it turned out to be a black and white group fighting."

In fact, the occasion which developed out of a mild shoving incident in the Anchor Inn car park escalated and polarised on racial lines, engaging the yobbish tendencies of both groups to the full, would meet almost any sociologist's definition of a race riot. There is a certain high-mindedness about Wycombe's refusal to call the event by its proper name but it does tend to blinker the town's response to its most perplexing problem.

The response so far has been pedestrian. The Tory town council, led by Len Hampton, a retired RAF pilot and schoolteacher, has been loud in its appeals for more police. Partly as a result, the Thames Valley police establishment has been increased by 70, though how many Wycombe will get after the claims for police in more exalted areas—like Windsor Castle and Chequers—are weighed is not yet clear.

The other move has been to place tighter curbs on the Multi-Racial Centre. The organisation and stewarding of events now comes under close scrutiny and 11pm is the firm closing time. Alf Webley, the town's experienced Community Relations Officer, says he has no particular objection to these initiatives, though he is not sure about the earlier closing time: "Young people have still got a lot of energy then."

It is easy, when thinking of yobs, to concentrate on football fans. Yet there has been an escalation in the eruption of unpredictable violence on the streets and in clubs, at home and abroad

But Webley, who is himself West Indian, believes the basic problem remains untouched. Because Wycombe is so prosperous—"mainly a town for the rich middle-classes"—people find it hard to comprehend that any deprivation can exist in their midst. And while the area has one of the lowest unemployment rates in the country—under four per cent—the overall figures mask serious problems for the young, especially those in minority groups. "New jobs in Wycombe," he said, "tend to be hi-tech and that usually implies higher qualifications than many of the kids have got."

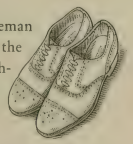
Webley sees progress coming from selective schemes that would provide employment and enable trainees to get their qualifications while working. He also thinks there is room for a new economic development committee "to promote black business".

He has been promised talks on these issues with the Tory authorities once the trials resulting from the New Year's Eve battle are over. This time, he hopes, the shock to the system might prevent its becoming another dialogue of the deaf.

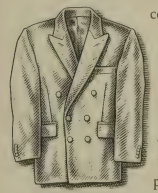
The Anchor Inn, meanwhile, has invoked a higher peace-maker. Pinned above the bar there is "A Silent Prayer" which earnestly concludes:

"Bless them all now come what may
And see them home at close of day." ●

On the joys of Spring.

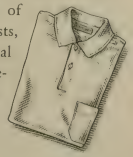


Can a true gentleman possibly contemplate the coming season without a fine pair of flannels and a blazer to his name?



Indeed, would his summer be complete without a pair of white, hand-lasted, buckskin brogues?

And could he endure the salad days without a selection of well-cut polo shirts?



Imponderables all. Because as long as the establishment of Gieves & Hawkes exists, there can be no rational reason for any gentleman thus to deprive himself.

GIEVES & HAWKES
No.1 Savile Row, London

The mark of a gentleman.

Also at 18 Lime Street, London EC3 20 Old Bond Street, Bath
1-7 St. Michael's Row, Chester 48 George Street, Edinburgh



MATTHEW FORD

Charles Powell, the career diplomat turned private secretary to the Prime Minister. His influence on foreign policy is enormous

THE MEN WHO DECIDE WHAT THE PM SEES

Charles Powell comes from the area of Whitehall that Mrs Thatcher most mistrusts, yet he has almost unlimited access to her. His influence is so great that former colleagues jokingly call him the Deputy Prime Minister. Richard Norton-Taylor reports

Shortly before her first important mission abroad, Mrs Thatcher crossed the road from 10 Downing Street to seek the advice of her Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington. She was preparing for the Lusaka Commonwealth conference in August, 1979 which included the prospect of a bitter fight over Rhodesia. Mrs Thatcher, the story goes, sat on the floor late into the night as the politics of Africa were carefully explained to her. It was like an impressionable undergraduate listening attentively to a wise tutor, but to the accompaniment of whisky rather than instant coffee.

She was a sharp pupil. A matter of hours after she landed at Lusaka for what the world expected to be an explosive encounter with leaders she had never met and, so it was claimed, she would never understand, she was prepared to compromise. She was even confident enough to snap publicly at Lord Carrington—a man who had his uses but was still a member of the grandee class with which she has never felt comfortable. He had already become an ex-mentor.

Not long after the Lusaka conference Mrs Thatcher drove home another point with characteristic vehemence and in doing so established her independence from the Foreign Office and its received wisdoms. She had made clear that she disapproved of the Common Market's spending, and during her first EEC summit persistently attacked what she deemed to be uncontrolled profligacy. She was approached by Sir Robert (now Lord) Armstrong, the Cabinet Secretary, who suggested in a friendly way that the majority of Cabinet was unlikely to support her manner and her stance. It was unexceptional advice perhaps and the sort of quiet warning that most new, and even seasoned, prime ministers would have accepted as helpful guidance. Not Mrs Thatcher, however. She gave him a look of such chilling contempt that those present say that Sir Robert is likely to take it to the grave.

Today it is almost impossible to imagine that odd tutorial with Lord Carrington, especially in the light of her subsequent mistrust of the Foreign Office, which seems to have been hardened during the Falklands war. She was convinced that the Foreign Office had displayed the sort of old-school pusillanimity in its dealings with Argentina which she despised most. She sensed an air of patrician enfeeblement.

Shortly after Port Stanley fell to the British she announced that Sir Anthony Parsons, Ambassador to the United Nations throughout the conflict, was to be her special foreign policy adviser with an office at Number 10. It was a crucial appointment which declared her desire



ITN NEWS

Mrs Thatcher has come to place great trust in Civil Service advisers, especially the FO



HOMER SYKES

Former Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, whose patrician approach did not find favour

THE COFFEE HOUSE

For before or after theatre suppers you won't find anywhere with such style or charm

CAROLINE MITCHELL



Whether you're tempted by the fabulous array of dishes at the Coffee House's sumptuous buffet or choose from our à la carte menu, you'll enjoy the thoughtful, caring approach of the people who make us one of the world's great hotels. Discover a restaurant where style and good living are not forgotten by calling 01-409 3131.

HOTEL INTER-CONTINENTAL
AT HYDE PARK CORNER
AGAIN AND AGAIN
1 HAMILTON PLACE, LONDON W1V 0QY. TEL: 01-409 3131.

to have an alternative view on foreign policy on hand at Number 10. Ever since, she has kept this independent source of expertise—someone she trusts and, to an extent, likes.

For the last three-and-a-half years that "trusty" has been Charles Powell, an astute and, many say, arrogant career diplomat. Powell, oddly, is the classic Foreign Office type. He is an ex-public-school boy, an Oxford graduate who fitted perfectly into the foreign service when he left university in the 1960s.

There was nothing, however, in Powell's past to suggest that he would accrue quite the influence he has on the conduct of British foreign policy. True, he was definitely a member of the fast stream of diplomats and early in his career was appointed private secretary to the ambassador in Washington, a post reserved for bright young diplomats. But nobody would have predicted that Powell would now be known by his former colleagues at the Foreign Office as the "Deputy Prime Minister".

He first came to the Prime Minister's attention at the time of her tutorial with Lord Carrington. Powell was a special counsellor for Rhodesia and was in the thick of the negotiations that would eventually resolve that country's status. It was not until he had completed a stint of just under four years at the EEC as counsellor to Britain's permanent representative that he made the short journey from the Foreign Office to Downing Street.



Right, Bernard Ingham, the Prime Minister's press secretary whose unswerving loyalty is amply rewarded. But his political influence at Number 10 is such that he is thought to have compromised his role as civil servant

Above, Sir Robin Butler, recently appointed Cabinet Secretary and head of the Home Civil Service. Mrs Thatcher's conventional choice—for he is a traditional mandarin and smooth fixer of the old school—indicates her desire to make changes at Whitehall by working with it rather than against it

In terms of power it is, of course, a great leap. He is said to boast that Number 10 and the Foreign Office do not take any decision without his say-so. It seems unlikely that Powell would be so stupid as to say this; however, it more or less sums up his influence. Greatly to the chagrin of his former colleagues, he has effected a system in which many of the routine decisions about foreign policy are taken in Number 10.

Powell sees the Prime Minister three or four times a day and is constantly at her side at EEC and other foreign summits. He is, in the words of another intimate of Mrs Thatcher's, "one of us", that is to say, he has almost unlimited access. Powell is aware of his power, which is all the greater because the FO gives Downing Street more information than other Whitehall departments. "Charles decides exactly which telegrams to show the Prime Minister," says a former Downing Street adviser. He is the link man with a unique position to warn her if the FO or an ambassador are falling out of line. Even Sir Geoffrey Howe, a man who is wearily used to the Prime Minister's temper, must take Powell's views into consideration.

The point about the rise of Powell is that it embodies the way in which this administration has brought certain departments to heel. It says something of the current practice of government that some ambassadors are sending in dispatches which are drafted not for the edification of the Foreign Office but for the pleasure of the Prime Minister.

It is the custom for private secretaries to return to their own departments after a two- or three-year secondment to Number 10. Not only has Powell stayed longer but he has been promoted from the rank of assistant secretary to under secretary while serving the PM. This is highly unusual. The same is true of Bernard Ingham, Mrs Thatcher's irascible press secretary. Like Powell, he is a civil servant whose role goes far beyond what his title suggests.

In 1984, for instance, Ingham demonstrated his influence on Government policy by advising against a no-strike deal offered by Civil Service unions at the time of the GCHQ dispute. His loyalty to the Prime Minister is unswerving and contributes to the us-against-them atmosphere that sometimes pervades Number 10 in moments of crisis: the " them" varies between the media, Conservative backbenchers, recalcitrant Cabinet ministers and Whitehall, according to the crisis. On one occasion this quick-tempered Yorkshireman chided a Foreign Office man by asking him whose side his department was on, that of Britain or the rest of the EEC.

In both Powell and Ingham a process of politicisation has taken place. Their loyalty to the PM, which is returned in equal measure, is thought to have compromised their role as civil servants. Questions remain, for instance, about the role of both Ingham and Powell during the Westland affair and in particular about the leaking of part of a letter from the Solicitor General. To many civil servants they broke that thin line between total commitment and outright politicisation, and neither of them will be welcomed back into the Civil Service fold.

A former Treasury mandarin, Richard Wilding, now at the Office of Arts and Libraries, once said that civil servants should emulate the French statesman Talleyrand and always withhold the last ounce of commitment. This view is anathema to Mrs Thatcher who claims she simply wants "doers", people who are effective and possess a robust clearsightedness. It is the same characteristic that she requires in her informal advisers like Lord McAlpine and Tim Bell. She also insists that she does not ask her civil servants about their political allegiances. This point may be somewhat academic since she is unlikely to select anyone who disagrees with her views for this inner corps of policy advisers.



UNIVERSAL PICTORIAL PRESS

What is compelling about Mrs Thatcher's time in office is the way in which her attitude to the Civil Service has been refined. She is still suspicious of mandarin culture and still believes that it is, to a degree, self-serving. However, over the last few years she has come to place enormous trust in individuals produced by this culture, especially the Foreign Office.

This reliance on civil servants is especially interesting when the almost febrile dislike of her early premiership is remembered. Her advisers then, Norman Strauss and Sir John Hoskyns, wanted what the latter called "deprivilege of the Civil Service". They both envisaged a much more efficient and responsive service, and when they left Number 10 believed Mrs Thatcher had missed a unique opportunity to reform Whitehall. These early advisers, including the bustling, eccentric figure of Sir Alfred Sherman, wanted her to strengthen the centre of government by turning Downing Street into a kind of Prime Minister's department.

They pointed out that in comparison to the offices of other premiers Number 10 is woefully understaffed. There are only 20 people, including the political and private office staff, in Downing Street, while the West German chancellor has over 450. The French prime minister and president have 40 each.

But David Willetts, a former Treasury official seconded to the Downing Street Policy Unit and now director of studies at the Centre of Policy Studies, believes that the creation of a Prime Minister's department would be a major and misconceived constitutional departure. "The Government has rightly been constitutionally conservative," he wrote recently in an essay for the Royal Institute of Public Administration. "Unless there are exceptional circumstances it is more productive for ministers to use their limited time and energies to get on with the real job of pursuing their policies rather than the less fruitful game of organising Whitehall."

Another former adviser says that Hoskyns was almost in a state of war with Whitehall, implying that the Policy Unit was less influential as a result. Others who have worked closely with Mrs Thatcher disagree. They say she does not "think long" or strategically. This, they say, is accompanied by another characteristic. "She does not like to consult," says one, adding that to her, answers are obvious, so what is the point of having discussions, distributing papers, when the conclusion turns out to be what she thought in the first place? That is not entirely true: she is willing to listen, and she likes an argument, but only if there is no waffle.

While Mrs Thatcher prefers straight talking to Civil Service circumlocution, she also has an appetite for detail. Sir Robert Armstrong once described it as "a searchlight mind" though her critics prefer to call it tunnel vision. It is said that once she gets excited about an issue, she wants to know everything about it. Woe betide the civil servant who does not know the answers to her probing questions.

She summons civil servants to Downing Street to ask her detailed questions about tariffs and trade policy. At the EEC summit in February she told her fellow European leaders during a row over cereals: "Every million tonnes produced over 155 million tonnes cost the Community taxpayer another £100 million." It was the same mastery over a few chosen statistics which she has used in Parliamentary Question Time and interviews about, for example, the NHS.

Thus Lord Thomas, a Spanish speaker and now head of the Centre for Policy Studies, was drafted in to advise her during the Falklands war, although it remains unclear in exactly what capacity. It has to be said that Mrs Thatcher, despite her image of tiresome inflexibility, is remarkably open-minded about the appointment of advisers and indeed in the Civil Service appointments proper. She is the first Prime Minister to appoint career civil servants to her policy unit. Nick Owen, an official at the Department of Trade and Industry, was brought in after Norman Tebbit spotted a brief by Owen which challenged a conventional wisdom. He has moved on to the Ministry of Defence now and has been replaced by another civil servant, Peter Stredder, who, though seconded from the Department of Trade and Industry, is specialising in inner-city problems. There are some Conservatives who remain impatient with Mrs Thatcher. They believe she is too moderate and that she has been guilty of the weakness that she despises herself.

For the moment, at any rate, Mrs Thatcher is a pragmatist, preferring to use a group of ministers here, a bright young diplomat there, her Policy Unit here and original-minded businessmen there. They can provide an alternative source of advice to Whitehall which she would like to change slowly by working with it rather than against it. Thus she appointed as her new Cabinet Secretary Sir Robin Butler, a super mandarin with a "safe pair of hands". She could not have made a more traditional choice. Sir Robin was formerly her principal private secretary. He was also a private secretary when Harold Wilson was Prime Minister, during which time he was singled out as a helpful, bright civil servant.

If there is a conclusion to be reached in this sometimes unpredictable premiership, it is that the policy-makers of the Civil Service, in other words the mandarin class so despised by Sir John Hoskyns, have won the right to exist, and the men who hold sway at Number 10, Powell, Ingham, Butler, however committed and politicised, are still civil servants ●

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE £100

How long does a grave-digger dig, a potter pot, a busker busk, a priest preach, a banker bank to earn a "ton"? James Delingpole finds out

Sir Ralph Halpern earns £100 in 20 minutes, a steel erector takes considerably longer. Finding such information is not easy; few are willing to discuss such sensitive matters. In order to encourage frank replies, the question was phrased with subtlety: "How long does it take you to earn £100?" Some, like buskers, knew immediately but were reluctant to divulge their massive income. Others, whose earnings are on an annual rather than an hourly rate were less sure. Most of the figures given are drawn from annual pay, divided by the number of weeks in the year and then by the number of hours a week the person claimed to work.

It is probably no surprise that a cocaine dealer can, on a good night, make £100 as quickly as the chairman of British Rail. But it is sobering to learn that a motor-bike messenger can do it twice as quickly as a silversmith who has had six years' training; meanwhile the humble McDonald's worker takes twice as long again. The Church is one of the least lucrative professions and, in payment at least, seems governed by Franciscan ideals. Those with religious vocations might consider Judaism: the Chief Rabbi receives considerably more than the Archbishop of Canterbury. Almost inevitably, a financier finds himself at the top of the table, but cynics might observe that it takes only a small error of judgment for the Wheel of Fortune to turn.

Though few people actually work 52 weeks of the year, it seems fair to include paid holidays. All rates are given before tax, though tax is not always applicable. In some cases it is pointless trying to estimate an hourly rate; clergymen are paid to be available round the clock; members of the armed forces have similar obligations. In many blue-collar jobs, the number of hours in the working week are regulated; but in other areas such as politics or management, any number of hours could be worked during the week. A Member of Parliament on £22,000 a year may therefore take as many hours to earn £100 as a postman on a much lower annual salary. The results of the survey provoke interesting comparisons.

Potter: 2½ weeks

In a cosy room just off King's Road, Selina Kearon designs and paints pots for Chelsea Pottery. The work is pleasantly unstructured, the company convivial, the atmosphere relaxed, but the pay is uninspiring; it takes Selina about two and a half weeks to earn £100. Each day sees a different stage in pot production; one day might be spent drawing designs and then scratching them on to the white bisque of each pot and spraying it with cobalt. The next day the design is painted on to the pot and then sprayed with a yellowish glaze. Finally the pots are stacked into the kiln. Two men spend their time making the pots, which is very strenuous work, and they receive a piece rate. It would take a fast worker a week to make £100.

Cocaine dealer: variable

A cocaine dealer's profits are largely dependent on the price of his supplies. Pete, a small dealer in Fulham, buys at about £65 a gramme, and sells at £75 a gramme. On most days he will manage four "hits", making him £40. At the weekend, however, he will sometimes make £100 on a good evening. A bigger dealer can buy at £55 a gramme and, with this increased profit margin, can make money much more quickly.

Model: 1 hour

Melanie Sawyer at the Lorraine Ashton agency makes £100 an hour as a model. "No, it's not easy money; you don't get paid in this world for doing nothing." The best things about the job are the money and the chance to travel to exotic countries, but there are several drawbacks. You are forced to be nice to people when you are cold and tired, even if you can't stand them; your plans can often be spoiled when you are made to jet off somewhere at the last minute; you have to be very competitive and it can be exhausting. Melanie has a degree in television and film, and she will probably pursue a career in this area when she stops modelling; making her first commercial was "the best thing that ever happened".



Selina Kearon at work at the Chelsea Pottery. The work is pleasantly unstructured; the pay uninspiring

DAVE HOGAN



BBC OUTLOOK

James Flanagan, arrested at Sydney airport for cocaine-smuggling and sentenced in Sydney to 15 years' imprisonment

Grave-digger: 25 hours

Bill Herman loves his job; he is a grave-digger in Highgate Cemetery. He practises a traditional craft and refuses to use any mechanical digging equipment. It takes about two days to dig a grave, and this often means uncovering old plots so that the dead can be buried with their families. Bill places timber on the top of old coffins so that they are not crushed by the weight of the new one. After about six to eight months, when the earth has settled, the headstone can be rolled back into place. When not working on graves, Bill is famed for his practical skills around the cemetery. A grave-digger in Central London can earn £100 in 25 hours.



ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

Grave-digger Bill Herman at Highgate Cemetery. It takes him about two days to dig a grave

Sophie Mirman: No comment

Sophie Mirman started the Sock Shop chain with her husband in 1983. They own all the share capital and are now worth well over £22 million. Her salary is still fairly modest. In early 1987 she was on £30,000 though it will have risen since then. Unfortunately, like many women in industry, she is surrounded by a barrier of unhelpful public relations staff unwilling to disclose such intimate details. Successful businesswomen seem more concerned with the achievements of the company than with crude financial reward.

Nurse: 11-27 hours

With a hefty overdraft and two large credit card bills to support, Jeremy Jones finds private nursing the best way to keep the wolves from the door. By working nights at the Harley Street Clinic, he can earn £8.50 an hour during the week and £9.50 an hour at the weekend. The hours (8.30pm-8am) are fairly unsocial, but sleeping all day and working most of the night ensures that he doesn't spend too much money. The work is taxing, tending patients who have recently undergone major surgery, but it takes only about 11 hours to make £100. NHS salaries are considerably lower; a staff nurse is paid between £3.74 and £4.41 an hour, depending on length of service, and would take between 23 and 27 hours to make £100. A ward sister at the top of her pay scale would take 16 hours.



REX FEATURES

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Runcie: top of the C of E's meagre wage scale

Church of England vicar: 4½ days

How many souls must a man of the cloth save before he makes £100? It is difficult to calculate the hourly rate of a Church of England vicar, although ministers are paid a national minimum of £8,500 a year. No allowance is made for London living on this basic salary scale, but vicars' perks include free housing and house maintenance and various tax concessions on daily necessities like heating. The local parish usually contributes small luxuries, including a car. Since a vicar is expected to be ready for work round the clock, on a loose calculation it must take him about four and a half days to reach the magic figure. If it is any consolation, his cassock and dog-collar are supplied with the

job. It would take the Archbishop of Canterbury just over a day; the Bishop of London one and a half days; a senior rabbi one and a half days and a parish rabbi three and a half days to earn the same amount.

Nightclub hostess: 1¼ days
The basic wage in Rags, the sister club of Tramp, in Curzon Street, is only £10. On a good night, however, Debbie Bradnum can make another £50 in tips. Most of the people are friendly and the atmosphere is great fun, though it can become rather smoky. Debbie spends half the evening waitressing and the other half as a receptionist. Most of the staff are working to subsidise jobs in the theatre and Debbie herself is a dancer. By working in the afternoon and then from 6pm to 1.30am, Debbie might clear £100 in a day and a half.

Busker: 10 hours
London is one of the best busking sites in Europe and a good street musician could earn £100 for approximately 10 hours' playing. Most buskers are cagey about revealing their precise earnings—it might make the public less generous. Perhaps the best pitches are in Underground stations where the acoustics are good, it doesn't rain and there are captive audiences. Buskers book their pitch early in the day and play there for between one and two hours. Although it is lucrative, there is the danger of being moved on by the police—or even fined in court—and harassed by drunks. Even so, buskers usually expect to earn £100 within two days.

Robert Alexander QC: 45 minutes
Few have dared give a confident estimate of Robert Alexander's earnings since *The Guardian* put them at £1 million. He promised to reveal the true figure if they would agree to pay the difference. They did not accept the challenge. Lord Denning once called Alexander "the best advocate of his generation", and his brilliant career has done little to diminish this assessment. He defended Jeffrey Archer in *The Star* libel case and, more recently, conducted a spirited defence for the Government during the *Spycatcher* case. His clients include insider dealer Geoffrey Collier, Ian Botham, Cecil Parkinson and Baron Thyssen. Known in the legal profession as "the welded rail" because of his seamless arguments, Alexander can command £50,000 a case. At the risk of being challenged, but having carefully weighed the evidence, we submit that it takes him no more than 45 minutes to earn £100.

Cartoonist: 5 minutes-1 week
Sometimes Michael Heath would rather pay people £100 than produce a cartoon for them. There are certain subjects which are stubbornly unfunny. A City firm might come up with a brilliant idea: a picture of the director hang-gliding, for example. The cartoon is produced and they complain: "Hey, our director doesn't look like that, you've made him look really silly. . ." Producing a weekly cartoon for a magazine is easier; it brings in a regular income, though deadlines can be a problem. But the real enemy of the cartoonist is the dreaded VAT man. How long does it take to earn £100? It could take five minutes, it could take a week, not taking tax into account. Some people are clever about that sort of thing; Michael Heath admits that he is not.


DAVE HOGAN

Nightclub waitress Debbie Bradnum relies on tips to supplement her tiny basic wage


DAVE HOGAN

Cartoonist Michael Heath needs inspiration: certain subjects are stubbornly unfunny

Telephone operator: 38 hours
Telephone operators for British Telecom make their £100 after about 38 hours of awkward phone inquiries. One operator admitted that the biggest problem was boredom, but this must pale into insignificance when compared with the mind-numbing tedium endured each day at directory inquiries (where pay scales are similar). At its best, a telephone operator's work can be a little like solving a crossword puzzle: the clue is a garbled address or half a phone number and the operators do their best to find the answer. Apart from occasional abuse from drunken callers, the job is invariably a rewarding one; inquiries are rarely left unresolved and operators can help 999 callers by talking calmly to victims and tracing their calls if they get cut off.

Sir Ralph Halpern: 20 minutes
Sir Ralph Halpern has built the Burton chain into an empire with over 35,000 employees, 2,000 shops and a £1.3 billion turnover. His reward is a £1.36 million salary. He is able to maintain a flamboyant lifestyle—he owns a £2.5 million Regency house overlooking Regent's Park and drives an Aston Martin and a bullet-proof BMW. He is also a fitness fanatic and works out every day in the company gym. Halpern is an indefatigable self-publicist. But, for the record, it takes about 20 minutes work for him to earn £100.

Postman: 21½ hours
Nick Worger has worked for the Post Office for seven years. He has a degree in English and history from Huddersfield Polytechnic and now works nights as a postal sorter. It takes him 21½ hours to make £100 and he does not even get free stamps. The main problem with working nights is the unsocial hours; Nick has to leave the pub at 9pm.



DAVE HOGAN

Motor-cycle messengers are paid according to the number of missions they complete

Motor-cycle messenger: 2 days
If you've got a clean bike and good work ethic (to quote one courier company's recruitment line), you can make £100 in between one and a half and two days. Motor-bike messengers are paid according to the number of missions they complete each day, which explains the suicidal pace at which they career round London. Though the pay can be good and though riders are free to work as much, or as little, as they want, it is not much fun when it is wet or icy. The accident rate for motor-bikes is high: in 1986 (the most recent year for which figures are available) 74 motor-cyclists were killed and 7,886 were seriously injured in London.

Silversmith: 24 hours
After four years' training and two and a half years at Nayler Brothers, one of London's larger silversmiths, it still takes Gordon Hogg 24 hours' work to earn £100. Gordon, 22, works mainly on domestic silver pieces, such as coffee pots, most of which are sold at Garrard. He works to set designs and, though he enjoys the craftsmanship involved, there is little room for imagination. Recently the craft has become more artistically daring and this may encourage new interest in a trade which in the past has largely relied on reproducing old designs. Perhaps this will do something to raise the low pay.

Christopher Heath: 8¾ minutes
"I'm a low-profile guy," Christopher Heath confesses, and it is true. He owns a pleasant neo-Georgian house in Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, keeps a few racehorses and runs two modest motor cars; he just happens to earn £6,880 a day. Assuming a 70-hour working week, that is £100 in eight and three quarter minutes. Although he is Britain's highest-paid director, he eschews publicity; Ralph Halpern, by comparison, received half his salary but encourages twice as much press attention. Heath is executive director of Baring Securities and specialises in the lucrative Far Eastern markets. His basic income may be no more than £100,000 a year, but it is boosted to over £2.5 million by the shares he receives from company profits. This has not always been the case; he started work as an ICI trainee on the princely salary of £410 per annum.

Steel erector: 20 hours
Exposed to the elements, precariously perched on a steel girder several hundred feet above the ground, and in constant danger of being soaked by rain or blown off by the wind, steel erectors are distinctly laconic about their work. "You don't enjoy it," said one. "You just get used to it." The pay is the worst thing about the job; it takes about 20 hours' welding work to earn £100.

Primary school teacher: 26 hours
Jan Bradshaw teaches five- and six-year-olds. At that age children are very demanding; they are all desperate for the teacher to like them and each one craves special attention. It is very rewarding teaching young children because you do not have to specialise in one subject; Jan teaches them to draw, read, write, speak, listen, measure, weigh—"absolutely everything". The children cannot concentrate for very long, "It's all 'hands on'", which means many practical classroom exercises. This can prove difficult when a class of 26 is learning about burning candles. . . Although there are 13 weeks' holiday in the year, Jan works long hours; she is at the school from 8.30am to 5pm but she may put in two or three more hours that night, preparing the next day's work. Pay is based on a salary scale and depends on experience, age and qualifications. An honours graduate starts on £8,500. After a few years a classroom teacher might be earning £100 in about 26 hours.

Sweeper: 30 hours
Tom, a sweeper in Charing Cross Underground station, must work for about 30 hours before he earns £100. He is employed by a private contractor, which is very strict in ensuring high work standards. Cleanliness in tube stations has become especially important since the King's Cross disaster, when rubbish was held partly to blame. Tom enjoys the freedom of his job and pay is better than some cleaning jobs where you receive as little as £1.90 an hour. His main complaint is caused by upstart colleagues, some of whom are promoted to supervisor "without even knowing how to use a broom".

Equity market maker: Not very long!
Rumours abound in the City of the razor-sharp wit, the profligate and animal-like behaviour and above all the large and terrifying salaries of those strange creatures the market makers. The

beasts in question do much to foster this myth, though one thing they will never reveal is just how much they earn. Their job is a curious mixture of barrow boy (trading in large batches of shares), street performer (juggling with share prices) and video-game player (they spend most of the day watching screens). For this they are paid a great deal of money. A good market maker after two or three years may be on a basic salary of £40,000 per annum, but in a reasonable year could receive half as much again as a bonus. How long does it take a market maker to earn £100? You can count the number of hours on the fingers of one hand, and you might not even use all the fingers.

Lowest paid McDonald's employee: 56 hours
Youthful employees of the McDonald's hamburger empire must have a great deal of self-control. How else could they manage to maintain a fixed smile, knowing that it will take them over 56 hours of fast-food toil before they can earn £100? Thirty-two per cent of the McDonald's workforce are under 18 and are therefore outside the protection of minimum wage restrictions. They work shifts of up to 12 hours, with an unpaid 45-minute break after the first six. Earning a coveted McDonald's star makes them an extra 15p an hour. By working through the night shift (11pm to 7am), a worker under 18 could make £100 in a paltry 46 hours. Fast food and fast money are clearly mutually exclusive for the people who serve.

Bookmaker: 22 hours
Bookmakers rarely grumble about their profession because it is more of a hobby than a job and it's a way to indulge in their love of sport and get paid for it. Jonathan Sparke, 39, is one of the founder members of City Index, a firm of City bookmakers, and he covers most sporting events such as racing, cricket and golf. He works an average of 12 hours a day and would expect to earn £100 in about nine hours, though this does not take into account his end-of-year bonus. A high-street bookmaker is not so quickly rewarded. Steve Coughlan, 29, manager of Victor Chandler in Landor Road, Stockwell, takes about 22 hours to earn the same sum of money, working a six-day week.

Restaurant manageress: 14 hours
Caroline Brown is manageress of Wolfes, an up-market hamburger joint in Basil Street, just behind Harrods. The hours are good—she works about 30 a week—and it takes 14 to earn £100. Like many in the restaurant business, she finds rude customers are the main drawback of her profession.

Refuse collector: 18 hours
A weekly wage of £170 does not at first seem much compensation for the unpleasant work carried out by dustmen. They start work at 7am, lugging smelly bags of rubbish into the back of their lorry, risking cuts from broken glass that has been carelessly tossed into dustbin liners. But there is a form of compensation: although they are paid for working from 7am to 4pm, they can leave work as soon as they have finished their round, often as early as 12.30pm. Taking this into account, it can take them no more than 18 hours to earn £100.

Publican: 20 hours
Chris Jarvis has run the popular Goat in Boots in Fulham Road for the last six years. Before that, he was manager of the Hard Rock Café. Being a pub landlord is more fun; he is his "own boss and there's no pressure from directors". Dislikes? "Customers". But they do make him around £300 a week. The hours are long, though; perhaps between 60 and 70 a week, which means that Chris takes about 20 hours to make £100.

Actress/producer: 4-5 weeks
"In a good show we can all make £100." Andrea Keeley acts in and produces fringe plays at the Tabard Theatre, above a pub in Turnham Green, Chiswick. When all production costs at the theatre have been covered, the remaining profits are divided among the actors and administrators. Since each production involves between four and five weeks' work, £100 each is not a great deal to show at the end of it; and not all productions make a profit. Most of the company work elsewhere to supplement this income. Andrea herself works hard for her money; as well as acting and producing, she wades through hundreds of manuscripts to find suitable plays, helps with handling sets, and even cleans the loos. Clearly this is not a job you do for the money.

Yeoman warder (Beefeater): 30-35 hours
Asked what he liked most and what he liked least about his job, one Beefeater said: "Both answers are the same—the public." Yeoman warders at the Tower of London are all former long-serving army warrant-officers, and the need for their military training becomes evident in the summer when in one day they may have to deal with up to 1,600 tourists. Although



JOHN FREEMAN

Yeoman warders at the Tower of London find rewards in the job rather than in the pay

Beefeaters work long hours (50 a week in the summer) guarding the crown jewels and answering a million fatuous questions, their reward lies in the job rather than in the pay. A Beefeater would earn £100 in between 30 and 35 hours; this includes tips which are taxable.

Sperm donor: variable
Britain has not yet caught on to the idea of selling bodily fluids for money. Americans can make a living from selling their blood; the British still do it out of charity. Nevertheless it is possible in some London hospitals to make money from sperm donations to artificial insemination units. Not all units pay for the service and it can be done only after careful vetting of the donor. If found suitable, he needs an excellent constitution to make £100 quickly; donors are rarely paid more than £15 a time.



ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

Andrea Keeley acts and produces in fringe plays at The Tabard Theatre, Chiswick. "In a good show we can all make £100"

Sub-editor: 9 hours
John Leach, previously production editor of *Woman's Journal* and editor of *Motor Racing* magazine, is now a freelance sub-editor. What he likes most about the job is his lack of responsibility; coincidentally, this is also what he likes least about it. At the moment he works for *Best* and *Bella*, two German-owned women's weeklies. He is not a typical reader of these magazines so the pieces he must edit are not always of burning interest, but the pay is excellent. He makes £100 with about nine hours' work and he has plenty of time to pursue his main interest—motor racing.

Member of Parliament: 1½ days
However low the public estimation of MPs may be, there are surely few who begrudge them their miserable salary. For those without the benefit of private incomes, it requires a great deal of work to earn £100. George Galloway, MP for Glasgow Hillhead, estimated that it would take him a day and a half. These are no ordinary working days; he arrives at Westminster at 9.30am and rarely leaves before 10.45pm. Voting in the House is never before 10pm but can be much later. Three times in the last six months the House has sat through the whole night. At the weekend Galloway returns to Glasgow to deal with constituency casework, so that he rarely has time for a break, even on Sunday. Before he became an MP he was a director of War on Want, and before that he was a factory worker; but neither job was so demanding or stressful as politics.



ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

John Leach, freelance sub-editor, can make £100 in about nine hours

Criminals: 18-28½ weeks
While doing time for drug-pushing, erstwhile coke-dealers will be happy to know that it is still possible to eke out a modest existence in jail. In HM Prison, Wormwood Scrubs, even those who do not work are paid a flat rate of £1.50 a week. This makes them the lowest-paid people in the survey and it would take them well over a year to make £100. While there are no longer opportunities for sewing mail-bags, prisoners can earn money in such diverse fields as repairing sewing machines (28½ weeks to earn £100), bricklaying (a little longer) or working in the prison kitchen (18 weeks to earn £100). The last two jobs are especially popular, the latter for its phenomenal salary and the former because it allows prisoners to travel all over the compound. And there's free board, lodging and smart uniforms; a must for go-getters everywhere.

Prison officers: 16 hours
Prison officers are paid considerably more than their charges. This is not surprising when each day they risk being assaulted or even dragged on to the roof and held hostage for a few weeks. Seasoned officers insist that the dangers they face rarely concern them. One who was interviewed had been attacked on his third day at work but was still serving, 24 years later. Officially, a long-serving officer takes about 16 hours to earn £100, working 39 hours a week, but there is often unpaid overtime.

Photographer: 2-3 hours
"Waiting for the telephone to ring" is the worst thing about being a freelance photographer. Although it is well paid, there is always either too much or too little work available. Jennifer Beeston takes portraits of people for colour magazines. Her subjects have ranged from Andrew Parker, the "human bridge" hero of the Zeebrugge ferry disaster, to actors Tom Conti and Denholm Elliott. She likes to have a chat with her subjects first to help them relax so that her pictures are as natural as possible; many stars pose instinctively before a lens. The flexible hours of freelancing give her plenty of time to spend with her baby and the rewards are high; it takes only two or three hours to make £100.

Captains of industry (public sector): 3-5 hours
It is virtually impossible to calculate the working hours of state industry bosses. Their work continues out of office hours as they attend business functions or travel abroad to represent their companies. Let us assume they work an 80-hour week, which would suggest that it takes Sir Robert Haslam, chairman of British Coal, just under three hours to earn £100; Sir Robert Scholey, chairman of British Steel, just over three hours; Lord Marshall, chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board, five and a half hours; and Sir Robert Reid, chairman of British Rail, five hours. Sir Robert Haslam is in charge of a work-force of more than 141,000 and an annual turnover of £4.5 billion. Lord Marshall at the CEGB oversees a turnover of £9 billion. Demanding jobs like these, often fraught with industrial relations problems, would command considerably higher salaries in the private sector. For example, when British Gas was privatised, the chairman, Sir Denis Rooke, received a £100,000 pay rise. He now takes just over two hours to make £100 ●

Sacred Cow

THE GARRICK CLUB

It enshrines a traditional, gregarious Englishness. To its illustrious members it is simply the best club in London. Suzanne Lowry asks if it lives up to this reputation

"The Garrick," said a long-time member, "is like *The Phantom of the Opera*: if you have to wait six months for a ticket, then you must see it. Likewise, if you have to wait nine years to get into a club, then you have to join. It's the Groucho Marx factor. Nobody wants to join a club they can get into tomorrow."

An élite of 1,000 lords, judges, gentlemen, actors, journalists and others already hold what has become London's most desirable club membership. More than any other club, the Garrick has come to enshrine a vigorous, if theatrical, traditional gregarious Englishness. Other clubs may be grander, more aristocratic; the Garrick is the most clubbable.

Its members wax almost weepy in praise of its warmth, its egalitarianism, its benignity, its mateyness. From the outside it can sound like a Dickensian Christmas card in motion, a band of jolly gents at their pleasures: a wild thespian party on Garrick's birthday, two buses to Epsom on Derby Day and, every night, the big communal table in the dining-room where social and age differences are forgotten. Once you are in you become one of the chosen. Getting in is the problem. A nomination from a current member must be seconded and an annual fee of £402-450 must be paid. There is an eight- to 10-year waiting list.

Such fraternal élitism appeals to and at the same time brings out the best and worst in the English social mentality: generosity, wit and charm, but also pomposity, self-promotion and swagger. "It's a great place for showing off," says the publisher, Leo Cooper. Members of the Garrick possess a collective pleasure in themselves, not always shared by others, and, indeed, almost pitched not to be. The distinctive salmon and cucumber tie (sometimes bow-tie) may advertise one more interested in talking than listening. (The more taciturn and discreet members of the Travellers', which plays host to the Garrick membership when their club closes for staff holidays in the summer, feel particularly vulnerable to this trait.)

A place of contradictions, the club is in some respects snobbish, stuffy and vain; it is also raffish, unassuming and kind. Thackeray, who joined in 1833, not long after it was founded, liked the Garrick because he felt that it was a place where gentlemen "drop their absurd aristocratic notions".

The Garrick was not founded by the famous actor but in his memory, as an allowable, on-equal-terms meeting-place for actors and gentlemen. "It was the beginning of celebrity-hunting, really," says Leo Cooper. "Actors were just becoming respectable, and here admired and admirers could meet." And of course many gentlemen were more theatrical than the actors.

There are fewer actors now although Sir John Gielgud, Lord Olivier, Sir Michael Hordern and even Barry Humphries belong. So, too, does Donald Sinden, a trustee and a noisy, well-projected presence. The club today is a rich stage of legal-political journalistic dramas and encounters; a running spectacle of the Establishment. The cast includes the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, the former Lord Chancellor, Lord Havers, benchloads of judges and barristers and John Mortimer, the creator of Rumpole.

The journalists include the editor of *The Observer*, Donald Trelford, *The Sunday Telegraph*'s Peregrine Worsthorne, *The Independent*'s Andreas Whittam Smith, political writers like Peter Jenkins, Alan Watkins, Ian Aitken and Louis Heren, plus Sir Robin Day, John Higgins and Stephen Fay. The publishing world is also well represented: Lords Weidenfeld and Longford, André Deutsch, Hamish Hamilton and John Murray are all members.

> The bar is one of the best places outside the House of Commons for political gossip

There are numerous cliques and groups, each of which has its own daily habits. At lunch the place is dominated by journalists, politicians and publishers, especially in the bar which is one of the best places outside the House of Commons for political gossip. In the evening there is a majority of lawyers—barristers and judges rather than solicitors—doctors and businessmen.

The lawyers do not much like the journalists who are regarded (not always incorrectly) as disloyal because they leak the outcome of committee meetings. Lord Havers once complained to the committee that one of his conversations in the club appeared in print. On another occasion, though, he took the journalists' side after Ian Aitken of *The Guardian* composed what he felt was a harmless paragraph about the Queen Mother's lunching at the Garrick. He filed it to *The Guardian*'s diary columnist who, unaware of the niceties of Garrick protocol (leaks must be polite), made it into a snide gossip item about the members' fawning behaviour. Aitken owned up and offered his resignation together with his apologies. There was some deliberation in which Lord Havers, curiously, offered to defend Aitken. But the matter never came to a formal hearing and Aitken was asked to withdraw his resignation.

It is this sort of quaint public display of honour which still makes foreigners wonder at the English and their institutions. What mattered to the Garrick was not that Aitken had gathered his newspaper titbit there (for many years Sir William Rees-Mogg used the club as a primary source for his *FT* column), but that it made the membership look foolish.

The other identifiable sub-group is a musical one, very broadly based at the Royal Opera House. Sir John Tooley, Sir Claus Moser, Paul Findlay, Bernard Haitink and Elijah Moshinsky are all members. They tend to be lunchers rather than dinners, whereas the actors often use the club late at night after their performances in the West End. It was for this reason that critics were not admitted to the Garrick. This restriction has been lifted, as has the understanding that homosexuals would not be granted membership.

Not all these sub-groups are entirely happy with each other. The journalists are suspected of indiscretion, the politicians of pomposity, the judges of stuffiness and the actors of noise. The group which seems to come in for most criticism are the solicitors who are said to be boring.



RONNIE ANDERSON

The Garrick Club, built in 1864. "From the outside it seems merely a gloomy Italianate pile . . . inside it is a magic, time-warped world."



DUNCAN FORBES

Nigel Lawson, sporting the club's distinctive tie



DAVID HARTLEY/REX FEATURES

John Mortimer, barrister and author, at home in a club where lawyers and writers predominate



ALPHA

Paula Yates: showing too much leg?



REX FEATURES

Lord Havers, a prominent member

Among these are Peter Carter-Ruck, the well-known libel lawyer, and Sir David Napley.

From the outside the Garrick seems merely a gloomy Italianate pile, like a bank headquarters or a minor government department. Inside is a magic time-warped world, a Never-Never old boys' association. It is a cross between a prep school and a stately home, gilt and plush, but slightly faded, and utterly unvulgar. It offers comfort and reassurance, a sense of being part of the Establishment but with its hair down, or at least its wig slightly askew. It is also a delightful, or disgraceful (depending how you see it) endorsement of, and academy for, English class attitudes.

Jeremy Lewis, a director of Chatto & Windus, is not a member but loves to be invited there. "It is the most enjoyable club. I love all those red-nosed men, with their broken veins and bloodshot eyes, and trembling hands and faded Garrick Club ties," he says.

The typical Garrick member, says Leo Cooper, is a *bon viveur* who wants to see his fellow members; at some clubs you go not to see them and certainly not to talk to them. The Garrick is not a place to enter if you do not want to be spotted.

There are those who see the attractive image of the club and its *bonhomie* as a threat. "Every solicitor and accountant in London seems to want to join," said one jaded member, between naps. "The grey people are taking over." The waiting-list is long but over the last five years there has been an influx of financial people whose membership waiting-time has been cut by a fast-stream system.

Part of the attraction is that the club is now a serious place to have and to watch power lunches. The existence of the Garrick obviates the need to dine in a fish-bowl and be observed by the *hoi polloi* as in New York. It is quite normal to see Sir Geoffrey Howe, Peter Jenkins and Nigel Lawson lunching together or Lord Havers and Donald Trelford (when not in dispute over one of *The Observer*'s revelations). Perhaps the most surprising sight over the last few years was the table occupied by Duncan Campbell, the left-wing exposer of arcane military secrets, and Lord Havers, who was then Attorney-General.

At the centre of the Garrick's splendid dining-room, perhaps one of the most beautiful eating places in London, is a long table where it is the custom to sit next to whoever happens to be there. This carries a measure of risk because, despite the membership's collective dislike of bores, the occasional dullard has slipped in and he is invariably seated at the long table.

The food has always tended to the traditional; meat, two veg, puddings with custard and cheese, all swilled down with claret and port; but recent "improvements" and a tendency to *nouvelle cuisine* (Anton Mosimann is a member) have been delighting some members and alarming others. There have been calls for a return to a proper Dickensian menu, featuring oysters and beef.

Whatever the cuisine, nowhere is the great British talent for ease better displayed, or perhaps put to more devious use. The Garrick is very strictly not a business club. There must be no pieces of paper, no Filofaxes, certainly no briefcases in the dining-room. These people may be doing business but they must never be seen to be doing it.



ALPHA

Barry Humphries, alias Dame Edna Everage, is among the Garrick's actor members



IAN BRADSHAW/COLORIFIC

Sir David Napley, high-profile solicitor, is a member of the Garrick



REX FEATURES

Bernard Levin was blackballed from the club



DAILY TELEGRAPH COLOUR LIBRARY

Lord Weidenfeld is in the coterie of publishers

It was for this reason that the election of the amiable and shrewd publisher André Deutsch took so long. There were fears that he would do business in the club. Shortly after he succeeded, a member of the committee saw him on the stairs and said: "André I've been meaning to talk to you about an idea I've got for a book."

The tradition is, of course, utterly unrealistic. Not only is business talk, dealing and negotiation bound to occur when so many well-known members of interlocking professions meet, but it is essential to the club's continued existence. "There is quite a lot of hypocrisy," said a long-serving member. "No one is supposed to be doing anything commercial. But of course the club would not survive if there were no parties, and many of the parties are to launch and sell books."

Parties mean women. The Garrick, like many clubs, was previously a refuge for men from wives and mistresses alike. It could also be an alibi: "Old Major Who-Shall-Remain-Nameless got away with adultery for years by saying he was at the club night after night and telling his wife that she must on no account ever ring him there," confided a member's wife. That proscription is still an unwritten rule in the club's etiquette book, but bolder wives are undeterred. Kate Trelford says firmly, "I transfer the Garrick number from diary to diary every year." Like many other regular lady visitors, she was on good terms with Cyril, the former doorman. "I would ring him up and he would go and look for Donald. Now he has gone, it's all more impersonal."

Jilly Cooper recalls Cyril with affection too: "He used to give me chocolates." Cyril was the sentry and greeter and, with his red Edwardian whiskers, he seemed to stand literally between



REX FEATURES

Writer and broadcaster Frank Muir belongs

the grey world outside and that cosy, nostalgic privilege within; he would take a courtly pleasure in escorting a lady guest to the top of the steps and directing her to what seemed to be a compulsory call at the ladies' loo, a chintzy nook at the top of the side stairs. By common consent it is the best in London.

The Garrick was one of the first clubs to allow women to brazen it up the front steps. There are probably women who would not set

> Some women even dare to take on the members at verbal swordplay, their favourite sport

foot in a place that excludes them from membership on grounds of sex, and which still makes all kinds of rules about which room they may enter at what times of day, but I could not find one who doesn't enjoy going there and who will not wink at the principle. They even enjoy the slight feeling of being somewhere usually out of bounds. Being allowed to join the boys in their (metaphorically) unbuttoned sanctum can induce teasing and mischief. "I always feel like behaving badly," says the writer and journalist Linda Christmas, wife of John Higgins of *The Times*. "All their little rules make me want to rebel; go into the wrong room, say 'oi' to the waiter, anything."

"There is something naughty about the Garrick," says Jilly Cooper. "Women are treated very nicely there." But she is not sure about the coven of misogynist barristers lurking in the main hall alcove (called by members "under the stairs"); they always look askance. It was, perhaps, one of their number who made a vehement protest to the committee about Paula Yates, the TV presenter and wife of Bob Geldof, who had made a telephone call from the main entrance hall and contrived to show rather too much leg for the Garrick's comfort.

Which also shows that women can hold their own in the showing off stakes. As did Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington when she swept up the great staircase (this used to be banned to women and some members wish it still was) as if powered by taffeta, and into the drawing-room, where she presented an astonished Ingrid Bergman with a copy of her life of Maria Callas. The star was there to launch her own book, an autobiography, a copy of which was hastily produced as a swap.

Some women even dare to take on the members at verbal swordplay, their favourite sport. As when Peter Jenkins took his wife, the trenchant columnist Polly Toynbee, and two other *Guardian* women to supper, and Peregrine Worsthorne was spurred from his table to berate them about their paper's allegedly calling Mrs Thatcher "a fascist". It had not and Toynbee doggedly argued Worsthorne down. He retreated on the baffling line that *he* "had to get back to his family".

But sharp disputes, kind hospitality, legs and the lovely loo aside, the Garrick is unquestionably a male preserve, a safe harbour for its elect. And here they are free to show their warm, emotional side. They can talk loud and long and let their feelings, or at least their sentiments, loose. Where else could Kingsley Amis and Leo Cooper cry round the television all through the Duke and Duchess of York's wedding? Or Geoffrey Wheatcroft slumber peacefully among the canapés as he waited to greet his guests at a party?

These endearing scenes do not disguise the fact that the club is a great factory of gossip, a place of high-class rumour and sometimes furious passions—all of which were most infamously stirred when Bernard Levin was blackballed because he wrote a savage attack on Lord Chief Justice Goddard just after he died. Levin has never reapplied for admission.

Like all clubs, the Garrick is a declaration of social and intellectual solidarity and, like all clubs, bound to irk some of the fellows it excludes. In this the Garrick seems to be somehow more irritating, provocative even, than others, not just because of its flamboyance and its high profiles, but because of the happily arrogant assurance among its wits and wags that it is the *best* club with the best members, engaged in the best conversation and the most important political-cultural exchanges.

The redeeming feature is the good humour and the invigorating *mélange* of the membership. The danger, as some members themselves perceive, is of heightened self-esteem collapsing into self-importance and pomposity. The Garrick was, among all of what Thackeray called the "swaggering palaces," deliberately designed for the meeting of performers and onlookers. Then, as now, it was sometimes hard to tell one from the other ●



RJA 26 FILN



The 260E and 300E. But can you tell the difference?

The Mercedes-Benz 300E or 260E? You have 1·3 seconds to make up your mind.

No-one would suggest that buying a Mercedes-Benz is a decision you should rush or take lightly. Far from it. It's only when you take the time to consider the facts that a Mercedes- Benz seems such an obvious choice. Consider the 300E for example.

Like all Mercedes-Benz cars it is not engineered to perform a few specifics superbly well but to perform every function superbly well. Avoiding extremes in any single area, in pursuit of the very highest competence overall.

Few cars have the ability to strike the same balance between comfort, handling, performance, safety, reliability and re-sale value.

The dilemma then, is when you look for a four door saloon, luxurious in its comfort, tenacious in its road-holding, reassuring in its safety and exhilarating in its performance, is not which car but which other Mercedes-Benz.

Introducing the 260E. It shares the identical aerodynamic body and the same power base as the 300E. The difference in horsepower and torque of the six cylinder engines is mainly attributable to their different displacement: 2962 cc 188 DIN/hp for the 300E versus 2599 cc 166 DIN/hp for the 260E.

They are power units designed to reconcile very high power and torque output with extreme smoothness and very quiet running in an engine as light and as compact as possible.

Although not exceptionally large engines by today's standards, they are still powerful enough to comfortably shift both cars to test track speeds of over 130 mph.

The engine block itself is a lightweight casting, deep-skirted and externally ribbed for enhanced rigidity. There are seven main bearings and to promote running smoothness, no fewer than twelve crankshaft counterweights.

Engine aspiration is governed by an ingenious electro-mechanical fuel injection system. A mechanical fuel injection system ensures swift, responsive performance and robust dependability, whilst an advanced electronic unit fine tunes the engine by precisely monitoring engine speed, temperature and airflow. The fuel flow is continuously adjusted to achieve optimum efficiency and economy.

Both the 300E and 260E have four speed automatic transmissions as standard with a five speed manual gearbox as a no-cost option.

The automatic transmission with its manual-style lever has an easy action stepped-gate with a sporty flavour of its own especially when hard throttle pressure automatically kicks it down for maximum acceleration.

The Mercedes-Benz suspension system, with shock absorber struts at the front and the unique multi-link layout at the rear, gives phenomenal road-holding to cope with such powerful performance. Cornering ability, straight line stability and handling predictability can seem almost uncanny.

The ability to combine soul-stirring pleasures of high performance with hard-headed advantages of high mechanical efficiency is an exceptional feature of these cars.

With the added reassurance of ABS braking as standard and energy absorbing front and rear crumple zones with the rigid passenger safety cell (invented by Mercedes-Benz in 1951) they stand far ahead of would be rivals.

But what separates them from each other? The 300E accelerates from 0 to 62 mph in 8.2 seconds and the 260E does it in 9.5 seconds (manufacturer's figures). The difference is 1.3 seconds precisely. By now, you should have made up your mind.

ENGINEERED LIKE NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD.

TRY LIBEL—YOU ARE LIABLE TO WIN

Libel suits against newspapers won record damages last year. Marcel Berlins assesses their impact on lawyers and publishers; overleaf, Richard Ingrams describes a case whose outcome was less than spectacular



REX FEATURES

Jeffrey Archer and his wife Mary during his High Court libel action against *The Star* newspaper, which alleged that he had consorted with and then bribed a prostitute. He won record damages of £500,000 and *The Star* also had to pay the costs of the case, estimated at £700,000. Mary Archer was at her husband's side throughout the trial and came in for a number of embarrassingly overblown compliments from the judge in his summing-up speech

Lawyers call the current pursuit of libel suits "the Archer factor", but astute historians of trends will probably blame Telly Savalas. The bald-headed actor's suit against the *Daily Mail* in 1976 achieved a jury's award of a mere £34,000 (such a quaintly modest sum compared with Jeffrey Archer's £500,000) but the tremors were felt in every national newspaper. It was not that the *Mail* could not afford it, but that an English jury had sent out an unmistakable signal: "We don't like Fleet Street."

Savalas sued because the *Daily Mail* had written that his drinking and wild life-style on a film set made him an unreliable actor. By the time his case came to trial several years later, it was clear that his reputation had not suffered at all. As Kojak he had become an international star, he was in great demand and everyone loved him, baby. Especially the jury. The £34,000 was not meant to compensate Kojak. Its purpose was to punish the newspaper world.

They had another chance in 1982, the year the magic six-figure barrier was breached. The lucky litigant this time was Billy Bremner, footballer-turned-manager, whom the *Sunday People* falsely accused of trying to bribe players to lose matches. The £100,000 award, Fleet Street was in no doubt, was meant to hurt.

And so to 1987, the year when libel damages finally went mad. A retired naval officer, Martin Packard, won £450,000 from an obscure Greek newspaper which circulated no more than 50 copies in England. The libels against him were appalling, including complicity in murder and drug-smuggling, but the amount was so staggering that neither the judge nor Mr Packard at first believed they had understood the jury correctly.

The Jeffrey and Mary show, though, could not be dismissed with the same insouciance. Even so, for a while the newspapers and their lawyers tried to treat the £500,000 Archer award as an aberrant one-off. There would never be such a combination again, they argued—a sex scandal involving a nationally famous plaintiff, his attractive, loyal wife, an eccentric judge and an editor who did not bother to go into the witness-box to defend the truth of his newspaper's seedy revelations.

Narenda Sethia's lawsuit did not draw one-hundredth of the popular publicity of the Archer case, but to lawyers, newspapers and publishers generally it made a profound and frightening impact. The *Mail on Sunday* had alleged that Mr Sethia, a former lieutenant on HMS *Conqueror* during the Falklands War, had stolen the control room log-book from the submarine that sank the *General Belgrano*. The libel jury awarded Mr Sethia (who was not specifically named in the article) £260,000. The newspaper is appealing against this verdict and the amount of damages, but in a sense the result of that appeal is irrelevant. What matters is that, a few months after 12 more or less randomly chosen English men and women had decided to punish one Fleet Street paper with £500,000, another random dozen had concluded, on behalf of an unknown claimant in a hardly publicized case, that another paper should pay out £250,000.

The message has been well and truly received. The English public does not much like the media and when it gets the chance—which is not often—it delights in making its feelings known by the only method at its disposal, the libel award. It needs no great psychological insight to argue that when the jury awarded Archer his £500,000, there was more at stake than a defamed novelist's reputation. It was a judgment against all newspapers, magazines and television programmes that tell lies, practise deception, invade people's privacy and behave with the morals of an alleycat; it was a warning as much to those out of court as to the trial's participants.

The direct and predictable result of that case has been an increase in the number of claims against newspapers (and other publications) alleging libel. Those with no serious case are hoping that their very demand will trigger off a "nuisance-value" pay-off. Plaintiffs with a real chance are no longer being fobbed off with mean offers of settlement. They believe that the stone will yield far more blood, if squeezed.

For their part, the papers are prepared to settle long before court, fearing not just Archer-type awards, but the huge legal bills that accompany them. Even modest damages may drag with them awesome lawyers' fees. The panic may not last. After all, the lawyers point out with justification, we hear about the huge awards because they get a lot of publicity. But for every Archer and Sethia there are perhaps hundreds of libel suits being settled reasonably and dozens of jury awards that are barely reported because the amounts are unsensational and the plaintiffs obscure. And even when a famous personality sues a newspaper, the result is not always a pools win for the individual.

Derek Jameson lost his action against the BBC whose radio sketch suggested that he was not a couth and smooth person. Besides, defamation is still a rich man's toy. There is no legal aid for ordinary people, so most of the population can continue to be libelled with impunity.

The Archer effect, perhaps, is like the Crash of last October—an awful event whose long-term consequences have been greatly exaggerated, and may even be beneficial. The extravagant libel happenings of recent years have at least drawn attention to one of the English legal system's great anomalies—the continued existence of the libel jury.

We have abolished juries for all civil cases, apart from defamation (and one other, tiny, exception). We do not allow juries to decide how much compensation should be paid for the loss of a leg, or for brain damage as a result of an accident, or for deafness caused by factory noise. Yet we take 12 people without any experience in anything in particular, and we tell them to pick a collective figure to compensate someone who has been injured in his or her reputation. And just in case the task is thought too easy, we impose on the judge the obligation to give the jury only the most minimal guidance about how to reach their conclusion. He is banned from actually suggesting any figures, or even any broad range of amounts.

It is hardly surprising when, occasionally, they emerge with spectacular results. Jury members read about the Kojaks, the Bremners and the Archers and it is those cases that create the new benchmarks for future juries. The result is that whereas 20 years ago libel damages had some correlation with quite serious but not devastating medical injury damages, today they have become shamefully disproportionate. To receive a Sethia/Archer level of damages a plaintiff injured in an accident would probably have to be paraplegic, incapable of caring for himself, his life expectation curtailed, his enjoyment of life destroyed. Had Jeffrey Archer lost a leg and an arm, he would have got far, far less than the libel jury gave him for not having slept with a prostitute.

The answer seems obvious: do away with libel juries, leave all decisions on damages to the notoriously skinflint judges, and newspapers can breathe again. But that would be to trespass on a cherished principle. The point about juries, whether in criminal or civil cases, is that they are supposed to represent the community. They have the burden of saying as a miniscule collection what we would say as a nation. When a libel jury canes a newspaper, they are expressing all our frustrations against the media.

The libel weapon fits comfortably in this government's philosophy, and Mrs Thatcher no doubt welcomes big awards. They teach the naughty papers a lesson, act as a warning for others, and spread fear among the disseminators of information generally. According to that argument Jeffrey Archer may be the individual winner of the libel lottery, but the ultimate victor is truth, because cases like Archer's will make newspapers think twice about telling lies. But they will also prevent newspapers from telling the truth, because the threat of ruinous litigation will provoke a play-safe attitude that can help only those with something to hide ●

Marcel Berlins was formerly Law Correspondent and a leader-writer for The Times. *He now edits* Law Magazine



MOST BUSINESS BECOME BEAUTIS YOU AT

Tower House
BATH

Here at ***Tower House*** *we offer* ***peace, privacy and sheer luxury*** *in the heart of the countryside, yet situated in such close proximity to this world-renowned Georgian city.*

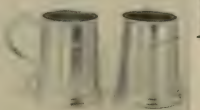
We have created a small number of luxury suites, still retaining the charm of a family home. Personal service at all times from the resident proprietors Gino and Rosemary Marton. ***Superb cuisine*** *using home grown and locally produced vegetables.*

Overnight en suite facilities for 2 from £85 inclusive of full English breakfast. ***Breathtaking views,*** *however long or short your stay, let us make it memorable!*

An enchanting fashion lounge *has now opened and Rosemary is now able to show you her lovely special occasion outfits with exquisite matching model hats. This is run on an* ***appointment only*** *basis in delightful and enchanting surroundings. Just over one hour by train from the Capital City of London.*

Send for full brochure **Tower House, Batheaston, BATH, Avon BA1 7JF** *Tel (0225) 852378*

"A visit recommended for the most discerning"



HOW

HOW (of Edinburgh)
only address

28 ALBEMARLE STREET
LONDON W1X 3FA

PAIR OF MUGS

London 1705 By J. Diggle

Weight 20 oz. 7 dwt.

Telephone:
01-408 1867

THE FIRST SPRING

WESTMINSTER ANTIQUES FAIR



Royal Horticultural Old Hall
Vincent Square, London SW1

April 21-24

Daily, 11am – 8pm (Sun 11am – 6pm)

60 stands. Furniture pre 1830
Most other items pre 1860
All carefully vetted for authenticity

Admission £3
Enquiries to
PO Box 114
Haywards Heath
West Sussex

Tel: 04447 2514



Penman Antiques Fairs

CORNWELL v SUNDAY PEOPLE: A PYRRHIC VICTORY

On Thursday, December 10, 1987 proceedings at Court 13 were held up when a pigeon found its way into the court. Mr Justice Mars-Jones, who was due to complete his summing up that morning, refused to go ahead until it had been removed. Attempts by the ushers to catch the bird in the high-ceilinged courtroom failed and reluctantly the judge agreed to proceed with the pigeon perched above his head. Occasionally it took off, swooping over the heads of the litigants and their legal advisers.

It was an appropriate ending to one of the most bizarre cases in recent legal history—a libel action which had involved three separate court actions and incurred £200,000 to £250,000 worth of costs. And at issue? The size of a woman's bottom.

Although the Press seized on the "big bum" aspect of the case, the story was a little more complex. Charlotte Cornwell, the plaintiff and owner of the allegedly outsize posterior, was an actress, aged 34 at the time the offending libel was printed way back in May, 1983. A half-sister of novelist John le Carré, she had joined the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1977 and played Rosalind in *As You Like It* and Beatrice in *Much Ado*.

In 1979 she was cast as a middle-aged former rock star in an RSC production of a play called *Bastard Angel* by Barrie Keefe. Later this was adapted for television as a seven-part series with the title *No Excuses*. But because the series featured what Thames Television deemed an unacceptable quota of obscenity, the showing of the first episode in the London area was put back until 10.30pm.

It was a decision which incensed not only the author but also the director, Roy Battersby, and the star, Miss Cornwell, who in an interview with *The Guardian*, called it "a Pavlovian starch-collar response by men in Burton suits who don't know a good piece of television from a piece of cod fillet".

Miss Nina Myskow, then television critic of the *Sunday People*, was also annoyed by the postponement. It meant that she had to sit up until after midnight in order to watch the play. Then, having sacrificed her beauty sleep, she was so incensed by the poor quality of the programme, so much in contrast to Cornwell's high-flown claims, that she decided to nominate the actress as "Wally of the Week", a regular feature of her column. "Actress Charlotte Cornwell," she wrote, "made a proper pratt of herself in . . . *No Excuses*. And then she foolishly prattled about it pompously in public. . . As a middle-aged star all Miss Cornwell has going for her is her age."

There was more in the same Glenda Slag vein and it caused great offence to Miss Cornwell who was used to receiving glowing tributes from the critics for her Shakespearian roles. "I was shocked and felt sick," she later told the court. "I felt humiliated." A letter was dispatched to the editor of the *Sunday People* by her solicitor, the veteran showbusiness lawyer Oscar Beuselinck, demanding an apology and threatening a writ unless it was forthcoming. "Our client is of normal weight and appearance," Mr Beuselinck added.



REX FEATURES

Actress Charlotte Cornwell: ruinous litigation?

However the *People* saw no reason to apologise for what they considered a run-of-the-mill, if strongly-worded piece of criticism. When tempers had cooled, the matter might in due course have petered out. But litigation, once started, has a way of gathering pace, especially when costs have been incurred. The case of Cornwell *v* Myskow and others came on before Mr Justice Michael Davies on December 11, 1985. Mr Michael Beloff QC represented Miss Myskow, Mr Andrew Bateson QC, appeared for Miss Cornwell.

From the start, Mr Justice Davies seemed determined to play the part of a comic High Court judge, in keeping with the theatrical nature of the case. He began by asking, "What is a video?", and then, when the libel was finally read out, embarked on a lengthy investigation of the word "pratt" and of its correct spelling.

The distinguished actor Ian McKellen had directed Cornwell in this particular play and testified to her outstanding abilities as an actress. McKellen gave a bravura performance in court, occasionally pressing his fist to his forehead as a token of his strong emotions. The judge was especially impressed, though even here he could not resist the urge to make judicial jokes: "You would not take the size of someone's bottom from the *People* presumably. If it was important to the part you would have to look at it yourself."

McKellen was asked whether, if he had read Nina Myskow's attack, it would have affected a decision to employ Miss Cornwell. He answered with masterly evasiveness: "Firstly I would need to check that she was in a fit state to be continuing her work and I would suspect that anyone being the subject of such writing would probably not be, immediately after having read it."

McKellen was not sure which way to turn. For Miss Cornwell's sake he wanted to say that the *People* "review" might have affected his judgment if he were intending to audition her for a part, yet he clearly wished to avoid the plainly ludicrous inference that he, a National Theatre director, would take casting advice from the television critic of a Sunday tabloid.

McKellen was tricked into conceding that Myskow's piece was not a review, not a criticism, but a personal attack. "So be it," said Myskow's QC, ". . . in a question of casting of a particular show, you simply would ignore that type of piece altogether?"

"Of course I could not ignore it. The style of the piece is clearly not meant to be ignored; it is designed to draw attention to it."

This evidence proved crucial and in his summing up the judge placed especial emphasis on it: "Well, of course you are not bound by Mr McKellen's view but there it is, and the more impressive you thought him as a witness, the more attention you will give, no doubt, to what he said." The jury obediently sided with the plaintiff and awarded £10,000 damages. But when the case was taken to appeal the judges ruled, *inter alia*, that because McKellen's evidence related to his opinion of Miss Cornwell's acting abilities after the libel had been printed it should never have been admitted; that McKellen's speculative comments about the damage to Cornwell's reputation among theatre directors were "both inadmissible and highly prejudicial"; and that, furthermore, Mr Justice Davies had erred in failing to direct the jury to disregard McKellen's evidence. A retrial was ordered.

Normally at this stage, rather than go through the whole process again, the parties would reach an out-of-court settlement. But here there was a snag. Despite the urging of the *People*'s lawyers that the damages should not be paid over to Miss Cornwell pending the appeal, the judge had ruled against the lawyers. Miss Cornwell got her £10,000 and promptly spent it as the down payment on a flat. Now she could still hope to recoup her losses by gambling on a second victory.

A second trial opened before Mr Justice Mars-Jones on November 30, 1987 and the next day Miss Cornwell found herself once more in the dock. But it seems her lawyers let her down. Was it not the case, Andrew Bateson asked in his best Rumpole manner, that she had been forced to sell her flat because of this painful litigation? Cornwell began to sob, as she had done in Trial One, but defence counsel objected to the exchange claiming that it was highly prejudicial. The judge agreed, with the result that a new jury was sworn in.

It was a repeat performance of the first trial only this time Trevor Nunn took the role previously played by Ian McKellen. The judge was scrupulously fair and once again the jury sided with Charlotte Cornwell and awarded her £11,000—an increase of £1,000. But it turned out to be a Pyrrhic victory. Mr Justice Mars-Jones decreed that she must pay her own costs in the first hearing, though not of her preparation for it, in addition to those of the appeal hearing and the aborted second trial. The costs of the appeal alone were roughly £40,000. Although technically the winner, Cornwell ended up substantially in the red ●

RICHARD INGRAMS



MISERIES OF LONDON, OR A SURLY, SAUCY, HACKNEY COACHMAN
A coloured caricature, 11¾ by 9 inches (29·75 by 22·75 cms) after Thomas Rowlandson, published 1814.

LONDON AS IT WAS 1700–1857

An Exhibition of Engravings and Lithographs

The Cities of London and Westminster, Battersea, Bermondsey, Blackwall, Camberwell, Chelsea, Deptford, Greenwich, Hampstead, Highgate, Holborn, Kensington, Lambeth, Limehouse, Mortlake, Paddington, Putney, Roehampton, St Pancras, Shoreditch, Southwark, Sydenham, Vauxhall, Wapping, Woolwich.

12th–23rd APRIL

Gallery open
9.30 am to 5.30 pm
Monday to Saturday
during Exhibition

THE PARKER GALLERY

12A/12B BERKELEY STREET, LONDON W1X 5AD
(opposite Mayfair Hotel)
Telephone: 01 499 5906/7
Founded 1750



Behind Turnberry's Edwardian facade you'll discover a wealth of pleasures.

Such as magnificent Scottish and French cuisine. Swimming and billiards. Working out in the mini-gymnasium and unwinding in the sauna. Or simply sitting in the lounges, sipping a malt perhaps, gazing over the two championship golf courses which skirt the Atlantic shore.

Beyond Turnberry's 360 acres of grounds you can go shooting, horse-riding and fishing. Or explore beautiful Ayrshire and its many historic delights.

Only one word will suffice to describe Turnberry, interior and exterior. Superior.

Turnberry Hotel and Golf Courses

For reservations contact: Turnberry Hotel and Golf Courses, Ayrshire, Scotland KA26 9LT. Telephone 0655 31000. Telex 777779.

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS A member of The Leading Hotels of the World

More of our superb in hallmarked **BRUFORD AND HEMING** *range of photoframes sterling silver*

Silversmiths & Jewellers

Price includes postage, packing & insurance anywhere.

SR4 7 × 5″ 17·5 × 12·5cm £62
SR3 5½ × 3½″ 13·5 × 9·5cm £40
SR2 3¾ × 2½″ 9 × 6·5cm £26
SR1 £16 — SR1 2 × 1½″ 5 × 3·75cm
GO4 7 × 5″ 18 × 13cm £55
GO3 5½ × 3¾″ 13·5 × 9·5cm £36
GO2 3¾ × 2½″ 9 × 6·5cm £24
GO1 £14 — GO1 2¼ × 1½″ 5·5 × 4cm
GR4 7 × 5″ 18 × 13cm £60
GR3 5 × 3½″ 12·5 × 8·5cm £38
GR2 3¼ × 2¼″ 8 × 5·5cm £26
GR1 £14 — GR1 2 × 1½″ 5 × 3·5cm

Our brochure including other interesting items will be sent FREE on request.

28 CONDUIT STREET NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1R 9TA Tel: 01-629 4289 & 01-499 7644

LONDON: WHAT READERS SAY

The February issue of the *ILN* presented 50 ways of improving London, and asked readers to give further suggestions. Here are some of the best . . .

When *The Illustrated London News* published an article which suggested 50 ways of improving London, the magazine received an unusual degree of publicity. Clearly, people who know the city and its limitations warmed to the idea that with a few adjustments and some thought the capital could be transformed into one of the most pleasant and civilised cities in the world.

The authorities, unfortunately, have yet to see the sense of many of the suggestions, the sum of which provide a blueprint for the complete rejuvenation of London. It may be that ideas like reconstructing the original London Bridge, or creating an area of all-night cafés north of Oxford Street, or redesigning the Albert Embankment, do not kindle the bureaucratic imagination.

The readership of the *ILN* is neither so dull nor so slow to react. We publish here the first responses to the feature. Officialdom should take note of the first.

RETRAIN LONDON'S BUREAUCRATS

All members of London's officialdom to be given compulsory leave to expand their minds and widen their horizons. The courses open to bureaucrats would vary from lectures and practical work in lateral thinking, to outward-bound expeditions and attachments to city councils abroad (much would be learnt from secondment to the city administrations of Amsterdam, Bologna and New York).

The system would operate like the sabbaticals of the academic world, except that it would not be voluntary. Individuals who display a persistent lack of imagination in their work would be required to take this improving leave every 18 months. **Ernest Brill, London W6**

THE REPLACEMENT OF STREET LAMPS

Perhaps the ugliest features of London's street furniture are the concrete and metal street lamps. During the daytime their awkward, brutal shapes mar the townscape, and during the night they spew out an unattractive orange light which spoils the appearance of the city after dark.

All street lights should be replaced with a structure based on the gaslights of the 19th century, which would give out a white, rather than orange, light. The design would be taken from the lights that are currently preserved along Rotten Row and around Buckingham Palace.

Jackie Cawston, London SW19



MORE WINDMILLS

There are just under 330 mills in England. Few are in London. A post mill, in which the entire structure turns to face the wind, should be erected on Hampstead Heath.

Francis Jaekel, Woodhall Spa, Lincs

BAN MUZAK IN ALL SHOPS, RESTAURANTS, LIFTS AND OTHER PUBLIC PLACES

What is wrong with silence? The ghastly noise, often wildly over-amplified, against which one is expected to conduct a conversation or make an important decision about a purchase must shorten tempers, if not lives. Perpetrators of muzak shall be sentenced to a period of non-stop Monteverdi or of silence in a padded cell.

Caroline Ellis, London W11

BUILD MORE PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS

These are especially needed in London's parks where a tourist can walk for miles before coming on one. I would recommend that the design of the public drinking fountains is entirely original to London. Perhaps the spouts should be in the shape of a crown or lion.

Ginny Frizzi, Pittsburgh, USA

IMPROVE LONDON'S ATMOSPHERE

Legislation should be immediately enacted to control the exhaust pollution caused by millions of cars travelling about London. This sort of measure has been taken by the Japanese, which is one of the things which makes Tokyo a bearable place to live in.

Patrick Casey, Kanagawa, Japan

IMPROVE THE BANKS OF THE THAMES

The Embankment and South Bank should be beautified with numerous flower beds so that they become as attractive as the lakeside at Montreux.

Kevin Goldstein-Jackson, Poole, Dorset

PROMOTE GASTRONOMIC DELIGHTS

An entire area of Docklands should be set aside purely for restaurants or cafés. Each one would have to offer a different type of cuisine: Hungarian, English, French, Japanese, Cantonese, Szechuan, Viennese (but, please, not another Italian restaurant). The area would be designed as a hybrid of the Fisherman's Wharf area of San Francisco and the floating restaurants of Hong Kong. **Kevin Goldstein-Jackson**

50 WAYS TO IMPROVE LONDON



WATERBORNE PROCESSIONS

Today's Lord Mayor's procession is done well but how much better it would be on the river. The procession used to be on the Thames, and the oarsmen propelling gilded barges up the river made it a splendid sight (as shown on *The Illustrated London News* masthead).

Francis Jaekel

HELP LOST SOULS AT THE BARBICAN

The Barbican complex in the City of London is a maze of walkways, confusing signposts and multifarious activities. It is extremely easy to get lost. To help people find their way, a number of robots in the image of famous people would be programmed and placed around the Barbican.

A lost soul wishing to find the Barbican Theatre would push a button to activate a Lord Olivier robot which would promptly trundle off with the lost soul following in its trail.

Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

BETTER STREET SIGNS

London's street signs are without doubt some of the worst in the world. They are almost always totally obscured by parked cars or placed in a position which cannot be seen from a car window. All street signs should be sited at a standard height and position on both sides of the road. **Peter Rozee, London SE1**

ADOPT TREES

Every school should be given a group of trees to look after. Each tree should be given a plaque which would indicate the students responsible for its maintenance and protection.

Dr Jonathan H. Dyer, North Carolina, USA

PUBLIC DONATIONS BY DEVELOPERS

London has never seen quite so much development. In some ways it is very encouraging, but there are still some dreadful buildings being erected before a helpless public. One solution to this would be a retroactive planning law which would operate in the form of a licence. Once planning permission had been granted in the normal way, the building would be given a licence which, after a period of, say, 10 years, would come up for renewal. The licensing authority would then canvass public opinion to find out whether there was a persistent objection to the design of the building. If there was strong opposition, the licensing authority would penalise the building and the developers by imposing a heavy licence fee.

This system would benefit the community in several ways. First, it would allow the people to control the environment in which they have to live. Second, it would ensure that developers and architects would take notice of the people's wishes before they started building. Third, the licence fees generated by buildings such as Centre Point and the new Lloyds headquarters in the City would be used to adorn, preserve and endow the areas in which they stand.

Sally Scott, London SW5

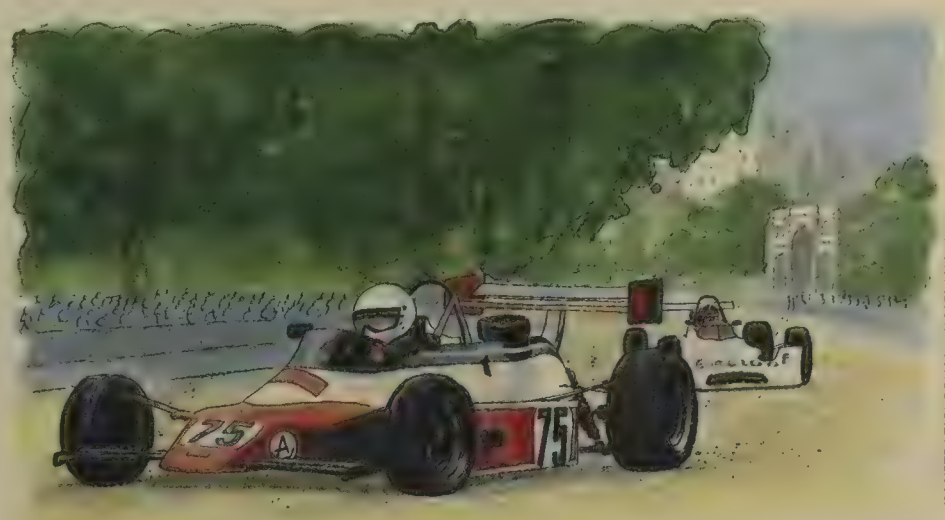
RE-CREATE THE VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS

Most major European cities have their own pleasure gardens, of which Copenhagen's Tivoli gardens are the most celebrated. London has beautiful green expanses such as Hyde Park, but nowhere in which you can do much more than walk, sit down or ride in a sluggish rowing boat. The historic Vauxhall Gardens, which were situated just north of the Kennington Road, near the Oval cricket ground, were one of the chief sources of pleasure to the Londoners of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Pepys was a frequent visitor and often remarked on the simple pleasure of what is now called people-watching: "For a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. To hear the nightingales and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jews trump and here laughing and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

The historic gardens would add new life to a grim part of the dismal South Bank. A fun fair would be erected. Victorian attractions such as steam organs and helter-skelters would mingle with the most modern of gravity-defying rides.

An alternative site might be the grotesque pile of bricks at St Pancras which is comically referred to as the future home of the British Library. **Simon Richards, London SW19**



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK MCLAUGHLIN

HOLD THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX IN HYDE PARK

The Silverstone circuit bores the spectator to tears. Why not remove the Grand Prix to Hyde Park? The cars could race along The Ring, round Marble Arch, down Park Lane and up the Carriage Road, a perfect distance of two and a half miles. For an even better circuit the race organisers could include an extension which would take in Constitution Hill, The Mall, St James's Street and Piccadilly.

William Keeling, London SW11

THE QUICK BRIGHT FOX

Paul Fox was appointed managing director of BBC Television at the end of last month. Michael Leapman explains why that should not come as a surprise

When Michael Grade was deciding whether to join the BBC in 1984, it was natural that he should pick the brains of Paul Fox, then managing director of Yorkshire Television. It was natural not simply because Fox had been with the Beeb for 23 years before switching channels in 1973, but because he had—and has—one of the wisest heads in the business.

He gave the younger man this characteristically blunt advice: "There are some pompous, boring men in the BBC. Steer well away from them."

Four years later Fox has voluntarily re-entered the lair of the pompous and the boring. In March he surprisingly accepted the job of managing director of BBC Television. By an irony, it was Grade's peremptory departure from the Beeb the previous year that had cleared the way for him. Grade had been due to take over as managing director on Bill Cotton's retirement this spring. But after some clashes with the new deputy director-general, John Birt, he quit to become head of Channel 4. By a further irony, Fox had been on the panel that chose Grade for the Channel 4 job last November. The small screen is a small world.

Conspiracy theorists got to work as soon as Fox's new appointment was announced. It was, they thought, a further shot in the campaign to bring the wayward Beeb to heel. As the elder statesman of ITV, wielding immense power unobtrusively, Fox has been called Mrs Thatcher's favourite television executive (although there is no reliable evidence for this).

Equally, there were those who saw his role in Grade's switch to Channel 4 as part of a complex plot. There has been talk of floating Channel 4 free of the ITV network companies that own it, to break the ITV monopoly on advertising. Did Fox, at the behest of Downing Street, put the populist Grade in place to "fatten up" the channel for privatisation by boosting audiences?

The weakness of that thesis is that Fox is firmly opposed to any such change. "Privatising Channel 4 is in my view not in the interest of the viewer," he says. "It would be pointless to bring about a massive upheaval."

He is equally opposed to government plans to award ITV franchises to the highest bidder. "What I would hate to see is the equivalent in television of what's happened in newspapers," he says. "If people want to buy *The Sun* and *The Star*, that's their choice and good luck to them. But that shouldn't necessarily be repeated in television and that's what the auctioning of franchises might lead to." Thatcher's poodle he is not.

That threat of lower standards in ITV could have been what persuaded Fox, at 62, to return at the close of his career to the Corporation where he began it. He has never been willing to sacrifice quality for the sake of maximising audiences. Despite 15 successful years in the competitive commercial world, he has kept the instincts of a public-service broadcaster.

It is an intriguing appointment in terms of the BBC's Byzantine internal politics. Fox has almost certainly been put there by the governors to act as a counterweight to the controversial John Birt, deputy director-general and head of news and current affairs. Birt's appointment last summer, greatly resented by the journalists, was itself seen as a Thatcherite move to tame the BBC's unruly news and current affairs division.

The unhappy journalists will be looking to Fox to restrain what they see as Birt's excessive interference in their work. He certainly has the stature to do so—but whether he will have the inclination is another matter. When head of current affairs at Lime Grove in the 1960s he had a reputation as an authoritarian himself; and at ITV he was known for getting his way.

Brian Tesler, chairman and managing director of London Weekend Television, said: "The fact that he does have weight, bottom, grittiness and strength means that he was invaluable in reaching consensus within the ITV system. If Paul goes for something, those who are undecided are likely to go for it too."

Tesler came to know Fox well in the early 1970s as one of the most successful controllers of BBC1. He was not at first taken with him. "It seemed to me then that he was cold, aloof, tough and totally antipathetic to ITV. But when I got to know him I came to realise that inside the lion was a pussycat. He's enormously warm, sensitive and sympathetic.

"Then he joined ITV as programme controller of Yorkshire (in 1973), and I remember the first meeting he attended. He opened his brief-case and there was nothing in it but the *Sporting Life*. Subsequently there's been a lot more in it, but the *Sporting Life* has always been there too."

Fox joined the fledgling television service in 1950 as a news writer. The son of a Bournemouth doctor, he left the local grammar school at 18 and joined the Parachute Regiment as a private. In March, 1945 he took part in the Rhine crossing and a month later was badly wounded in the arm. He still receives a pension for the wound, which left one arm shorter than the other.

At 21 he thought he was too old for university and became a journalist on the *Kentish Times* and the *People*. He abandoned the printed word for the moving picture in 1947, writing scripts for Pathé newsreels before moving to the Beeb. After outside broadcast he ran current affairs at Lime Grove, where he hired a journalist named Ian Trethowan to front a weekly political programme, *Gallery*. Sir Ian, who rose to become director-general, recalls rows with Fox about the programme. Fox quarrelled, too, with Jeremy Isaacs, briefly editor of *Panorama*, about the format of the prestige current affairs programme. Isaacs would not discuss him with me. Fox has enemies still, but in a bitchy industry he commands a surprising measure of warmth.

Sir Ian thinks he came into his fullest flowering as controller of BBC1: "One hears a lot about Grade's brilliant scheduling," he says. "But I think Paul was easily as good."

Fox's decision to leave Television Centre at the age of 48 was painful. "I loved the BBC," he says. "I have an enormous affection for it still. It stands for a great deal in this country. But I wanted a change and I had great doubts whether I would become director-general." One legend has it that Fox left because he did not believe a Jew could be appointed to that position. He denies that, but he did get as far as discussing it with the incumbent Charles Curran, who observed: "I'm a Catholic DG—why shouldn't there be a Jewish one?" (There has since been a Jewish chairman, the late Stuart Young.)

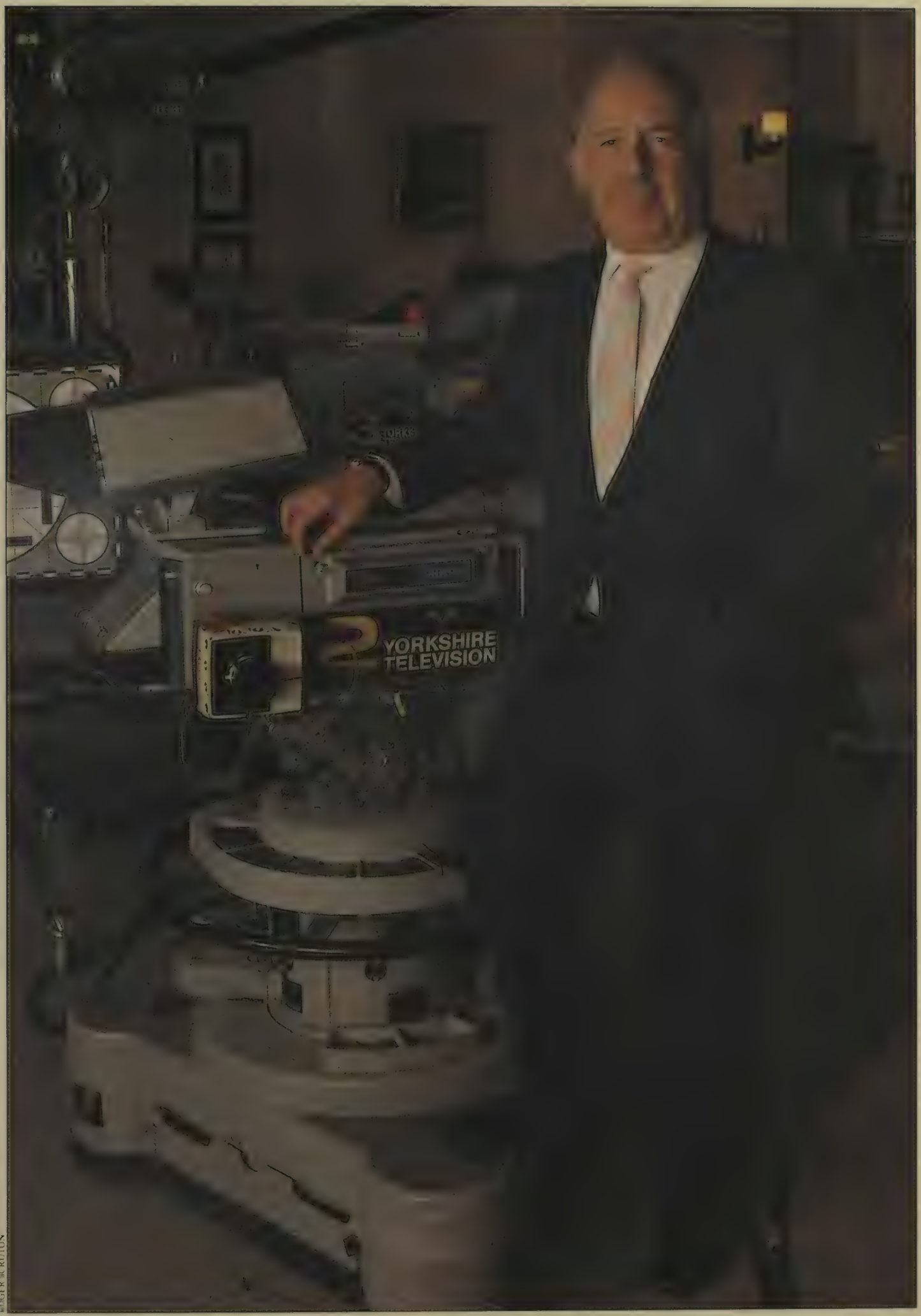
Whether or not, had he stayed, he would have reached the top rung, Fox is often described as the best DG the BBC never had. Says Michael Grade: "I don't think there's any doubt he would have been a great director-general."

Almost every time the director-generalship has become available since he left, he has been mentioned as a candidate. Once the governors asked him to apply but he declined. He felt that if they wanted to offer him the job they could: his qualifications were in the open and he saw no reason to go through an undignified beauty contest. He sets store by what is fitting.

When the search was on for a director-general again a year ago, Fox was consulted by the chairman and vice-chairman, Marmaduke Hussey and Lord Barnett. He ruled himself out of the running at an early stage, partly because he was already over 60—although he is opposed to rigid age discrimination. "I think it's a mistake of the BBC to want people to retire at 60," he observes. "They ought to have a few grey hairs around the place."

Now he has agreed to take his own grey hairs back to Television Centre in a less senior job than the one for which he was approached. But although he is not the top man, he will wield immense influence as by far the most experienced practitioner in the building, particularly with a director-general who comes from the managerial rather than the programme-making side.

To a BBC racked by internal dissension, and still under the close scrutiny of a doctrinaire Government, he brings the inestimable virtues of a cool mind, a hard head and a wealth of experience. If anybody can conserve what is best in British public broadcasting in a hostile environment, Paul Fox is the man ●



EDGAR SCRUTON

Paul Fox: although he is not the BBC's top man he will wield immense influence as the most experienced

WILL THE BUCK STOP HERE?

Peter Greenberg predicts that the Crash and the falling dollar will reduce the number of American tourists in London this year. Candida Crewe tests the service they might expect in five top hotels.



HOMER SYKES

Candida Crewe samples the Basil Street Hotel and likes what she finds

A few months ago the prospects for the British tourist industry looked extremely good. Americans had been booking their 1988 holidays and for the first time in three years it seemed likely that they would return to Britain and the Continent in large numbers.

There were many statistical indications of an imminent boom. The number of passengers travelling on North Atlantic scheduled air services rose by 20 per cent in the first seven months of last year. And Britain, by far the most popular destination for Americans, experienced a 27 per cent increase in US visitors, pushing the figures back to the record levels of 1985. In real terms this is equal to some six million Americans.

The same was true for the rest of Europe and, to a degree, of the Middle East: Americans appeared to have forgotten the events of 1986: Chernobyl, Libya and the hijacking of the *Achille Lauro* the previous autumn.

This was, however, before the decline of the dollar and the Crash. Now things look much less encouraging, especially for London hotels, which are among the most expensive in Europe. "It seems that a lot of early projections for American tourists coming here were nothing more than wishful thinking," says a high-ranking executive of Trusthouse Forte. "The airlines think that if they do not raise their fares this summer, everything will be all right. But the dollar has taken such a beating that the impact goes beyond air fares. The advance bookings may look strong but a lot of hoteliers may be fooling themselves."

Pan Am, the airline which was perhaps worst hit by the summer of 1986, is still hopeful: "Based on our advance projections, we anticipate a 10 to 15 per cent increase in traffic this summer. However, the uncontrollable factor is the fluctuation of the dollar."

The important point is that while air fares may be paid in the US currency, hotel rooms, much the largest part of holiday expenditure for Americans, may be paid for only in the currency of the country they are visiting. They are therefore much more prone to movements on the international money markets. Already expensive hotel rooms in London that were running at $240 a night in September now cost Americans $300. Some hotels have discussed dropping their rates to keep the US reservations, but many feel they have already reached a point of diminishing returns.

"It really started last summer," said Patrick Board, general manager of the Intercontinental Hotel in Mayfair. "When the stock market crashed, things went from bad to worse. Room bookings dropped and our restaurant business fell by nearly 40 per cent."

Another hotel manager observed: "The scary thing is that we could reach the point where it is not financially feasible for us to drop our rates further and, even at that point, it will be too expensive for Americans to come at all."

The optimism of the autumn, and even the post-Crash months, seems to have been based on very little. Intercontinental Hotels have recently commissioned a private survey to discover the minimum dollar rate that American tourists would accept. The threshold, they found, was $1.74 to the pound.

American Express has found that there is a trend away from Europe, which is as much a matter of fashion as currency exchange rates. Nearly 85 per cent of the adults surveyed reported that they would take their holidays in

America in 1988 and only eight per cent said they would travel to Europe. There is much to keep them at home this year. The presidential election and a new isolationism which is marked by a fresh perception of America's virtues.

Those still intent on foreign travel this year are bound not for Europe but for Australia and Hong Kong, Singapore and Bangkok, where there are still bargains for the tourist who pays in dollars and, as important, there is still service which is neither patronising nor sloppy. British hotels are never entirely faultless and it may be that the weakened dollar will make Americans look at standards and service with an even more critical eye.

Crewe's Comments

DORCHESTER HOTEL

Park Lane, W1. Tel 629 8888
Single-room price: £129.95.
Service: They were suspicious of a scruffy single girl and asked questions to prove it: "Is that *all* your luggage, madam?" and, "Are you here on business, or for pleasure?" Then I was shown to my room. They were civil, but I felt like a second-class resident. I did witness some sycophancy, though. It was directed towards an older woman who had a title.
Room: Double bed, rather hard; linen sheets. Remote-control TV.
Mini-bar: Unimaginative selection included a modest tin of nuts at £6.
Room service: Slow. The cheapest item on the menu was an impeccable cold carrot soup (£3.80). I avoided pasta at over £18 and a sandwich at £9. The plate of cheese (£5.50) was a mingy selection with soft, canteen-style crackers and four squashy grapes. Unacceptable.
Freebies: Two bars of soap, one shampoo/bubble-bath set, one pencil and one pad.
Request for typewriter: Met with slight surprise, but a large electric one was provided within 10 minutes, plus a few grubby bits of typing paper.
Late request for a copy of the *ILN*: "The hotel newsagent opens at 8am, madam."
Payment: Unwilling to accept a cheque. Credit cards preferred.
Left clothing: The shirt I deliberately left behind was not returned to me, even though the hotel had my address.
Conclusion: A depressing episode. The expense was out of proportion to the service received. Only the soup and the swift appearance of the typewriter impressed me.

BASIL STREET HOTEL

Knightsbridge, SW3. Tel 581 3311
Single-room price: £39 (without bathroom).
Service: Less sophisticated and slick than elsewhere but infinitely more friendly, helpful and unsnooty. Well treated as a single woman. Shown to room. A telephone message I had arranged was accurate, informative and timed precisely.
Room: Three-quarter-size bed, cotton sheets, very comfortable. Dowdy room with a slightly unaired smell.
Mini-bar: None.
Room service: Chirpy. I asked for tomato juice with Worcester sauce, and later for Horlicks. They prompted Manuel-style responses: "Eh? Woosta?" and "Orleek?". But every effort was made to discover what I was after, even though they failed on the latter. The plate of cheese at £2.95 was excellent—delicious French cheeses appeared with lots of Bath Oliver biscuits. Sandwiches cost only £1.45.
Freebies: One bar of soap, one pad, one pencil.
Request for typewriter: A manual one appeared in five minutes although the receptionist was using it herself. She delivered it saying: "And if you need any Tipp-Ex or anything, give me a buzz."
Late request for *ILN*: "We can deliver one in the morning, madam."
Payment: Willing and happy to accept one cheque even though the bill was over £50.
Left clothing: The shirt I left behind was not returned.
Conclusion: The excellent service, the comfortable bed (even though the room itself was not completely cheerful) and the good value were a winning combination. It made this both the cheapest *and* the best of the five.

HOLIDAY INN

128 King Henry's Road, NW3. Tel 722 7711
Single-room price: £97.75.
Service: Non-existent. Dismissive, almost, at reception, as if I was an irksome superfluity. I was not shown to my room but given bored directions. Before I arrived I left a message to myself. It was not given.
Room: Large, hard double bed, cotton sheets. Blue pile carpet with a sticky patch on it—possibly honey. A trouser press and lots of teak. TV was not working. Three requests for it to be repaired were fruitless. In-room movie guide included such classics as *Naughty Blue Knickers* and *Secrets of a Super Stud*. Appropriate.
Mini-bar: Adequately stocked.
Room service: Slow and chaotic. The plate of cheese (£2.95) was a plastic selection (with the statutory sweaty Stilton, rather smooth and shiny). It arrived with radicchio lettuce, a sculptured radish, four water biscuits in a packet and a sachet of mustard.
Freebies: One bar of soap.
Request for typewriter: "Not one available." At reception I asked for some paper and was given precisely one sheet of typing paper.
Late request for *ILN*: "Our shop opens in the morning."
Payment: No question of paying by cheque, unless I wrote out three separate ones.
Left clothing: The shirt I left behind was not returned.
Conclusion: An impersonal hell-hole. I defy anyone to find staying at the Swiss Cottage Holiday Inn a pleasure. Ugly to boot.

HILTON HOTEL

Park Lane, W1. Tel 493 8000
Single-room price: £125 plus VAT.
Service: Not much in evidence, but perfectly civil when one did stumble across it. At reception the "Welcome to the hotel" sounded like a flat recording. I was not shown to my room. An employee in the unspeakably awful Trader Vic's bar was rude and haughty, and forced me to opt for a not untimely retreat back to my room.
Room: Vast double bed. Television, but no remote control. Good vulgar black-marble bathroom.
Mini-bar: Excellent. The best. Stuffed with an impressive collection of drink including Copella fruit juices, the alcoholic pudding, Bailey's Irish Cream (£3.50 for a tablespoon) and two chocolate bars (£1.20 each). Alluring, if resistible at those prices.
Room service: Slow. The plate of cheese (£4.20) was inedible—one triangle of orange cheddar had old, tough surfaces which had cracked. I pointed this out and they apologised and didn't charge me. A friend, visiting for a drink, dared me to ask for a condom. The concierge said, "I think that can be arranged, madam." He appeared with one in an envelope 10 minutes later. My friend left. The next morning the concierge said "Good morning, Miss Crewe," in a significant voice.
Freebies: Two soaps, cotton wool, bubble bath, shampoo, comb, pencil, pad.
Request for typewriter: "We have only one for guests. [The Hilton has approximately 440 rooms.] It is in use until the morning."
Late request for *ILN*: "Our shop opens in the morning."
Payment: Reluctance to accept cheques. Credit cards preferred. (I wasn't charged for the condom.)
Left clothing: The shirt I left behind was not returned.
Conclusion: Vulgar but comfortable enough. Impersonal but not altogether depressing. Beats the Dorchester—the service wasn't snooty and self-important.

BLAKES HOTEL

33 Roland Gardens, SW7. Tel 370 6701
Single-room price: £115 (standard).
Service: Quite friendly and willing to please. Helpful, but not obsequious.
Room: Small and a little cramped. It was not, sadly, swathed in the taffeta opulence of the more expensive rooms. It had a very 70s feel (mirrored wall and olive-coloured hessian). Single bed, cotton sheets.
Mini-bar: Sparsely stocked.
Room service: Slow. A round of sandwiches and an unexciting salad took an hour to appear and at about £15 were expensive. The plate of cheese (£5.25 + VAT) with walnut bread and Bath Olivers was good. Excellent vanilla milkshake, incidentally (£1.96).
Freebies: One soap, one shampoo, one bubble bath, pencil.
Request for typewriter: At first, met with confusion, a "not possible" and an offer of secretarial services. Eventually a manual typewriter appeared.
Late request for *ILN*: On a guided tour of the more spectacular rooms I spotted an up-to-date free issue in each room! Full marks, even if my standard single didn't run to one.
Payment: Cheques not accepted.
Left clothing: The shirt I left behind was not returned.
Conclusion: On the tour (by a slow porter) of the other rooms (apparently, a lot of guests ask to be shown round) I felt a bit like a "pauper" member of the audience in the gods at a Dame Edna Everage show. If I was able to afford a more expensive suite, I would like to return to Blakes●

BELIEVERS IN A GODLESS STATE

This year the Russian Orthodox Church celebrates its millennium: 1,000 years of Christianity in Russia. These pictures of monastic life, brought to the West by Russian émigré Nikolai Ignatiev, were taken during preparations for the anniversary last year



Nikolai Ignatiev

In the 1,000 years of its existence, the Russian Orthodox Church has never had to display such tenacity of spirit as in the last 60 years of Communist rule. Now, however, tourists are encouraged to visit some of the remaining churches and religious houses, but few manage the journey to the 13th-century monastery of Pochayev in the western Ukraine. Large numbers of Russian pilgrims are undeterred by the difficulties in transport from the nearest town, Lvov, 70 miles away, or by the lack of accommodation in the village. As well as the traditional Christian festivals of Easter and Christmas, Pochayev is the site of unique celebrations. In September the pilgrims and 60 monks mark St Job's day, which recalls the arduous life of a 16th-century abbot who spent much of his time cramped in a cave, unable to stand or stretch. Monks, who are allowed to see the well preserved remains of St Job, say that his body still bears the signs of ulcers.

Pochayev is one of the holiest places in Russia and the pilgrims who gather for feast days or for baptisms, marriages and funerals treat it with a reverence which is rare in western Europe. Even the cold exterior walls are kissed and the courtyard cobblestones are the object of devotion. Religion at Pochayev is something more than the people's opium but it may also, in Marx's words, be the "sign of an oppressed creature".

● Nikolai Ignatiev emigrated from the Soviet Union last September as a beneficiary of the *glasnost* reforms. He brought with him this pictorial chronicle of the country's seven monasteries and 10 convents: the remnants of the many hundreds of religious houses which thrived following Prince Vladimir's adoption of Christianity in 988. Ignatiev, 32, became a professional photographer in 1982 after serving with the Russian military mission in Afghanistan before the invasion. During his time as a professional he struggled to acquire the film and to get his pictures processed. For a large part of the time he worked blind, often sending unprocessed film to magazines without knowing the results of his labours. His pictures are exceptional; with the use of natural light he has captured the medieval qualities of the monasteries.

His presence in Britain today is linked with his interest in the church. During a visit to a monastery he met a young Englishwoman who was working as a nanny for the British cultural attaché in Moscow. They married in 1983 and received permission to leave the Soviet Union last year. They now live in London ●



On Easter Day the monks in the refectory in Pochayev can eat and drink—caviare and white wine—but may not be merry, observing, as they do, the rule of silence



Before taking his vows Father Galaktion served in Afghanistan. Here, he feeds the pigeons outside Pochayev Cathedral



The Nikitsky Monastery in Pereslavl-Zalessky, built by Ivan the Terrible. Although a listed building, the huge main cupola was allowed to collapse in 1983



Mark, Abbot of the Pochayev Monastery



Interior of the Cathedral of the Assumption in Pochayev



Mass baptisms, usually of about a dozen children, take place every Sunday at the Moscow Church of the Transfiguration in Taganskaya Square



A joint funeral for eight deceased Muscovites at Moscow's Vagankovo cemetery



Two hardy pilgrims wait on the steps of the Trinity Cathedral in Zagorsk



The faithful collect water from the cross in the Holy Well at the Holy Trinity Monastery in Zagorsk, 40 miles north of Moscow





Palm Sunday service at Zagorsk Monastery



Father Serafim is in charge of beekeeping at the Cave Monastery near Pskov. Here, he listens to a hive to see how the bees have survived an overnight frost.



The temperature had fallen to −25°C



Professional artists are hired to restore the Pochayev murals



Metropolitan Filaret takes part in the June Trinity service at the Protecting Veil of Our Lady Convent in Kiev



Baptism in the Little Jordan river, near Moscow



Nuns in Zhirovitsy Monastery

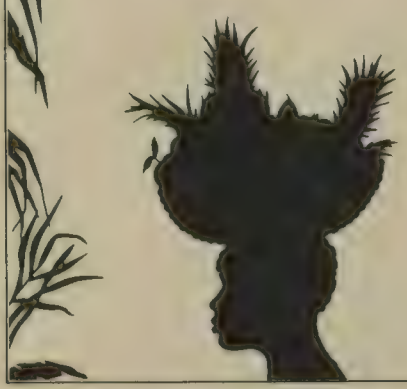
How about an exotic holiday in Glasgow?

Swaying palm trees, shimmering sands and exotic scenery don't spring instantly to mind when you think of Glasgow. But try thinking of Glasgow, Jamaica instead.

The Glasgow we've got in mind is a far cry from the one in Scotland. It's always warm, sunny and welcoming with a rather more tropical feel

For the Jamaica Information Pack, write to: Jamaica Tourist Board, 63 St. James's St., London SW1A 1LY. (01-499 1707).

JAMAICA



Please use your 'WILL POWER'



to help us grow old with dignity

When you are deciding how your will can benefit others, spare a special thought for a charity that's different.

Different because it helps the kind of people who previously never dreamed of seeking charity for themselves, even in their direst straits. Mostly they are educated people – *very much like you* – who have been struck down by cruel blows of fate they could never have foreseen.

Over the last 90 years, the work of the DGAA has lifted thousands of kindly men and women (many whose lives have been devoted to caring for others) from the mental and physical abyss of bereavement, financial crisis and approaching frailty. In every part of the country we have been helping to keep them in their own homes, but, when necessary, in one of ours.

Few other charities provide quite the same service for quite the same kind of people. Especially we need the *"will power"* of legacies to help us continue and expand our work. Please use some of *yours* in this very worthwhile cause.

We are a sincere, prudent and immensely caring charity, and we promise to use your bequest very carefully and well.

THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

Founded 1897. Patron H.M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother

Dept 54, Vicarage Gate House, Vicarage Gate, London W8 4AQ. Tel: 01-229 9341

(Please make cheques payable to "DGAA")

INDEPENDENCE
AT A TOUCH OF A BUTTON

Relax with the Theramatic Fully Automatic Adjustable Bed

Relieves: RHEUMATIC PAINS
CHEST PROBLEMS
BACKACHE

Send for a free Brochure



SELECT COMFORT FROM A THOUSAND POSITIONS



AND NOW!

THE AUTOMATIC SEATLIFT CHAIR

Stands you up.
Sits you down.
Nice & Gently.



AN IDEAL GIFT FROM THE FAMILY

Telephone (0985) 213440

SEND FOR A FREE BROCHURE

Theraposture Ltd., FREEPOST, NO STAMP REQUIRED
Warminster, Wilts. BA12 9YT.

Please tick. ☐ Bed ☐ Chair

Name.....

.....

Tel ILN4

FARAWAY HOLIDAYS



In just one brochure you'll find the romantic sun drenched, palm fringed beaches of the Caribbean and the Indian Ocean, with a choice of self catering or luxury hotels. Or in contrast an exciting selection of Far East Holidays. Can you resist the temptation? Our Faraway brochure can be found at any branch of Thomas Cook or simply return the coupon below.

ABTA 20606/ATOL 269

Thomas Cook

For a free copy of our Faraway brochure please return to:– Faraway Holidays, Thomas Cook Ltd., P.O. Box 36, Thorpe Wood, Peterborough, PE3 6SB.

Name_____ Address_____

_____

Postcode_____

Thomas Cook
FARAWAY HOLIDAYS

FAR AND AWAY THE BEST ILN/3

Are you seeking the superlative British leather case? Ask for

TANNER KROLLE

The name that stands for excellence in style, craftsmanship and quality. We make what is probably the finest hand-made luggage, attache, document and jewel cases in traditional and modern designs.

TANNER KROLLE
ESTABLISHED IN 1856

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM THE BEST RETAIL OUTLETS

44 COLEBROOKE ROW
LONDON N1 8AF
TELEPHONE 01-359 0031

WARRIORS OF JAMAICA

Michael Watkins ventures inland beyond the tourist fleshpots to the jungle kingdom of the Maroons, runaway slaves whose guerrilla campaigns 250 years ago brought them independence







PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL WATKINS

Above, the Land of Look Behind, home of the Maroons. Far left, Major Anderson, a Maroon officer, stands beside Bump Grave, the memorial to Nanny, the warrior priestess of the Windward Maroons, at Moore Town. Left is a typical Maroon house in Accompong, 100 miles to the east

Jamaica, like elsewhere, is divided into two: the obvious and the less so. Montego Bay is obvious in the way that Gstaad is obvious; and for Gstaad, read Marbella, Palm Beach, Acapulco, for they are interchangeable, like Lego components. Indeed, they are playthings, dedicated to sybarites. Mo' Bay dispenses sea, sun, sand, sedation; calypso, reggae, rum punch—these are the ingredients, voraciously consumed by the jet-set and by children of the lesser gods.

But over half of Jamaica is mountainous, scarcely penetrable rain forest; 500 square miles of Cockpit Country are uninhabited. In the adjoining territory of the Land of Look Behind live the Accompong Maroons, clinging to survival just 43 miles from sun-worshippers on Doctor's Cave, one of the island's fashionable beaches. To describe them as a threatened species is too facile; they have always been threatened, since they were sold into slavery.

Armed with 1,500 years of Christianity, the sons of Castille, Andalusia, Aragon and Valencia brought slaves to Jamaica. It was during the British drive to expel the Spaniards that bands of slaves, converting chaos to their advantage, escaped to the mountains where they harnessed an inhospitable terrain to their benefit, exchanging bondage for guerrilla warfare. The Maroon Wars became archetypal guerrilla campaigns, runaway slaves using the jungle-infested hills to suit their hit-and-run strategy, causing British redcoats to "look behind" in fear and frustration.

The Maroons even organised themselves into units modelled on British regimental lines, commanded by colonels, majors and captains. Cudjoe, who escaped from Suttons plantation, became chief at Accompong, while 100 miles to the east the Windward Maroons battled under their own warrior priestess, Nanny of Maroons. By the 1739 Peace Treaty the British Government ceded both land and hunting rights to the Maroons, the terms of which obtain to this day.

On my first visit to Accompong 15 years ago, Colonel Martin Luther Wright signalled permission for me to enter his 2,500 acre "kingdom" by bush telegraph. I climbed the last few miles on foot, to find a wooden school, seven churches, no electricity or running water. The colonel possessed exquisite manners, but no shoes. This time—my third visit—there was a new colonel, Harris Cawley, who wore new shoes; there was electricity, piped water, a semi-navigable road and an aching sense of bitterness among Maroons that they had been betrayed. There was a new Cudjoe Health Clinic built with Canadian assistance; but no doctor or nurse. There was garbage and apathy of epidemic proportion. There was undisguised hostility towards my attempts to take photographs. They were harvesting bananas, sugar cane, coffee; but potential buyers from nearby towns would not risk their



A child in Accompong, where garbage and apathy are endemic

vehicles on the appalling road to Accompong, so produce rotted.

"First we are Maroons, secondly Jamaicans," Colonel Cawley told me, "but the government has taken away our lands and the British have abandoned the terms of the Treaty . . . you talk about the Third World on a grand scale, but you neglect my people. We're responsible, providing our own laws by flogging and fines, there's been no murder since 1739—but our older children walk to school at Maggotty, 16 miles away. We don't want hand-outs, we want a road. Give us a road and we'll walk unaided."

Meanwhile, there are Maroons who have walked away, following the money-fly which is a shiny, silvery insect seldom seen unless on its way out of the window. But if it lands on your hand, Wayah-O! Maroons have chased the money-fly all the way to Panama, Harlem, Notting Hill Gate, never fully understanding that, despite its harmless appearance, its sting can be fatal.

You could say, unjustly perhaps, that these are the deserters to the Maroon inheritance. You could ask why the government in Kingston should provide a road to a minority who consider themselves beyond the law, who do not pay tax; and you could further ask why remaining Maroons, stranded on the isthmus of their own resignation, should not help themselves—even in such token ways as disposing of a detritus of garbage and litter which fouls their majestic landscape. Colonel Cawley and his officers told me that government policy is eroding the Maroon legacy; but that is only part of the story. The corporate Maroon will, an historic pride, is threatened; but this erosion is self-induced, malignant as a cancer.

The other side of the Blue Mountains, inland from Port Antonio, is Moore Town, founded by Nanny, who rests in a place known as Bump Grave, not many steps from the headstone of an English priest and his wife. Their name was Hamit and they died in the year of Waterloo. Here, across the way from a wooden church, lives Colonel Colin Harris, 71 years old, elected in 1964 for life. His territory, home to some 6,000 Windward Maroons, extends over 8,000 acres, including Ginger House, Alligator Church and Cornwall Barracks. The colonel says that this is the second wettest spot on earth; it rains eight days a week, a heavy, vicious downpour which pock-marks the earth like machine-gun fire.

Colonel Harris is in dispute with his Accompong brethren: "I do not recognise Cawley's 'Militant State'—he diminishes our case. There is only one state, the state of Jamaica, embracing Maroon communities which should be represented by a titular head. As it is, we are divided . . . was it not true that Rome fell from within? Cawley is interested in sentiment, not reality. Paradise is relative. We're not in chains, we're free—that's reality. The outside world needs to hear new thoughts, not stale ones. It does not want to hear from men who are ventriloquist dummies, repeating words put into their mouths by clever, heartless people. We need outside help, there's no shame in that. We need a bakery."

So the Accompong Maroons need a road, the Windward Maroons want a bakery. Is the great and glorious past come to this? Small ambitions by most standards, when you consider that Nanny defeated an entire British battalion of infantry single-handed by catching cannon balls between her buttocks and returning fire by internal combustion.

Story-tellers circulate the legends, keeping Nanny's spirit alive; and there are many, though mostly the elderly, who are ready to listen, prepared to assimilate the tales as fact more than myth. They believe, most of them, that Nanny was super-human, a metaphysician of incalculable power. "You believe in the Immaculate Conception. Our creator, Nyankipong, gave us Nanny. Should she be harder to believe?"

> A haunting, wilful island which never welcomed me passively, but drew blood. . .



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL WATKINS

Goats are reared for their meat; curried goat is the islanders' staple diet

If they, as is firmly held, are directly descended from Nanny, Emelyn Roberts must be especially graced by her illustrious ancestor; for she is reputedly favoured with supernatural healing powers, attracting disciples from all over Jamaica and abroad. I talked to her in the company of 25 or so followers.

This is her story: two years ago, when she was 50, she was visited by a spirit which instructed her to seek out evil and to cure. By placing her hands on the subject's body, she is drawn by "shocks" to the possessed tissue which, without letting blood or inflicting pain, she opens with her fingers, withdrawing the "demons" before sealing the incision she has made, leaving no scar. By further placing of hands she effects a cure—the blind are made to see, the mute to speak, the infirm to walk.

"Do you believe that Emelyn is a miracle healer?" I later asked Colonel Harris. "It is a fact," he replied.

Although it was my third visit to the Maroons, it was my 30th visit to Jamaica, a haunting, wilful island which never welcomed me passively, but drew blood, scarring me for life. She was my first Caribbean love; first love and other sorrows. Great joys, too. Jamaica is maddening, has elevated inefficiency to an art-form, but she is never disappointing. "Soon come", they say when you want something done—and they never come at all. The Doctor's Wind of the morning or the Undertaker's Wind of the evening blow; John Crow, the carrion vulture, perches on roof-tops, flapping like a broken umbrella. I shall never understand my commitment to this place. Perhaps it has something to do with the myth, melancholy and magic such as you find among the Maroons.

Perhaps it has something to do with the sins of our fathers; for Jamaica is full of gentle sorrow which descends from a slave culture whose wounds went deep. Sins we can never hope to expiate ●

The writer flew with British Airways to Jamaica. The airline operates on Tuesdays and Saturdays from London (Heathrow) and on Wednesdays and Sundays from Gatwick to both Kingston and Montego Bay. Current return fares to either destination: excursion, with various conditions, £419-£601; club world, £1,368; first class, £2,722. Full details from BA and appointed travel agents. General information from the Jamaica Tourist Board, 50 St James's Street, SW1A 1JT. Tel: 493 3647.

Canada

A World of Possibilities

Close your eyes. Imagine a country that seems to be created on a grander scale, known by the Indians as 'The Land of the Big Sky'. This is Canada

Imagine the land of the legendary Mounties, where rolling prairies and mountain outposts can only be patrolled on horseback. This is Canada

Imagine a land where clean modern cities of mirrored glass shine like the water that surrounds them. This is Canada.

Imagine the land where the cowboy spirit still lives in the heat and dust of the Calgary stampede. This is Canada.



Imagine a coastline where you can sit on the cliffs and watch ice flows the size of buildings drift silently through the sea below. This is Canada.

Now turn that dream into reality. Wake up to Speedbird, specialists in long haul holidays for over 20 years, where 14 nights in Canada can cost you as little as £1095.

For our 1988 brochure phone 0235 353535

Speedbird WORLDWIDE

ATOL 167 ABTA b66

Tricker's

BENCH MADE SHOES SINCE 1829



rather special

Traditional shoemaking at its best- superb leathers, proven lasts and hours of handwork by our craftsmen. Made to measure shoes and riding boots available

R.E. Tricker Limited

67, Jermyn Street, St James's, London SW1, Tel:01 930 6395

Write or telephone for our colour brochure : Dept ILN1

KILFINAN HOTEL

Kilfinan Near Tighnabruaich
Argyll PA21 2AP Tel: 070 082 201

Discover the true flavour of the West Highlands at this 100 year old coaching inn on the eastern shores of lovely Loch Fyne. An ideal base for fishing, walking, bird watching, sea angling, golf, sailing or just relaxing in absolute peace. All the food is fresh, and as far as possible, local. Scottish beef, lamb and dairy produce, salmon and seafood from the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fyne, with wild duck, pheasant and venison from Kilfinan form the basis for a variety of memorable meals. Luxury accommodation in rugged highland scenery and all this within two hours scenic drive from Glasgow. Open all year. A warm welcome awaits you.

For details and brochure ring Kilfinan (070082) 201. Come and let us spoil you!

AA ★★ plus Rosette & BTA Commended



THE NATIONAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

Patron: Her Majesty The Queen
President: The Lady Home of The Hirsel

HELP US TO CARE for those who have cared

We have been helping elderly people since 1812—people who have devoted their lives to the care of others, and are now in need of help themselves. Generally it is the very elderly, who have outlived most of their contemporaries and no longer have the support of family and friends, who find it difficult to cope with rising costs and failing health.

They need our help and yours—with accommodation, or assistance towards nursing home fees, with regular annuities or help towards convalescence or fuel bills, and in many others ways. The NBI was founded to help elderly gentlefolk who through no fault of their own find themselves in reduced circumstances in their declining years. We are very much dependent on donations and legacies, large and small, so please send whatever you can spare to help us to continue with our work.

The Secretary, Dept ILN, The National Benevolent Institution, 61 Bayswater Road, London W2 3PG

NBI

REG. CHARITY 212450

GEORGE KNIGHT

MADEIRA, LISBON AND THE ALGARVE



MADEIRA. This is a beautiful, green mountainous island with deep bays situated in the Atlantic off the West African coast and just north of the Canaries. Exotic plants flourish in its gentle climate, adding to the island's colour and beauty. This Quinta with its mansion house was home, at the beginning of this century, to both Portuguese and mid-European royalty. It stands in its walled grounds of 57,720 square metres, planted to forest and crops, and featuring the most beautiful gardens decorated with various statues, fountains and an artificial stream and lake. The accommodation, in need of refurbishment, comprises a large entrance hall, three stately reception rooms featuring the most beautiful ceilings and woodwork, and large windows facing the park. Various bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchen and pantries, separate cottage and a most beautiful gilt-decorated private chapel. This property is offered for sale partly furnished to include various antique pieces, paintings and three imposing chandeliers. Price approx. £347,000.



ERICEIRA. 40 kilometres from Lisbon and Estoril, situated among pinewoods some two kilometres south of the fishing village of Ericeira, is this most charming country-house standing in an undulating plot of 5,000 square metres. The grounds are planted mainly to mature pine and eucalyptus trees and include a picnic area, rock gardens a variety of flowers and a vegetable garden. The accommodation of this impeccably maintained Portuguese family home comprises a large living room, closed verandah forming a very pleasant sitting-room with sea views and featuring 17th-century reproduction tiles, dining room, three bedrooms, two bathrooms, kitchen and laundry room. Separate guest accommodation featuring two bedrooms, a bathroom and a kitchen. Attic suitable for conversion into extra bedroom or living area. Price approx. £109,000.



WESTERN ALGARVE. The 4,760 square metres plot on which this exceptional property is built enjoys one of the most privileged locations in Western Algarve, offering magnificent views of the sea and the secluded beach, which is reached by a private access. The built area of 140 square metres is on two levels, with a roof terrace, and another very large terrace with marble flooring, surrounding the solar-heated, self-cleaning swimming pool. It offers: an entrance hall, a large living room, master bedroom with dressing room and bathroom en suite, a second bedroom with bathroom en suite, a fully equipped kitchen, a laundry room, cellar, garage (suitable for conversion into an additional bedroom), a large boat-house, as well as various other outbuildings. Abundant water supply, electricity, gas, telephone. To be sold fully furnished and equipped, either on its own or in conjunction with the adjacent plot. Price Swiss Francs 500,000 (on its own); SF 550,000 if sold in conjunction with adjacent plot.

Our extensive portfolio of prime properties in Portugal offers a whole spectrum of choice ranging from high-quality apartments to magnificent country estates. For free copies of our comprehensive guidance notes for purchasers and our latest index of properties please contact us at either of the two addresses below.

UNITED KINGDOM SOLE SELLING AGENTS

P.O. Box 948 London NW3 5PY. Telephone: 01-435 2299. Tx: 25480 EQUES G
Av. 5 de Outubro, 10,1°, 1000 Lisboa Telephone: 57 11 18 Tx: 15600 FUNDIS P

YOUR MAN IN LISBON

UNDERWATER ARMADA

Fatal flaws or English seamanship? Dr Colin Martin looks at the defeat of the Spanish Armada, celebrated this month at the National Maritime Museum



NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Four centuries ago the Spanish Armada—Philip II's costly and ambitious attempt to invade England—was thwarted by a combination of the weather, Queen Elizabeth I's galleons and its own shortcomings. But it was not defeated outright. No more than half a dozen of its 130 ships were lost in the fighting: the remainder, battered but with their formidable discipline still largely intact, sailed into the North Sea in an attempt to round the British Isles and so return to Spain. Two thirds of them made it, though many of these were unfit for further service and their complements suffered heavy mortality through privation and disease. Most of the remainder, however, were driven by the prevailing westerly winds on to the wild Atlantic coasts of Scotland and Ireland where they were wrecked. Now some of these wrecks are providing underwater archaeologists with first-hand evidence of why the Armada failed—and of how it might easily have succeeded.

The first discovery was, in many ways, the most spectacular. On the night of October 26, 1588 the galleas *Girona*, an oar- and sail-powered warship provided by Philip II's kingdom of Naples, had crashed into the rocky fang of Lacada Point close to the Giant's Causeway in County Antrim. Aboard were 1,300 men, for in addition to her own crew she had rescued survivors from two other vessels stranded in Ireland. Almost all perished.



Top, the Armada is attacked by English fireships in the Strait of Dover (*c* 1600). Above, gold and ruby salamander brooch recovered from the wreck of the homebound galleas *Girona* off the Irish coast

In 1967 the site was located by the Belgian diver Robert Sténuit who, in the course of two seasons, painstakingly sifted through the detritus at the bottom of the exposed rocky gullies which surround Lacada Point. Only the most durable materials had survived in this harsh environment, especially gold, for its weight carried it through the moving shingle to lodge securely in the deepest crannies. Sténuit's efforts were rewarded by one of the most stunning collections of Renaissance jewellery ever to be found in an archaeological context, with coins, pieces of artillery, and a miscellany of other objects.

All this material has been acquired by the Ulster Museum in Belfast, and some of the more important pieces will be on display at the Armada Exhibition which is opening at Greenwich on April 20 (the exhibition will move to Belfast in September). The Ulster Museum has also been instrumental in helping to bring about the successful excavation of another Armada wreck, that of the big Venetian transport *La Trinidad Valencera*, which sank in Kinnagoe Bay, County Donegal.

Amateur divers located the site in 1971 and since then, in conjunction with the museum, they have worked on the wreck under the direction of diving archaeologists from the Scottish Institute of Maritime Studies at the University of St Andrews. The flat sandy sea floor has been carefully pegged out and gridded in the manner of a land dig, and just the same systematic care has been taken to record the locations and stratigraphic relationships of the finds. Gradually a full picture of the scattered wreck has emerged, throwing light on the vessel and her warlike cargo and providing a unique glimpse of shipboard life at the end of the 16th century.

Among the recoveries are three magnificent matching bronze siege guns cast in Flanders for Philip II during the first year of his reign, in 1556. These two and a half ton monsters, which threw 40lb solid iron shot, were not really intended for use afloat, although they had been mounted on makeshift (and probably unworkable) sea carriages for the voyage. Their real purpose would have become apparent if the Armada had secured a beachhead in Kent, for they were to be part of the heavy artillery train which would have supported the Duke of Parma's *blitzkrieg* assault on London through the Home Counties. Parts

of the massive siege carriages on which they would have been mounted have been recovered from the wreck. Shipped along with them was a multiplicity of associated stores: a tripod gun-hoist; screw-jacks for wheel changing in case of breakdown; sledgehammers; wedges and handspikes; material for the construction of gun-emplacements; even young fir trees with their branches trimmed to short spikes for making defensive entanglements. Some of this material has actually been found on the wreck, and the picture is completed by the detailed lading manifests which still survive in Spain.

If the Armada's artillery train was well equipped so, too, were its soldiers. The fleet carried nearly 20,000 troops to provide a back-up for Parma's 18,000 veterans who were to cross under the Armada's protection from their bases in Flanders. Enough military accoutrements have been recovered from *La Trinidad Valencera* to provide a detailed picture of how they were dressed and equipped. Pikemen and arquebusiers wore flat-brimmed steel morions padded with compressed pine needles; the former also wore steel cuirasses and carried 18-foot pikes of straight-grained Spanish ash. Musketeers, whose heavy weapons were fired from a crooked rest, were something of an élite, and wore no body armour or helmet. Instead they sported feathered hats, and each strove to outshine his comrades in splendour and up-to-the-minute fashion. All the troops carried wine bags of welted goatskin.

Soldiers were an essential part of an Armada ship's fighting capacity. They were expected to ply their own weapons in combat, assist in the loading and working of the heavy artillery, and provide storming parties for the boarding and capturing of enemy vessels. To this end they were issued with fearsome incendiary devices with which to confuse and incapacitate their adversaries during the vital final seconds of a ship-to-ship assault.

La Trinidad Valencera has provided an example of each of the two main kinds. One consists of a ceramic pot filled with a mixture of gunpowder, spirits and resin. This was thrown, with lighted fuses tied round it, on to an enemy's deck, where it would burst and scatter its fiercely-burning, napalm-like contents. The other is a wooden tube mounted at the end of a long pole: this contained a series of gunpowder- and shrapnel-filled



Ming bowl recovered from the wreck of *La Trinidad Valencera*

charges which, when ignited, would discharge in quick succession. It was designed to be thrust into the midst of an enemy ship's defenders by the leading men of a boarding party.

It now appears that the Spanish heavy artillery was designed to fulfil a broadly similar purpose. Rather than fire successive broadsides as the ship manoeuvred for a commanding position—a technique favoured by the English in the 1588 battles—the Spaniards regarded their guns as a means of delivering a single devastating broadside just before the ships clapped sides, to cripple and soften up the foe before the boarding parties "went over the top". The troops were therefore trained to load and prepare the guns well in advance so that they could then disperse to their boarding stations, leaving a single gunner with each piece to touch it off on the word of command. No provision was made for efficient reloading during the course of an action, for it was not considered that this would be necessary.

This explains an apparent anomaly which the excavation of the wrecks had revealed. Although it was widely held by historians that the Armada had run out of ammunition before the final battle off Gravelines—when the English, for the first time, proved willing to engage the Spaniards at really close range—all the shipwrecks so far investigated have revealed an abundance of unspent roundshot. Why had it not been used against the English? The answer seems to be that the Spaniards could not reload their guns quickly enough.

A clue as to why this should have been so emerged last summer with the discovery of a guncarriage on the wreck of *La Trinidad Valencera*. Although clearly



A linstock in the form of a dragon's head, found in *La Trinidad Valencera*. Its fuse, used to touch off the cannon, is still in place

intended for shipboard use, the carriage is immensely cumbersome and long—quite unsuited, it would seem, to efficient operation within the severely restricted space of a gundeck. But, given the way the Spaniards hoped to use their artillery for a one-off pre-boarding salvo, the design has some advantages. The long trail would have provided hand-holds and leverage for its crew of soldiers to manhandle it into the required position, especially as it was anticipated that this would be done under safe and leisurely conditions before battle was joined. Another advantage of this type of carriage was its weight, and the friction of its long trail on the deck, both of which helped to dampen the recoil which would otherwise be transmitted directly to the ship's side. This was a particularly important consideration, for many of the Armada's ships—like *La Trinidad Valencera*—were converted merchantmen, whose structures were unsuited to stresses of this kind.

But these advantages were outweighed by many things. Perhaps the most acute was an almost total lack of standardisation for gun calibres and ammunition, a difficulty compounded by the often inaccurate application of several quite different systems of weights and measures—Castilian, Venetian, Sicilian and Neapolitan were the most common standards used, but by no means the only ones.

A set of gunner's instruments from *La Trinidad Valencera*, intended to convert shot-weight to calibre in terms of Venetian pounds, is so badly miscalibrated as to have rendered it quite useless. The apparently simple business of providing shot of the right size to fit a particular ship's hotch-potch collection of idiosyncratic guns almost certainly gave rise to muddles of gargantuan proportions.

These discoveries explain the piles of unused shot on the Spanish ships and why the English, who at the outset had been overawed by the Armada's apparent invincibility (and quite genuine fleet discipline), were able in the final battles to deliver their own artillery attacks at very close range—which was to be the undoing of many Spanish ships. Elizabeth I's captains had come to recognise the Armada's weakness in gunnery and its potentially overwhelming strength in boarding actions. They sensibly chose to exploit the former and avoid the latter by using their nimbler ships and more efficient artillery.

All the same, it was a close-run thing. The English ran out of their own limited stock of ammunition, and with it the capacity to fight on their own terms. But there was to be no all-out battle to settle the issue.

It is now clear that the Armada was an invasion task-force rather than a battle-fleet: its primary objective was not to defeat an enemy at sea but to land an army composed of its own troops and Parma's veterans from Flanders, at a point from which it might strike a mortal blow to the heart of Elizabeth's kingdom. For that operation, it now appears, the Spaniards were superbly well equipped.

The main cause of the Armada's failure was not the innate superiority of the English fleet but its own inability to link up with Parma's forces off Dunkirk—a difficulty ably exploited by the English and Dutch fleets ●

Dr Colin Martin is Director of the Scottish Institute of Maritime Studies at the University of St Andrews. The Spanish Armada, *by Colin Martin and Geoffrey Parker, will be published by Hamish Hamilton on April 18 at £14.95. For details of the exhibition see* The Capital List *p91*

An elegant retirement home awaits you at the

Georgian House



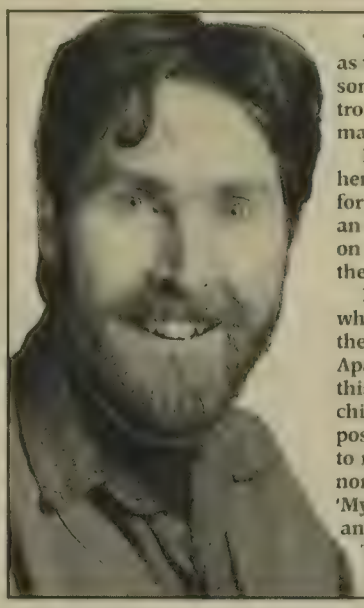
Retire with dignity in this warm, comfortable home and allow our happy, caring, dedicated staff attend to your needs and comforts.

The Georgian House is a registered home. Rooms have private telephone, colour TV, en suite facilities, residents lift, full central heating, excellent cuisine with special diets catered for, room service 24 hour care and attention, private chapel, landscaped gardens.

Newly opened, this beautiful old property has now been completely refurbished and finished to the highest standard and is situated near Torquay harbour and marina.

For further enquiries, please telephone or write to
Mrs Ann Palmer, The Georgian House, Park Hill Road, Torquay TQ1 2DZ.
Telephone (0803) 25196

WHY THE REVEREND PETER GOW BECAME A COMPUTER HACK.



"Because I lost the ability to talk, as well as to walk, after my accident, some of my closest friends had trouble realising I hadn't lost my marbles too!

Fortunately, they have computers here which are specially programmed for disabled people. Once I'd written an article for the Parish Magazine on one, people realised I was still all there after all.

I attend the day hospital here now, where I have speech and occupational therapy as well as physiotherapy. Apart from the marvellous help I get, this enables my wife Jan and the children to lead as normal a life as possible too, and this is important to me. In fact, life at home is so normal now, my three-year-old says, 'My Daddy goes to work every day and does his exercises.'

That's what I call normal."

Peter Gow suffered brain damage after a severe asthma attack. When he first arrived as an in-patient he'd lost the use of all limbs and the power of speech. He can now walk and talk – slowly – and is making an excellent recovery.

He's just one example of the 300 severely disabled people in our care who need us to help them improve the quality of their own lives. The Royal Hospital and Home, Putney is outside the health service and is dependent on donations, covenants and legacies from people like you

Please write to: Director of Appeals, The Royal Hospital and Home, Putney, Dept. ILG, West Hill, London SW15 3SW

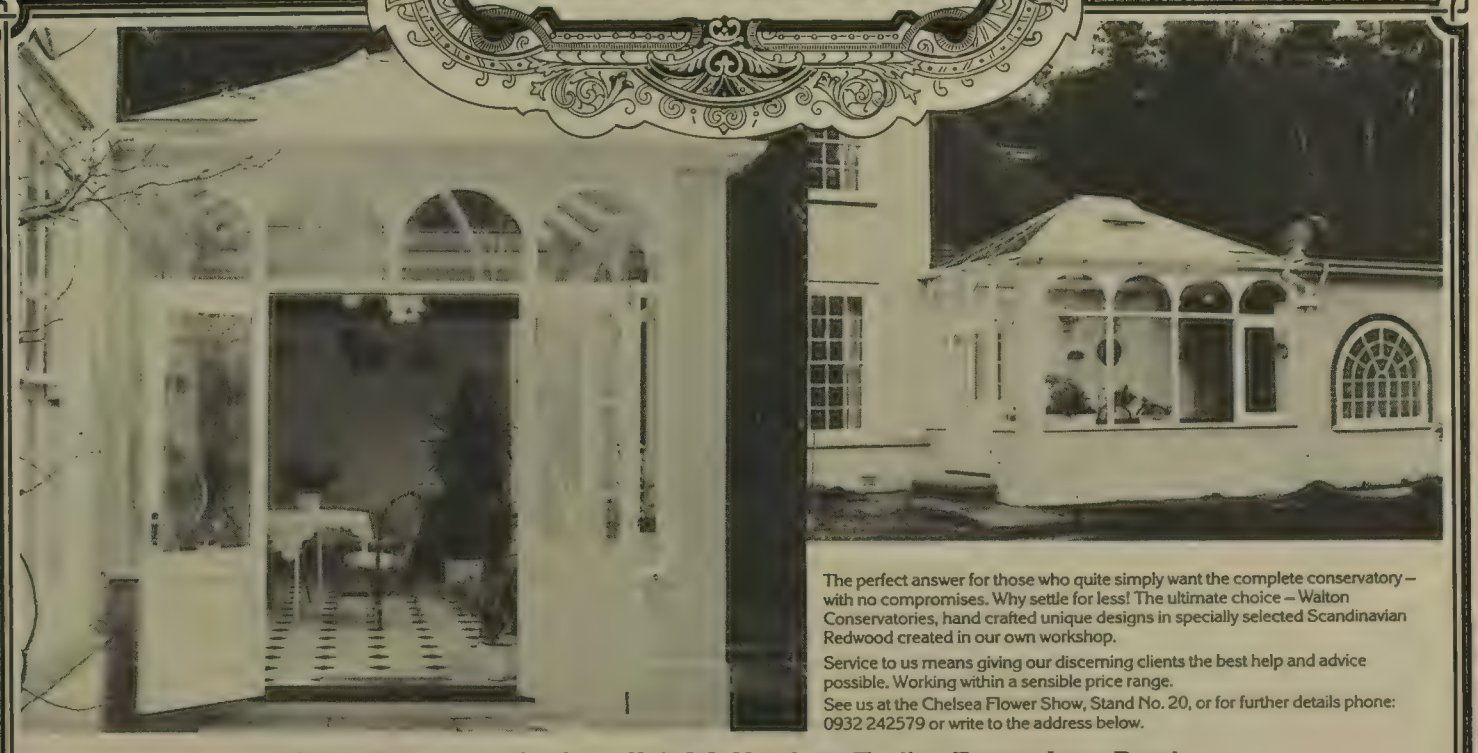
THE ROYAL HOSPITAL AND HOME, PUTNEY

Helping people who want to help themselves.

PATRONS HM THE QUEEN AND HM THE QUEEN MOTHER

R H
H P

WALTON CONSERVATORIES



The perfect answer for those who quite simply want the complete conservatory – with no compromises. Why settle for less! The ultimate choice – Walton Conservatories, hand crafted unique designs in specially selected Scandinavian Redwood created in our own workshop.

Service to us means giving our discerning clients the best help and advice possible. Working within a sensible price range.

See us at the Chelsea Flower Show, Stand No. 20, or for further details phone: 0932 242579 or write to the address below.

Walton Conservatories Ltd., Unit 26, Hersham Trading Estate, Lyon Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 3PU.

BIRTHDAY TREAT

Matthew Fort searches out wines to accompany his celebratory meal



MARTYN GODDARD

I have no truck with people who allow their birthdays to slip by unremarked, who murmur coyly, "I've got to the stage when I prefer not to be reminded." Stuff and nonsense. Heaven knows we have little enough to celebrate as we pass through this vale of tears to neglect the opportunities provided by birthdays. So kill the fatted calf and bring up the choicest wines from the cellar.

On the subject of wine, I am uncomfortably aware that it has had rather short shrift in my columns. While I rhapsodise at length about the grub, the grape tends to get squeezed into one paragraph at the end.

To be fair, this is partly the result of modesty. I cannot pretend that mine is one of the great cellars. There are no cases of Pétrus 1945, or even Haut Brion 1961. Not for me the ranks of Richebourg 1959 stretching into the crepuscular gloom; you will search in vain for bottles of Montrachet gleaming softly beneath a fine tilth of dust and cobwebs.

No, my cellar is an old coal hole. My precious bottles vie for space with the fishing rods, chestwaders, tins of emulsion, machines for steaming off wallpaper and cardboard boxes containing unmentionable items deposited by my wife's relatives. In short, it is like a thousand other storage spaces described in similar grandiose terms, and it has openings for 250 or so bottles. As I write that down it looks rather a lot, but they never seem to last very long.

Now, I am as much the plaything of oenological fashion as the next person. But you can't assess everything on offer, no matter how many supermarkets you patronise. So I stick to Europe—reds from wine merchants and Italy, the Rhône and Bordeaux; whites from Italy, Alsace and Burgundy, with the odd bottle of champagne for good measure. That is plenty to be going on with. It takes time to get up to speed on your Riesling from Schlumberger and Trimbach, not to mention coming to terms with Chianti Classico Riserva, Châteauneuf-du-Pape and your château-bottled this and that.

Of the whites, undoubtedly the pick of the pack is a Meursault Clos de la Barre 1984 from Comtes Lafon. I have only a few bottles, picked up from the admirable burgundy specialists Domaine Direct, Wilmington Square, London WC1. This delicious, muscular, musky plonk I thought would go splendidly with the leek and lobster terrine with which I had decided we would kick off my birthday dinner.

It is in the nature of planning meals that something must come first. Food must be matched to the wine you have chosen, or vice

TRICKS AT TABLE

Kingsley Amis visits Le Gavroche and finds too many frills

According to my Webster's, a *gavroche* is a street urchin, and this must explain the presence of the unappealing little figure on this restaurant's ashtrays, paper napkins and, in wraithlike form, menu and wine-list. The point of the name and the emblem rather escapes me. It must be an example of the impenetrable Gallic sense of humour of the Roux brothers who run the place.

After a pair of catastrophes at La Tante Claire a year or two back, I promised myself to steer clear in future of French restaurants outside France, and I held out against Le Gavroche as long as I could. But it kept being generally agreed to serve the best food in London, so, having done no more in the past than eat there a couple of times, not very enjoyably but at someone else's expense, I caved in. Alas!—or rather *hélas*!

Drinks before the meal are served at a few tables on the ground floor and at rather more below stairs at one end of the dining-room. The furniture here is rather crowded together in a take-it-or-leave-it spirit. You can get a not-very-cold Dry Martini or among other serious drinks a glass of The Macallan 1967 malt whisky, though not the better and cheaper 10-year-old. Or you can fill in a form securing you one of 250 copies of the English edition of *The Roux Brothers on Pâtisserie* (£40 inc p&p in GB).

The tables in the dining-room are farther apart than in what they call their lounge, but the curved banquettes are badly built, so that you either have to sit with only half your back against the upholstery or eat with your plate at an angle instead of squarely in front of you. Whatever your choice, you are surrounded with dreadful pictures of every age and clime. This basement room as a whole is not very attractive.

The importance of both is certainly rubbed in by the way they are served. As soon as your course is ready an imperceptible signal is given and a group advances on your table bearing plates of food under silver domes. When the senior ministrant has pronounced a brief ritual formula in French the domes are snatched off and eating may perhaps begin.

This sort of thing makes me nervous. I sat for a minute or two looking at my lamb cutlets and waiting. "Are you sure it's all right to begin?" I muttered to my guest. "He hasn't said '*bon appétit*' yet."

"Yes he has, and you said '*merci*' back."

"That was at the start."

"Yes, but it counts for the whole meal. Now eat up while it's hot."

Just in case you might almost settle down and relax, another fellow bustles up every other minute to top up your glass whether it needs it or not. Anything like a connected conversation becomes difficult. The service of both food and wine at Le Gavroche is excessive in quantity and deficient in quality. Except from the pleasant girl who took our orders at dinner, any hint of humour or warmth or ordinary easiness of manner was lacking. Things cheered up only when we showed signs of leaving. The thing is that the French are not really cut out to be waiters; the temporary but real power it gives encourages them to indulge their sense of superiority. The British, with their laziness and cockiness, are not much better. I have found the Italians and the Greeks are the best.

After all that, what about the food? *The Good Food Guide* treats it with the respect due to somebody like Beethoven, not only great in itself but the foundation on which half of what we love and revere has since been built. Can the editors be talking about the same

versa. The principle is really quite simple. It's my party. I can do what I like.

Leek and lobster terrine is a new idea for me, though not, I dare say, for others. Cold, just lightly napped with a little olive oil (extra virgin, naturally) and a few pearls of lemon juice, it looked very pretty—terribly *nouvelle cuisine*—on the plate, the white chunk of lobster nestling snugly in its frame of pale green steamed leeks. More to the point it tasted very nice, so they told me.

I thought, too, that it was time I sacrificed my last three bottles of Château de Sales 1970, which I had bought in my salad days from the Wine Society. There is a temptation to hang on to your older bottles for ever, waiting for a moment special enough to drag them out. It's pointless, really. Better to drink them while you can.

In the event, three bottles proved hopelessly inadequate, and I spent a good deal of the evening scurrying back and forth to the cellar, trying to keep pace with the thirst of the baying pack with bottles of Bourgeuil and stuff from Firestone Creek, anything that might prove vaguely drinkable when dragged kicking and screaming from the cellar and dashed straight to the glass. There are not many wines which taste their best under those circumstances, and I had none of them.

Still, the Château de Sales was impeccable, a splendid complement to the roast beef.

Roast beef: two plain words, very British. They do no justice to the tenderness, succulence and flavour of this magnificent piece of meat. It was the kind of beef that it is quite possible to believe formed the foundation of the British Empire. The delicate titbits from lesser breeds without the law, as it

. . . the kind of beef that formed the foundation of the Empire

were, cannot hold a candle to beef as good as this. It was a rib of true Aberdeen Angus weighing 7lb on the bone, from Frank Godfrey & Sons of Seymour Place. They had hung it for three weeks. All I did was bung it in the oven for half an hour at Gas Mark 9, then at Gas Mark 5 for an hour, and then let it rest for 45 minutes. Then I cut it into eight pieces, doused it in a sauce of shallots and severely reduced veal stock, and left it at that.

There were vegetables, too: a tasteful scattering of finely diced root vegetables stewed in their own juice and some thinly sliced cabbage half steamed and half fried in a wok. They were fine, but came a distinct second to the meat, although I found one philistine trying to hide the greater part of his portion underneath his knife and fork. When questioned he said he felt sorry for the animal. It was so undercooked he had distinctly heard it cry "Mother" as he dug his fork into it. There is simply no pleasing some people.

The last of the Château de Sales had bitten the dust long before we got to the cheese. There was some pungent mature Lancashire, Belvoir Blue with bite, a splendidly runny Laverstown from Ireland, all picked up at the Neal's Yard Dairy, and a great craggy lump of Parmesan from Camisa in Soho. It would have been nice to have had something really appropriate to go with them—a genial red burgundy possibly or a bottle of Taurasi from Mastroberardino, but by this time I am not sure that people minded what they drank.

I tried to restore a little sanity with a delicate Monbazillac to go with *oeufs à la neige* floating on a pond of custard flavoured with Seville oranges, but it was too little too late. The party was being far too successful to be held in check by considerations of delicacy and refinement. It's just as well. Birthdays are there to be celebrated ●

Matthew Fort is co-author of the Peter Fort column for the Financial Times



PAT FOGARTY

restaurant? In 1986 they remarked of the cuisine: "There are no tricks . . . there are no frills." *Mon chapeau*! "Tricks and frills" would be an excellent description of what you get three-quarters of the time: meat or fish smothered in sauces that make it virtually unrecognisable and are in themselves too rich for comfort, dustbin-lid-sized plates, sweets wittily made to look like slices of liver paté and cream cheese . . . But the same lot found the service "unobtrusive".

The best dish either of us had was a starter consisting of oysters something-or-other. The sauce they came with was a nonpareil, luscious without being over the top, a combination of nuances I could not and was not meant to anatomise. And then, so to speak, there were the oysters. I could identify them, mainly by the texture, but then I was expecting them, and I think you could have fooled me with the right sort of mushroom or half a dozen other materials. An instructive comparison came my way a couple of days later when, at Hilaire in Old Brompton Road, I sampled a kind of oyster *à la Galloise*, with laverbread and a touch of cheese, and there the addition was again most agreeable, but the oyster came first. Surely that must be to get things the right way round.

The wine list at Le Gavroche reaches in all 533 numbered bottles. I stayed in the foothills of the price range, but there are peaks at £300-500 if you can scale them. All in all it costs a lot to eat and drink there. Which, of course, is an attraction to some people ●

Le Gavroche, 43 Upper Brook Street, London W1 (408 0881). Mon-Fri noon-2pm, 7-11pm. About £95 for two, excluding wine

THE LOIRE

Michael Broadbent assesses some white wines grown along its banks

Robert de Goulaine, born in 1933, owns a château in which his family have lived for over a millennium in the heart of the Muscadet-producing area of the Loire. Its vineyard, in the Vertou canton, is in the largest of the three official *appellations*, Muscadet de Sèvre-et-Maine, to the south-east of Nantes.

Most of us know that Muscadet is a pale-coloured, dry, white wine. At one time familiar only to the locals—it is perfect with freshly caught trout—this dependable wine is now available almost everywhere though it has never approached Sancerre in fashionability or Pouilly-Fuissé in price.

The best Muscadets are a palish yellow with a fresh green tinge—they look mouthwatering. They have a clean, mildly fruity aroma and are invariably dry, lightish in body, lean yet sinewy and with lively, refreshing, crisp end-acidity. They are meant to be drunk young: you will not find mature Muscadet coming up for sale at Christie's.

On the other hand, the richer, semi-sweet to sweet wines of Anjou, Vouvray and the Coteaux du Layon might and do. These are from the middle stretch of the Loire, in royal châteaux country. Vintages like 1976, 1964, 1959 and 1947 were capable of producing wines of glorious quality which are still lovely to drink. But these are made from a different grape, the Chenin Blanc. When to drink? Well, *not* with food, except perhaps foie gras or, better still, with a ripe nectarine.

There is nothing wrong with Sancerre and Pouilly Blanc Fumé, made in twin districts on opposite banks of the Loire just south of Orleans. But I now find the pale, raw-redcurrant acidic character of these Sauvignon Blanc wines sometimes too thin, a bit one-track and repetitive. I prefer Vouvray and Anjou for their comparative richness and flavour. But among the dry whites Muscadet is "a man for all seasons", personified by Robert de Goulaine ●

THE FACE CHANGER

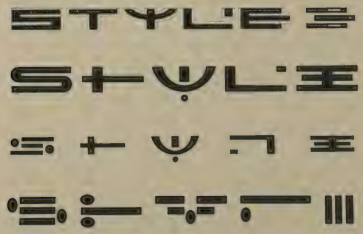
Neville Brody has changed the face of graphic design, bringing a refreshingly original eye to all he undertakes. Even the Victoria and Albert Museum is holding an exhibition to honour his talents. Martin Colyer reports

It is very unusual for a graphic designer to be recognised outside of his profession. It happened to Saul Bass, and it happened to Milton Glaser, but not before they had spent many years at their craft, and their high profiles came with prestigious design work for Hollywood films, international newspapers and supermarket chains.

When the Victoria & Albert Museum decides to devote the 20th Century Gallery (formerly the Boilerhouse) to a graphic designer, then, it is remarkable to find that far from being a posthumous show, the subject has only just seen the other side of 30.

Neville Brody is probably best known as art director of *The Face*, a magazine that through the mid 1980s has become in America and Europe a byword for style and modernity in design. Brody arrived at a time when design had reached an impasse. As the minor flourish that accompanied punk was settling down, he stepped in to inject new blood into an ailing discipline. His emergence laid the foundations for a change in public perception of design. People started to take notice of a field that had previously left them unmoved.





Above: one of Brody's most striking covers for *The Face* magazine, 1985. "Killer" was inspired by Buffalo Bill—"The harder they come the better"—and was shocking for its use of a child model, Felix, to convey meanness. Left: Brody used signs and symbols within *The Face* and when typefaces limited him he drew his own. These four logos show the abstraction of the word "style" over four issues in 1984



Neville Brody, the talented magazine designer, displaying fashionable gravity

RICHARD CROFT

Strange hieroglyphics leapt out of *The Face*, headlines ran upside down or off the page, offset by symbols that seemed to have strayed from the pages of the Highway Code. As the exhibition The Graphic Language of Neville Brody will show, he has covered a lot of other ground since and brought the same seriousness of intent to all he has done.

After a fine art foundation course, Brody studied graphics at the London College of Printing, a course noted for its stringency regarding typography. This provided him with the challenge he was looking for. Everything he wanted to do which flew in the face of prevailing thought had to be forcefully argued. This has made him an articulate spokesman for his methods and, like the Dadaists and Constructivists who inspired him, fond of manifestos: "Graphic design is a language, a complete language. Some people are born to it, understand it fluently and can make new sentence structures. And then there are those who just use phrasebooks—they do not actually understand the words they're saying but the phrase solves their questions."

After leaving the LCP, Brody started to design sleeves for small independent record companies. Working on low budgets, he had to push his techniques and ingenuity to their limits. Looking back now, his trademarks were emerging: his impatience with standard typefaces and clichéd imagery. It was soon after joining Stiff Records that he met Nick Logan, then editor of *Smash Hits*, who recognised Brody's talent.

Had Brody continued working for independent record labels his influence would have been limited, restricted as it was to a small cult audience. In 1980, however, Logan launched *The Face* on £7,000 and brought Brody in after 15 issues. With a complete disregard for market research, Logan had avoided the compromise and stifling of ideas that sometimes occurs when major publishers plan and launch magazines. He created a "style bible", read by the bright young things it celebrated, in which Brody's experiments could run riot and in so doing change the face of magazine design.

Broken down, the traditional elements of a magazine spread are the article itself, the illustrative material and captions, the headline, the introduction and the credits. Good designers use these elements to create a visual effect

that will enhance the sense of the story. This is done through the choice of typeface, which offers clues to the content of the piece by its size and weight, as well as by what it says. Its relation to the pictures brings forth another set of responses from the reader. In this way the magazine is given pace and structure. Many magazines, however, are designed on a formula basis, applying virtually the same (un)aesthetic reasoning to every type of story, creating at best a characterless whole and at worst an unreadable jumble of images and words.

What separates magazines from other areas of graphic design is having a regular audience to whom you can communicate ideas and feelings. As familiarity grows, you can use shorthand or prompt readers to look at things differently. The V&A exhibition shows how the appearance of Brody's magazine developed from issue to issue, sometimes imperceptibly, sometimes drastically, until twice or three times a year you held a radically different-looking magazine in your hands. Brody used numerous signs and symbols, expanded and contracted headlines to startling effect, and when typefaces started to limit him, he drew his own. This led to a unique situation: a designer forced to retain a lawyer just to warn imitators of copyright infringement if they became too slavish. It galled Brody that people could glibly pick up and use typefaces he had hand-drawn for a specific use.

Success does breed imitation though, and at a certain point *The Face* design became the perfect phrasebook for entry into the financially attractive world of youth and style. It was used indiscriminately by magazines and advertisers, desperate to appeal to and tap the resources of the youth market. They often missed the fact that although *The Face* was a guide to this culture it was also questioning it constantly. The biggest drawback of being so influential was that every move made, every change, was examined and criticised and usually, in the end, exploited. But as the imitations went from bad to worse, *The Face* began to look more classical. The hand-drawn faces became more elegant and Baskerville was used extensively.

By now, Neville Brody was the most talked-about magazine designer in the country. His high profile led to approaches from other magazines. He redesigned the London listings magazine *City Limits* and then the *New Socialist*, in-house magazine of the Labour Party. Both these projects were successful outlets for his ideas, but less happy were his ventures into the Condé Nast empire. New York's *Mademoiselle*, influenced for some time by *The Face*, imported Brody to revamp its appearance. His efforts hit a brick wall in the shape of Alexander Lieberman, the group's overall design director. Although originally approving the choice of Brody, Lieberman rejected the look he had created as not feminine or "pastel" enough. When he went on to condemn the hand-drawn headline face as "pretentious", Brody caught the next flight back to London.





Brody successfully redesigned the London magazine, *City Limits*, using witty and unpredictable covers like these two from 1985



Cover for *Arena*, summer 1987. Within the magazine Brody pushed type deep into corners and allowed white space to dominate some of the main spreads

On accepting the challenge of becoming art director of *Tatler*, Brody had to work within the hierarchy of an established magazine. This episode was equally short-lived, as parts of the design he implemented were not printed and features were moved out of their allotted places without consultation. Having been indulged at *The Face*, Brody could not suffer the interference and swiftly resigned. He returned to Logan's patronage to design *Arena*—Nick Logan's magazine for men—and has managed to keep ahead of his most slavish imitators.

As design moves increasingly into public awareness it is important that a designer who is serious about his work has an exhibition—heaven knows, enough kettles, frocks and carrier bags have been put on display. Design has now assumed what amounts to a stranglehold on manufacturers and service industries and Neville Brody is not impressed. He considers that design "has gone off the beam. Ten years ago 'designer' was a dirty word because most design was anonymous, and now design is a dirty word to me because everything is 'designed'." He views the immediate future as a battle between the major design groups who "hoover up college graduates" and pander to market research led ideas of communication graphics, and the independent designers and artists.

Brody has always kept his operation small—usually one assistant working from a small office, eschewing ambitions of becoming Neville Brody Associates Ltd. When asked what design he saw around him that was in any way inspirational, he looked outside his field: "Furniture design, which seems to be much more about craft—Tom Dixon, Ron Arad and Philippe Starck. It's OK to be expressive, whereas it isn't in graphics at the moment." The only magazine I could elicit was the *The Wire* (Jazz and New music).



Cover for *Tatler*, 1986. Brody quickly resigned from this publication, unsuited to traditional office hierarchy after being indulged at *The Face*

The exhibition will surprise people who know only *The Face*. The breadth of Brody's work shows that he has a very "classical" eye for one so associated with the cutting edge of modern design. The temptation now must be to rest on his laurels, recycling the type of work that people have liked him for in the past. But that isn't Brody's style. He will always question what he is doing and why he is doing it—and that's rare ●

See Listings p93 for exhibition details



Design for a New York disco feature, from *The Face*, October, 1983. The "T" from "The" appears on the previous page as a teaser

Phillips & Drew Investment Services. The reasons why.

Phillips & Drew was founded in 1896 to look after private and family investments. Today, Phillips & Drew Investment Services still manages the private portfolios of the third, fourth and even fifth generations of some of those families.

To all investors, old and new, we offer:

Strength

that comes from being a member of the largest banking group in Europe.

Professionalism

that comes from being part of a research-based investment house which has earned the respect of major institutions and governments.

Discreet personal service

that comes from an unwavering commitment to serving the long term objectives of private investors, whether in buoyant or more difficult times.

If you would like more details of our advisory and discretionary portfolio management services for private clients, please contact John Kennett or David Middleton. Or send for a copy of our brochure.

Phillips & Drew Investment Services Limited

Mercury House, Triton Court, 14 Finsbury Square, London EC2A 1PD. Telephone: 01-628 4444.

A MEMBER OF THE UNION BANK OF SWITZERLAND GROUP

SPYCATCHER

by Peter Wright

NOW AVAILABLE IN HARDBACK FROM DUBLIN

Send £20 (inc P&P) to:

QUALITY SHOP

23 Main Street, Swords, Co. Dublin,
Eire. Tel (0001) 405349

Payment by bank draft or P.O.
immediate delivery –
otherwise allow 14 days.



PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONSTRUCTION

LUCKY.

It looked like luck had run out for this poor fellow after he was savagely mauled by a dog. Especially as his owners couldn't afford the veterinary fees.

That's when Blue Cross came to the rescue.

We're a charity who cares for sick and injured animals either brought in from the street or whose owners can't meet the expense of private treatment.

However, we do depend entirely on your support to keep this much needed service going.

So please help by filling in the coupon below.

I'd like more information on Blue Cross ☐
I'd like to make a donation.
I enclose my cheque/
postal order for £_____
Name_____
Address_____
_____
_____
Postcode_____ ILN/4/B

To: Blue Cross Animals Hospital, 1 Hugh St., Victoria, London SW1V 1QQ.

BLUE CROSS

MISSION TO KILL

NON FICTION

The Missionaries
by Norman Lewis
Secker & Warburg, £10.95

In 1764, Dr Johnson poured scorn on Rousseau's ideal of the Noble Savage: "There can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilised men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears."

Were he alive today, one wonders what Johnson would have made of this, Norman Lewis's latest book. For it must be the most poignant indictment of missionaries, of their forcible conversion of aboriginal peoples, yet written. In the face of so much damage inflicted on the human environment—usually behind a pseudo-religious front—Lewis was unable, he writes in the preface to *The Missionaries*, "to remain silent". Coming from Lewis, who has always preferred in his travel books to skirt around the periphery of political issues, this looks like cause for grave concern. And it is. "In another 30 years," he writes, "no trace of aboriginal life anywhere will have survived."

There are details in *The Missionaries* which everyone must find abhorrent—details, for example, of how the forest Indians of South America have over the years been systematically exterminated: aerial bombardment with sticks of dynamite, poisoning by mixing arsenic with gifts of sweets, the issuing of clothing impregnated with the smallpox virus. In short, anything to bring the Indians out of their natural habitat and into a missionary compound.

By the 1950s the death-roll among the Indians of Paraguay and Bolivia had reached horrific proportions: the strength of the Cintas Lagas Indians, attacked from the air, had been reduced from 10,000 to 500; the Munducurus from 19,000 to 1,200; the Carajas from 4,000 to 400. The appalling litany, as Norman Lewis relates it, goes on and on.

It was an article which Lewis wrote for *The Sunday Times* about the extermination of these South American Indians that eventually led, in 1968, to the foundation of Survival International. This is the only piece of writing, says Lewis, of which he is truly proud: simply through his written word, thousands of lives were saved. One hopes that *The Missionaries* will effect a similar achievement, though the odds, it must be said, now look stacked against Lewis. Six years after that newspaper article, he visited a missionary outpost in Paraguay. There he found that many of the Aché Indians had "glued birds' feathers to their bodies in ritual preparation for death"; an Aché woman—the recent victim of a forest round-up by a member of the New Tribes Mission—was lying in a sort of pig-pen, awaiting death, shot in the side with a rifle. Don McCullin's terrible photograph—evidence if ever it was required—is reproduced. Lewis describes his visit to the Aché compound as "the most sinister experience in my life".

Not long afterwards, in a Bolivian mission, Lewis found tens of thousands of Indians locked into a system of debt slavery. After a long summer of labour, the Indians were awarded a wooden chair. Soon enough it became the height of an Andean Indian's ambition to own a chair; without one, he was a social misfit. But being for the most part without money, the Indians were usually obliged to take a chair from the missionaries on credit, which dragged them only deeper into debt. But no matter: at least the Indians had been converted to Christianity. Now that they owned a chair, they would never be sent to "a Christless grave". The Indians in this Bolivian mission slept in airless huts, the children "just piled on the adults". The only available medicine, for tuberculosis or snakebite, was aspirin.

> A shocking and in its own way very Christian book

Most frightening, though, is the total ignorance of the missionaries; their ignorance born—more frightening still—of a blinkered fanaticism. When asked in 1986 how many Indians had so far survived the full-scale conversion to Christianity in Latin America, a missionary replied: "We don't keep that kind of detailed record. They're all pretty much mixed up with the others down there and those Indians all look pretty much the same."

The fanaticism of the North American fundamentalists appears at its worst in the examples Lewis gives of how missionaries have translated the Holy Bible into the tongue of the South American Panare Indian. A Christian concept such as redemption is explained as a trading bargain after the rigmarole of cash payments, debts and credits have been finally cleared. The all-important sense of guilt at the heart of missionary endeavour—anathema to the Panare—was achieved by re-editing the scriptures so that the Indians would themselves be implicated in the death of Our Lord, thus: "The Panare killed Jesus Christ because they were wicked." Fear was then instilled in the Panare with threats of God burning their livestock and womenfolk unless they succumbed to conversion.

The question is, how can Christianity, or a religion which passes itself off as Christianity, allow for such absurdities (I was going to say abominations)? What on earth is the link between religious proselytizing and the deforestation of the Brazilian rain forest? The answer is money; missionary endeavour in the name of capital gain.

Time and again in *The Missionaries* one reads of how Bible-belt fundamentalists install themselves in areas known to contain strategic materials such as cobalt and uranium. Occasionally, too, it emerges that the North American New Tribes Mission (the second-largest missionary organisation in the world) is in the pay of such transnational companies as Westinghouse and General Dynamics. And the clearance of the Aché from the Amazon rain forests began when the price of land shot up as lumber extraction firms, farmers and ranchers moved in, followed by missionaries.

Often, too, a mission will be in the pay of a South American regime: in 1942 the dictator of Paraguay, Alfredo Stroessner, gave a contract to the New Tribes Mission of Florida to "settle and civilise" the Indians of the Gran Chaco. Would this, I wonder, explain why a mission there had translated the lines from the Bible "the powers that be are ordained by God" into "there is no government on earth that God has not permitted to come to power"? It is just as Voltaire said: "Fanatics are usually guided by rascals who usually put the dagger into their hands."



DON McCULLIN/THE SUNDAY TIMES

A South American Panare Indian: his tribe have been told by North American missionaries that they killed Christ

But what emerges most strongly from *The Missionaries* is the tragedy that occurs when the Indian belief in communal sharing and in a heaven on earth clashes with the missionary preachments of Christianity and a paradise after death. And there is little in all Lewis's writing quite so pathetic as this description of a recently-converted South American Indian: "His relative prosperity was advertised by the flowering shirt, jeans, trainers, short haircut, and the cigarette in a long holder. This he waved about between puffs in a manner copied from an old film. His wife, who crouched in an angle of the wall just out of sight, was for sale for a cupful of sugar. His prosperity, I was assured, would be short-lived, for he was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis." To which Lewis adds, not without bitterness: "Where is the light they were promised?"

There is no light. *The Missionaries* is a shocking and, in its own way, very Christian book calling for compassion and charity. Certainly, the God of the New Tribes Mission—merciless, threatening, money-obsessed—is not the God I remember from my school days. We are dealing here with an altogether different form of Christianity, with a red-necked God from the Bible belt. It goes without saying, though, that this is also a supremely well-written book: the old lyricism is still there ("the sky full of toucans and parakeets and soft lemon light"), the beautifully-cadenced sentences.

I used to think that Norman Lewis's 1951 account of South-East Asia, *A Dragon Apparent*, must, in retrospect, be one of the saddest travel books ever written, containing as it does such sentiments as: "Cambodia. It was a place-name always accompanied in my imagination by tinkling, percussive music." Now I believe *The Missionaries* to be an even sadder book: a despairing testament to cultures destroyed by the mercenary hand of our own worst enemy—mankind.

—IAN THOMSON

The Missionaries *is published on May 3.*

THE SLUMP TO BEAT ALL SLUMPS

Blood in the Streets: Investment Profits in a World Gone Mad
by James Dale Davidson & William Rees-Mogg
Sidgwick & Jackson, £15

The title of this book is part of a quotation from Baron Nathan Rothschild, with which the authors are so pleased that they have used it to adorn both the front and the back of the dust-jacket (don't blame this one on the publisher: Sir William Rees-Mogg, in his capacity of chairman of Sidgwick & Jackson, *is* the publisher). "The time to buy is when blood is running in the streets," said Baron Rothschild, who made a fortune by being the first to learn—by carrier pigeon—the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo.

The title, though perhaps not to everyone's taste, is apt. Although the book makes some play with what it calls "megapolitical fundamentals"—decaying empires, the advance of technology and the like—it is really about how to make a fast buck out of the crises and chaos which the authors see lying ahead. It is, basically, a handbook for yuppies.

Much of the analysis is perceptive and well-informed. There is, for example, a good chapter on the international debt problem. Sooner or later the big Latin-American countries are going to find that the political costs of servicing their huge external debt are simply intolerable, and are going to default. Sending a gunboat to make them mend their ways is no longer on. Economic sanctions would be ineffective. The key country, as the authors recognise, is Mexico, with its 1,500 mile border with the United States. The prospect of political and economic chaos in Mexico is one that no American administration could countenance. When it comes to the crunch, no effective sanctions will be invoked against a *de facto* Mexican default; and if Mexico defaults, others will not be far behind. Pay special attention to Mexican developments, the authors urge investors, and "watch the media for further news".

Of more immediate concern to the average reader will be what the authors have to say about "the coming real-estate crash". Like the book as a whole (which was written by Davidson; Rees-Mogg simply supplying "some of the ideas" and a short preface to the British edition), the chapter's perspective is American, and not all of it is relevant to Britain, with its much higher population density and its much smaller private rental sector. Nevertheless, British mortgage-owners who want to have something to worry about will find sustenance here.

Excessive world grain production, the argument goes, combined with the potential of genetic engineering will drive down the price of farmland, and this will have knock-on effects on the price of urban real estate. The price of houses and flats has in any case risen much too high, fuelled by tax incentives to real-estate ownership (which, in the US, are being phased out by the 1986 tax-reform legislation) and by the large "inflation premium"—the excess of a property's price over the capitalised value of the rent it would yield if let—now incorporated in house prices. If we are in

the process of moving from an inflationary to a deflationary world, this inflation premium could collapse. Even if it fell by only half, many people would find their house worth less than their outstanding mortgage. Therefore, say the authors, owners should seriously consider selling their houses. And, more adventurously, they should get into the business of "distress sales", snapping up property that comes on to the market at rock-bottom prices. With the help of a friendly neighbourhood banker, a lot of money could be made that way.

However, for all the hard-nosed diagnosis and terse instructions to do this and do that, there is a certain unreality about it all. One reflects on the fact that Sir William has long been associated with the view that only a return to the gold standard can save the world from economic disaster; and that Mr Davidson is the driving force behind the attempt to amend the US constitution in a way which would require the federal government to run a balanced budget, regardless of circumstances, year in, year out—an idea whose basic nuttiness comes close to that of the 18th amendment, which introduced Prohibition.

> Competition from low-wage countries will reduce wages in the West

Something is wrong with the analysis. What? In his preface Sir William says that "in Britain we are moving into a society of mass capitalism in which millions of people will, by any past standards, have the opportunity to make themselves rich". Yet a chapter on the twilight of Communism ("read these sections carefully", one is sternly enjoined) argues, convincingly, that before long, massive competition from low-wage countries, particularly China, will reduce real wages in the West; and goes on to recommend particular shares in Hong Kong and elsewhere which "will give you a rare chance to earn back some of the high costs that Communism and Communist governments have imposed on you".

But can falling real wages really coexist with millions of people becoming rich? Can the gap between rich and poor, which has widened so markedly in Britain and the US over the past decade, continue to widen? Is not the single-minded drive towards personal enrichment, which this book is concerned to promote, itself likely to contribute to the kind of economic disasters the authors predict? One wonders whether, when the day comes, some of the blood in the streets may not belong to Sir William and Mr Davidson.

—MICHAEL STEWART

RECENT FICTION

New Seed for Old
by Simon Raven
Muller, £10.95
Recovery
by Stanley Middleton
Hutchinson, £10.95
The Temple
by Stephen Spender
Faber, £10.95

The premise on which Simon Raven's *New Seed for Old* is based is that the English aristocracy will do anything to ensure its survival. In the case of Lord Canteloupe this means getting rid of his three-year-old spastic son Tully Sarum and resorting to surrogate sex to produce a satisfactory heir. Unable to father a child himself, he had already tried this method with his deceased first wife, Tully being the result. Now it is the turn of his second wife, the Marchioness Theodosia who, though a lesbian, is prepared to do her duty. Her willing partner is a 15-year-old schoolboy, Marius Stern.

Such dark purposes and desperate measures require careful planning, hence the typically Ravenesque complicated intrigue. Decadent youths, sinister schoolmasters, loving nursemaids, Cambridge academics—Raven deploys a large cast of often larger-than-life characters in this lubricious comedy of genealogical conflict. The prevailing atmosphere is one of cheerful corruption in which one good turn, as nature's fixers understand it, will sooner or later seem to deserve another. The most sinister fixer here is the schoolmaster and racehorse owner Raisley Conyngham, who holds Marius in thrall and instructs him with some nonsensical mystical talk in how to play his part after his initial bath-tub encounter with Theodosia.

The action of *New Seed for Old*, Volume IV in Raven's *The First Born of Egypt* sequence, moves between public school, country house, Cambridge college and (no surprise with this writer) Lord's cricket ground. As a satirist of contemporary manners his style is refreshingly picaresque but it does not easily accommodate dramatic incidents like the death of Tully Sarum in a pool on Canteloupe's estate, which is cumbersomely set up and falls flat. There is little of the amiable eccentric aristocrat about Canteloupe. He is a ruthless diehard, motivated by his determination, not merely to ensure the survival of his dynasty, but also to regain everything lost in the Second World War. Having been denied so much he argues, speaking for his class, they had no choice but to recoup dishonestly.

Job Turner, in Stanley Middleton's *Recovery*, is a man saddened and depleted by the death of his wife in a car accident. How does he recover? The answer, as must often be the case, is partly through his own efforts and partly through chance events. He is burdened not only with grief but also with guilt, convinced that his wife was more talented than he and that marriage had denied her the opportunity to fulfil herself. That his daughters have managed to combine marriage and profession offers him a compensatory satisfaction.

Chance brings him a talented 18-year-old girl as a private pupil. While teaching her the piano, he (in his late 50s) is disturbed to find that he is attracted to her. More promising is the attraction he seems to hold for a 27-year-old woman on the staff of the comprehensive school of which he is appointed head. The previous head has cracked up in the face of appalling disciplinary problems and Job's brief, to restore order and stability by holding the fort for three years until his retirement, is both flattering and challenging.

Stanley Middleton patiently and systematically traces Job's return to a fuller life. He is not out to astonish us and his prose, with its staccato precision and his habit of avoiding conjunctions when a full stop and a fresh start will serve, may not be everybody's cup of tea. But the care and honesty with which he constructs the lives of ordinary people are what matter and, with his older characters especially, he generally convinces one that he has got at the truth of them.

Stephen Spender's novel *The Temple* was written experimentally in 1929, abandoned in draft and virtually forgotten until, in 1985, John Fuller came upon the manuscript in the Humanities Centre at the University of Texas. It is an obviously autobiographical novel describing a 20-year-old Oxford poet's holiday in Hamburg, his travels along the Rhine and his experience of the hedonistic world of the Weimar Republic. It was dedicated to W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood and the photographer Herbert List, all of whom appear, thinly disguised, in the story.

Spender has consciously rewritten parts of it and allowed memory to do the rest almost without reference to the original. Published now for the first time, *The Temple* could hardly appear as other than its author describes it—"a complex of memory, fiction and hindsight".

The date of Part Two has been advanced from 1929 to 1932 to heighten the contrast between the winter darkness, into which his German characters are seen to be moving with the rise of Nazism, and the summer sunlight of the earlier period. This adjustment allows for some striking passages such as the narrator Paul's fantasy in which he imagines, as in a poem by Wilmot (Auden, caricatured), "teams of healers dressed in white hospital overalls" parachuted into a forest to cure the stormtroopers "by dredging the oppressive childhood out of each subconscious".

The Berlin stories of Isherwood (referred to as Bradshaw), his autobiography and that of Spender himself alone ensure that when reading *The Temple* we seem to be going over familiar ground. But there are certainly things in it that will stick in the memory, among them Bradshaw's exuberantly scatological evocation of the glories of the port of Hamburg, and Frau Stockmann's raging at the decadence of the young and the malign influence of Paul and Joachim Lenz (the photographer, List) on her son Ernst—"Always going about naked! That's what began it all! In canoes at the end of this garden, boys and girls like those expressionist pictures we see in that Art Gallery!" ●

> A complex of memory, fiction and hindsight

—IAN STEWART

CINEMA

REELING WITH THE NEWSROOM

By George Perry



Star cast of *Broadcast News:* Albert Brooks, Holly Hunter and William Hurt (seated)

Oscar nominations abound, deservedly, for **Broadcast News**, a comedy written, produced and directed by James L. Brooks about the people who work for a network news programme. It is a romantic triangle with Holly Hunter as a workaholic, career-girl producer, Albert Brooks as an intelligent, accident-prone reporter who lacks the personality to act as anchorman, and his rival William Hurt as a single-minded, handsome, accomplished but utterly vacuous television natural who can smoothly wing through a difficult show without a hint of anxiety.

It is a timely film as the American cable revolution forces an even closer union between network news and entertainment, and it makes pertinent ethical comments on the newsroom's tricksy techniques to hold the viewer. The lead performances are astonishing, especially that of Hurt, who looks as though he could slide into Dan Rather's shoes immediately. Gauche and self-effacing until on air, he is suddenly energised, effortlessly rephrasing in ordinary language those questions for his interviews that have been fed through his earpiece a millisecond earlier. If there is a weakness in the film it lies in the fatuous epilogue that has been added after what would have seemed a perfect bitter-sweet ending.

As usual, however, Steven Spielberg, regarded by Hollywood as too clever by far, is overlooked in the nominations. The envy generated by his unmatchable success is not even an excuse this time, for **Empire of the Sun** has not been received in America with the usual box-office hysteria that attends his work. It is a remarkable film, however, full of lingering, romantic images that are the essence of Spielberg's cinema. For instance, in the midst of the smoke, heat and confusion of a ferocious American air attack a P-51 Mustang seems for an instant to detach itself from the battle and drift slowly across our vision. The pilot gives a casual wave to a ragged boy who is watching the pounding of a Japanese air base from a tower in his internment camp. Spielberg may have left his space fantasies and other worlds behind in bringing J. G. Ballard's semi-autobiographical novel to the screen but his sense of wonder has not deserted him.

In the beginning Jim (Christian Bale) is a pampered British schoolboy, inclined towards colonial arrogance, who lives in a Home Counties-style mansion within the International Settlement in Shanghai. The Japanese invaders are of little interest to him except as operators of military hardware, especially aircraft.

> Spielberg's sense of wonder has not deserted him

The ordered existence of the ex-patriate European community is shattered after Japan's entry into the Second World War. In the chaos of mass exodus from Shanghai Jim loses his parents, living precariously until rescued by Basie (John Malkovich), a fugitive American merchant seaman.

Both are eventually held in the harsh Soochow Creek camp where Jim, tutored in life by Basie, and in Latin by the British Dr Rawlins (Nigel Havers), learns to be an irrepressible fixer and purveyor of good deeds, remaining cheerful while the adults give way to despair and death. Christian Bale gives a performance assured beyond his years, and handles the transition from the winter of 1941-42 to the summer of 1945 so convincingly it is as though he has really grown in stature. Spielberg identifies with the young protagonist in his characteristic Peter Pan manner.

There is a scene, for instance, where *kamikaze* pilots, heads erect before embarking on their suicide assaults, are going through a formal ceremony. Watching from afar, the boy begins to sing in the choral manner in which he was trained at the cathedral school, and for a brief moment the alien cultures are in harmony. What Spielberg is trying to show is that in the face of horror there is a sense of purity, a refining of the human spirit to its most basic condition. It is only when liberation comes, which is heralded by a celestial flash—in fact the Nagasaki atom bomb 400 miles away across the East China Sea—that Jim learns to be cynical like Basie.

Some of the film was shot in Shanghai itself; the crowd scenes of street panic in the face of advancing Japanese invasion are impressively crafted. Spielberg, assisted by the sensitive screenplay of Tom Stoppard, has created a monumental film from an outstanding novel.

Norman Jewison's **Moonstruck** has six Oscar nominations, and is a refreshing surprise, marking the ripening into accomplished screen performers of Cher, as a Brooklyn-Italian young widow, and Nicolas Cage, as an opera-loving baker fired with romantic passion, with whom she falls in love. There are also incidental delights, such as Olympia Dukakis as her uncompromising mother, Danny Aiello as her inept fiancé, and an astringent, neat screenplay by John Patrick Shanley, to say nothing of generous dollops of Puccini ●

George Perry is also films editor of The Sunday Times

THEATRE

HOT STUFF FROM BIG DADDY

By Chris Riley

Big Daddy's birthday party —at the centre of **Cat on a Hot Tin Roof** (Lyttelton) —must rank as one of the great theatrical celebrations that never was. A cake does find its way on to the stage eventually, but greed, hate and self-disgust make up the staple diet of Tennessee Williams's plantation-owning Mississippi family. The warring relatives all

WHERE DO CELEBRITIES CHOOSE TO CELEBRATE?

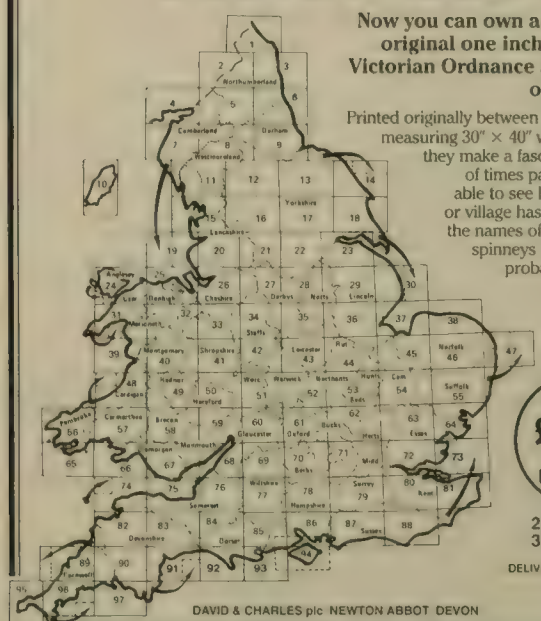
At The Savoy of course, always at the centre of London's most glamorous and exciting evenings. The Grill famous for its pre and after theatre menus. "Upstairs" specialising in Champagne, Chablis and seafood and The Restaurant renowned for stylish dining and dancing. Celebrate at The Savoy soon.
The Grill – open from 6.00pm with orders until 11.15pm.
The Restaurant – open from 7.30pm with orders until 11.30pm.
"Upstairs" – open noon until midnight Monday to Friday, Saturday from 5.00pm.



LONDON

For reservations or information contact The Savoy, The Strand, London WC2R 0EU
Telephone: (01) 836 4343. Telex: 24234. A member of The Leading Hotels of the World

VICTORIAN ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS



Now you can own a copy of the original one inch to the mile Victorian Ordnance Survey Map of your area.

Printed originally between 1805-1873 and measuring 30" × 40" when unfolded, they make a fascinating record of times past. You will be able to see how your town or village has changed. Find the names of farms, woods, spinneys and parks now probably long since built over or changed out of recognition.

ONLY £2.95 EACH POST FREE

2 FOR £5.40
3 FOR £7.95

DELIVERY WITHIN 21 DAYS

DAVID & CHARLES plc NEWTON ABBOT DEVON

To: David & Charles, Brunel House, Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 4PU [LN100]

Please send me ____ copy/ies of map/s number/s ____

(If in doubt send name of place or nearest major town) ____

I enclose £ ____ Signature ____

Or my VISA/ACCESS No is [ ] EXPIRY DATE

MR/MRS/MISS ____

BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

ADDRESS ____

POSTCODE *please* ____

The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund repays the debt we owe



The Royal Air Force reached a peak strength of 1,200,000 in 1944 and more than 1¾ million men and women served during the war years.

Thousands did not come back. Many lie in the forgotten corners of earth and sea. Many thousands more were left disabled — both mentally and physically.

Each year demands on the Fund are increasing as the survivors of World War II and their dependants grow older and increasingly vulnerable to infirmity and economic hardship. To carry on its work, the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund must raise over £8,500,000 annually.

We need your help. Every donation we receive means we have more to give. Please remember the Fund in your Will; advice on legacies, bequests and covenants is gladly given. If you know of anyone in need who might qualify for help from the Fund, please let us know.

Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund

67 Portland Place
London W1N 4AR
Telephone: 01-580 8343

Charity Registration No. 207327

gather to impress the cancer-ridden Big Daddy (Eric Porter), certain in the knowledge that he is soon to die and that there will be rich pickings.

The play focuses on Big Daddy's son, the disconsolate, alcoholic Brick (Ian Charleson) and his wife Maggie (Lindsay Duncan). He is the hot tin roof, she the cat who won't leap off and abandon him. Howard Davies's

> Eric Porter as the plantation patriarch is intense, powerful and vulnerable

direction, which in some of the large set-piece scenes is disappointingly flat, is at its best in conveying the pace of their relationship, which stutters on aimlessly, strangled by the past. Lindsay Duncan is excellent as the sultry Maggie, who refuses to be crushed by Brick's sullen monomania. In her fight for security—a baby by Brick would earn her a place in Big Daddy's heart—she is constantly frustrated by the efforts of Gooper, Big Daddy's other son, and his wife Mae, a "monster of fertility" who sees producing grandchildren as the key to inheriting Big Daddy's riches.

The only person who plays no part in this savage infighting is Brick. Ian Charleson fronts a brooding silence, although occasionally his portrayal of subliminated rage and self-loathing seems unconvincing. The issue of his constantly mentioned relationship with the now-dead Skipper, which various family members tag as homosexual, comes to a head in Act II's well-judged confrontation with Big Daddy. Still shockingly powerful, it was one, but not the sole reason why the play was banned by the Lord Chamberlain in 1958.

William Dudley's designs cleverly add to the steamy atmosphere of the American South, but the production's accomplishments lie not in its technical aspects but in its performances. Lindsay Duncan makes the central relationship really work, Alison Steadman tosses off some great lines as Mae, and Eric Porter is excellent as the plantation patriarch—intense, powerful and vulnerable. The set seems only fully occupied when he is on stage ●



DONALD COOPER

Ian Charleson and Lindsay Duncan in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*—he the roof and she the cat who won't jump off and leave him

THREE CHEERS FOR THREE FRIENDS

By J. C. Trewin

The Best of Friends in Hugh Whitemore's play (Apollo) are Sir Sydney Cockerell, for many years curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge; Dame Laurentia McLachlan, abbess of the Benedictine abbey of Stanbrook in Worcestershire; and Bernard Shaw ("Brother Bernard"), no description needed, who disliked his first name, George. This remarkable trio corresponded for many years—Cockerell and Laurentia knew each other for 46 years—and the play is based on their letters.

Grandly cast, it is a strange and affecting production for a Shaftesbury Avenue theatre, a highly literate conversation piece which takes two of its characters to the ends of their lives, and makes the survivor, Sydney Cockerell, reflect upon the beauties of friendship. James Roose-Evans's direction is impeccable and we are never in doubt where we are with the three characters who, in a short time, we get to know intimately.

Returning to the stage after eight years away, John Gielgud captures Cockerell's personality from the start with a well spoken description of the meeting with Tolstoy and Yasnaya Polyana. Cockerell, a generous connoisseur of things and people, determined to have his way at the Fitzwilliam, and he did.

Ray McAnally is wittily credible as Shaw and there is a particularly touching passage when he describes how he is sending back two pebbles from Bethlehem to Dame Laurentia and to Stanbrook (one of his "holy places").

Rosemary Harris, as the enclosed nun with the unenclosed mind—not the slightest doubt of her vocation and no wavering in the happiness it gives her—has sweetness that never palls, though she leaves Shaw perfectly aware of her response to *A Black Girl in Search of God* which causes the one disagreement between them. This does not last, and the dramatist uses it ingeniously as an act-division. We share Laurentia's almost disbelieving pleasure at being allowed a day out in London (British Museum and all) on her way from Stanbrook to abbey business in Essex. And a passage in which she discusses faith with Cockerell is perhaps the most valuable in the entire play. "Why," she asks, "is faith so difficult in divine things when it is so natural in human affairs?"

Plot, says Shaw, has been the curse of serious drama. Here there is not the slightest attempt at sustained plot, and we do not want it: no need whatever for artificial suspense as the three friends pass quietly in and out ●



DONALD COOPER

John Gielgud as Sydney Cockerell, with Rosemary Harris as Dame Laurentia and Ray McAnally as Shaw in *The Best of Friends*

OPERA

WITTY AND SWEET NOSTALGIA

By Margaret Davies

Ian Judge's production of Noël Coward's operetta *Bitter Sweet* for New Sadler's Wells Opera nostalgically captures the mood of romantic escapism which appealed to audiences in 1929 when it was first staged in London. The passage of 60 years lends further enchantment to a plot which opens in the 1920s and then flashes back to events unfolding in the last quarter of the 19th century. The precise dating of the scenes in the three acts has given Deirdre Clancy the opportunity to design four sets of ravishing period costumes, ranging from 1875 to 1929; and Russell Craig's stage set, with its central revolve and ubiquitous piano, executes the transformations of time and place with speed and precision.

"It seemed high time for a little romantic renaissance," Coward recorded, when he was toying with the idea of writing his first full-scale operetta, having already established his reputation as a writer of songs, plays, reviews and musicals, and as an actor. Inspiration came to him after listening to a recording of *Die Fledermaus* and within the day he had roughed out the plot of *Bitter Sweet*, switching its location from the ballrooms of Mayfair to a Viennese café and back again.

The story of Sarah Millick, who elopes to Vienna with her Austrian singing teacher, sees him killed in a duel defending her honour, and returns to England to marry a marquess, is brought to vivid life by Coward's songs—the lyrics witty, sentimental and daring by turns—and music which intermingles the idioms of the 20s with graceful homage to Strauss and Lehár in the waltzes. There is a spirited quartet for four Viennese ladies of the town and another for four elegant, aesthetic young men—"We all wear a green carnation"—which owes a debt to Oscar Wilde. But the score's masterpiece is the indestructible "I'll see you again".

It is first heard as a duet for Sarah and Carl when they think they must part, tenderly sung by Ann Mackay and Martin Smith, and it echoes the bitter-sweet theme of their love affair. The heroine makes her first appearance as a fragile, stiff-jointed but elegant woman in her 70s, before she is whisked back in time by a half century to enact the story of her life—all of which Miss Mackay does with conviction and grace. Martin Smith makes a suitably romantic hero and he uses his somewhat dry, light tenor voice to good effect.

The best opportunities in the second act—"If love were all" and "Bonne nuit, merci"—go to the good-hearted but sharp-tongued Manon and they are brilliantly exploited by Rosemary Ashe who walks off with the honours in the café scenes. It will be interesting to see what she makes of the role of Sarah which she sings at some performances during the tour in April and May ●



DONALD COOPER

Romantic renaissance in *Bitter Sweet* by New Sadler's Wells Opera

BACKSTAGE

CALLOW'S FASCINATION WITH GENIUS

By Julia Brown

The Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, may be about to host a public execution. Simon Callow is in rehearsal for the role of Faust in Goethe's mountainous *meisterwerk* of that name. Goethe himself freely admitted that the play was "incommensurable, as a whole" and its heart has remained ungrasped by generations of impassioned scholars. Any actor in the central role must prepare for a superhuman leap towards its starry heights, but for Callow the drop to the ground must seem a parachutist's nightmare. James Fenton once wrote of the actor: "Within his range, which is tiny, he is a master, but outside of it he is ridiculous." But you only get vertigo, after all, if you look down. "The problems are so enormous that there is no time to be scared," says Callow.

In 1982, while playing the title role in *Amadeus* for Radio 3, Callow heard that the producer was casting a radio version of *Faust*. He put himself forward for the central role, which he had coveted for 15 years, and got it. He offered himself for the part on stage, in tandem with Roy Marsden as Mephistopheles, for the Glasgow Citizens' 1986 production. Robert David MacDonald, whose translation Callow is now using, was directing. "No, thank you," came the reply. "I think it would be like having Abbott and Costello." Finally, having enlisted the services of Opera Factory's David Freeman as director, and the Lyric's Peter James (the man Callow thought "uniquely mad enough" to mount the production), his dream is realised.

Callow seems to owe his lifeblood to acting. "The theatre has been a natural space for me. I have learnt everything I know from acting." Coupled with this dedication, he is fascinated by the nature of genius. From Mozart to Shakespeare, and now to Goethe (having taken in the more erratic Cocteau *en route*), he has had ample opportunity to study the beasts at close range. "Inside them is an overpowering turbulence which they seek to resolve in different ways." He sees Faust as an outcast, a man "driven into a corner in his desperate attempt to find what he calls 'the force that binds all nature's energies'".

Callow envisages his modern counterpart in a Camden Town bedsit, surrounded by half-empty



ALAN DAVIDSON ALPHA

Callow: no time to be scared

tins, having become almost gross under the sway of his obsession. He is "depressed, clinically". It is in the psychiatric wards, and through people's experiments with perception-altering drugs like LSD, that Callow sees a 20th-century parallel with Faust, the alchemist, opening himself to the forces of magic in his quest for knowledge. Faust is prepared to sacrifice his own identity and become possessed. And Callow feels that the job of acting could be viewed in a similar light—as a heroic journey being made on behalf of the community. It would certainly be worth booking a ringside seat to witness that particular form of public execution. And it's difficult to quibble with an actor like Callow, who is at least prepared to put his head on the block ●

> Ample opportunity to study on stage, the beasts at close range

See Fringe Listings p 92 for details

The capital list

A discerning guide to entertainment in the city



Martin Sheen and Helen Shaver in the New York-based thriller *The Believers*



Deborah Findlay and Donald Sumpter in *Twelfth Night*, opening at the Barbican

Not to be missed . . . James L. Brooks's comedy film *Broadcast News*
Stay clear of . . . *Nite Club Confidential* at the Playhouse

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

Back with a Vengeance! Barry Humphries's extraordinary characterisations with the best & worst in Australian taste. No performances Apr 1, 4, 11-19. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, CC). REVIEWED JAN, 1988.

The Best of Friends. New play from Hugh Whitemore starring Rosemary Harris, Ray McAnally, & John Gielgud in his first West End role for eight years. Until Apr 23. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, CC 434 3598). REVIEW ON P89.

The Browning Version/Harlequinade. Contrasting one-act plays by Terence Rattigan, the first about betrayal, the second about a group of travelling Shakespearian actors. With Paul Eddington & Dorothy Tutin. Until Apr 30. Royalty, Portugal St, WC2 (831 0660, CC).

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. Tennessee Williams's classic about a warring Mississippi family, with strong performances from Ian Charleson, Eric Porter & Lindsay Duncan. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC). REVIEW ON P87.

Curtains. Transfer from the Hampstead Theatre of Stephen Bill's acclaimed drama about age & euthanasia. Annette Crosbie stars. Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, CC 379 6565).

Cymbeline. Bill Alexander's powerful staging of Shakespeare's romance. David Bradley is Cymbeline & Harriet Walter is Imogen. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, CC).

The Foreigner. Nicholas Lyndhurst as a sci-fi editor works out an involved "No English" gag in Larry Shue's comedy. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, CC 379 6565).

Hapgood. Disappointing new play from wordsmith Tom Stoppard mixing spies & physics. Felicity Kendal, Nigel Hawthorne & Roger Rees star. Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, CC).

The Jew of Malta. Christopher Marlowe's black farce about power & revenge. Alun Armstrong plays Barabas. Barbican.

Lettice & Lovage. Maggie Smith & Margaret Tyzack lead the cast in Peter Shaffer's original comedy about the relationship between two formidable women. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, CC 741 9999).

Nana. Racy adaptation of Zola's novel, with Belinda Davison electrifying in the title role. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, CC).

One for the Road. Willy Russell's play provides Russ Abbot with his first straight role—as a man on the eve of his 40th birthday harking back to his student days. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, CC).

A Place with the Pigs. South African Athol Fugard's comedy drama inspired by the story of a Red Army deserter who hid in a pigsty for 41 years. With Jim Broadbent. Cottesloe, National Theatre.

Serious Money. Caryl Churchill's brilliant comedy of City business framed, surprisingly, in rhyme. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, CC 379 6565).

Shirley Valentine. Pauline Collins stars as a middle-aged Liverpool housewife in another Willy Russell comedy, directed by Simon Callow. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, CC).

South Pacific. West End revival for one of Rodgers & Hammerstein's best musicals. With Gemma Craven, Bertice Reading & Emile Belcourt who is excellent as Emile de Becque. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (839 5987, CC 240 7200).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore. Alan Ayckbourn directs Rupert Graves & Suzan Sylvester in a revival of John Ford's best-known play. Olivier, National Theatre.

A Touch of the Poet. Eugene O'Neill's Irish-American drama with Timothy Dalton & Vanessa Redgrave as old-world refugees Con Melody & his wife. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, CC 839 1438).

The Tutor. Comic melodrama by Reinhold Lenz, adapted by Bertolt Brecht. Niamh Cusack & John Lynch head the cast, Angelika Hurwicz directs. Until Apr 9. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, CC 261 1821).

Waiting for Godot. Alec McCowen & John Alderton are outstanding as Samuel Beckett's two clowning tramps. Lyttelton, National Theatre.

You Never Can Tell. Accomplished & high-spirited revival of the Shaw comedy. Michael Hordern is superb as the waiter. Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, CC). REVIEWED FEB, 1988.

FIRST NIGHTS

The Common Pursuit. Simon Gray play set in the Cambridge publishing world. Rik Mayall, John Sessions & Stephen Fry head the cast. Opens Apr 7. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, CC).

Fashion. Political dilemmas & personal choices in Doug Lucie's comic drama set in an advertising agency handling the Conservative Party election account. Opens Apr 7. The Pit, Barbican EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, CC).

Fanshen. NT workshop production of David Hare's ambitious play about the Chinese revolution as experienced in the village of Long Bow, 400 miles south-west of Peking. Six performances only. Mar 31-Apr 5. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC).

The Merchant of Venice. Transfers from Stratford, with Antony Sher's controversial Shylock. Opens Apr 26. Barbican.

Temptation. Vaclav Havel's Eastern European drama, loosely based on the legend of Dr Faustus. Opens Apr 25. The Pit, Barbican.

Twelfth Night. Roger Allam is Sir Toby Belch, John Carlisle Malvolio in the RSC's innovative production. Opens Apr 8. Barbican.

Ziegfeld. Harold Fielding launches a £3 million musical about the creator of Follies, Florenz Ziegfeld, which ran in America from 1907 to 31. Len Cariou (of Sweeney Todd fame) stars with Geoffrey Hutchings & Louise Gold. Opens Apr 26. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, CC 437 6891).

STAYERS

And Then There Were None, Duke of York's (836 5122); **Beyond Reasonable Doubt**, Queens (734 1166); **Cats**, New London (405 0072); **Chess**, Prince Edward (734 8951); **Follies**, Shaftesbury (379 5399); **42nd Street**, Drury Lane (836 8108); **Kiss Me Kate**, Savoy (836 8888); **Les Liaisons Dangereuses**, Ambassador's (836 6111); **Me & My Girl**, Adelphi (836 7611); **Les Misérables**, Palace (434 0909); **The Mousetrap**, St Martin's (836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera**, Her Majesty's (839 2244); **Run For Your Wife**, Criterion (930 3216); **Starlight Express**, Apollo Victoria (828 8665).



Betty I by Bettes the Younger on show at the National Maritime Museum



Matisse's stencil print *Le tobogan* among many at the Queen Elizabeth Hall

FRINGE

Absolute Hell. Rodney Ackland's celebrated play centring on the hopes & fears of regulars at a drinking club on the eve of the 1945 election, revived here on the occasion of the author's 80th birthday. Until Apr 16. Orange Tree, 45 Kew Rd, Richmond, Surrey (940 3633).

Bloody Poetry. Max Stafford-Clark directs this Gothic tale of the tempestuous relationship between Shelley, Byron, Mary Shelley & Byron's mistress. Apr 7-May 14. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1746, CC).

A Family Affair. Ostrovsky's biting tale of greed among the middle classes in Tsarist Russia is given contemporary relevance by the Cheek by Jowl theatre company. Apr 27-May 21. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, CC 379 6565).

Faust I & II. A double-evening presentation of Goethe's two-part work based on a medieval legend of a man in league with the Devil, here receiving its first major post-war production. It promises much—directed by David Freeman from Opera Factory, with music by Nigel Osborne (who composed the Glyndebourne hit *The Electrification of the Soviet Union*) & Simon Callow in the title role. Part I opens Apr 6, Part II, Apr 11. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, CC). SEE BACKSTAGE P90.

Dr Faustus. Marlowe's classic, given a lively rendition by director Anthony Clark. Apr 21-May 21. Young Vic Studio, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, CC 379 4444).

Gone With the Wind Mk 2. Witty & expressive visual theatre from Ben Keaton, Perrier Award winner & one of the major successes of the recent London International Mime Festival. Apr 12-30. ICA Theatre, The Mall, SW1 (930 0493).

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940. Tongue-in-cheek comedy-thriller from John Bishop, with isolated country mansions, bodies in the library & Nazis on the prowl. Until May 7. Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, CC 853 3800).

Pandora's Box. The Wedekind classic, translated by Stephen Spender, presented by the ECBA Theatre Company. Mar 29-Apr 23. Latchmere, 503 Battersea Park Rd, SW11 (228 2620).

Paul Robeson. Andy Rashleigh's portrait of the black singer & performer who was never given the space to express the extent of his talent. An Oxford Stage Company production. Mar 29-Apr 9. Young Vic.

Wild at Heart. An on-stage "road movie" from the Feline Theatre Company. Until Apr 7. Riverside, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, CC 379 4444).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

Barfly (18). Mickey Rourke lets his stubble grow once more for his portrayal of a brilliant, but alcoholic, drop-out. Treading the same path as the Ben Gazzara/Ornella Muti partnership of a few years ago, it is based on the work of Charles Bukowski, beat writer & low-life legend. Rourke finds enlightenment when he falls for the beautiful Faye Dunaway.

The Believers (18). Martin Sheen stars as a psychologist who moves to New York after his wife is killed & ends up involved in a mysterious murder case. This occult thriller, directed by John Schlesinger, is set against the current rise of mystic religions in America. Opens Apr 8. Leicester Sq Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, CC 839 1759).

Broadcast News (15). James L. Brooks's first feature since *Terms of Endearment* is a brilliant, sparky comedy set in the world of television news. Producer Holly Hunter & reporter Albert Brooks are fighting a lone battle against the erosion of old-style news values. Opens Apr 8. Odeon Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697, CC). REVIEW ON P 87.

Empire of the Sun (15). Steven Spielberg's new film takes a boy's-eye view of life in a Japanese internment camp, based on the novel by J. G. Ballard. Christian Bale plays the boy, supported by, among others, John Malkovich. REVIEW ON P 87.

Fatal Attraction (18). Michael Douglas bites off more than he can chew when, with his wife out of town, he gets involved with Glenn Close & a one-night stand ensues. Glossy "woman-scorned" thriller from Adrian Lyne. REVIEWED JAN, 1988.

Flowers in the Attic (15). Appalling mess of a film, directed by Jeffrey Bloom, based on the million-selling novel by Virginia Andrews about unloved children. Victoria Tennant is among those grappling with the one-dimensional screenplay. Opens Apr 22. Cannons Haymarket, W1 (839 1527); Tottenham Court Road, W1 (636 6148).

The Last Emperor (15). Bernardo Bertolucci has taken the story of Pu Yi—the last emperor of China, who ascended the throne at three as a god & died in Peking in 1967 a gardener—& created a film of immense beauty, fascination & originality. Memorable performances from John Lone as the adult emperor & Peter O'Toole as his Scottish tutor. REVIEWED MAR, 1988.

Moonstruck (PG). Cher & Nicolas Cage star as lovers with a problem—she is engaged to his brother—in this fast-moving romantic comedy. REVIEW ON P 87.

Nuts (18). Barbra Streisand plays an up-market hooker who kills in self-defence & then refuses to take the easy way out by pleading insanity at her trial. Richard Dreyfuss plays her lawyer. REVIEWED FEB, 1988.

Orphans (15). Lyle Kessler's play transfers beautifully to the screen thanks to superb performances from its three stars—Matthew Modine & Kevin Anderson as the two lonely orphan brothers living in a decaying house in Newark, & Albert Finney as the drunken gangster who offers them fatherly love. An emotionally taxing film but bound to be among the best of the year.

Stakeout (15). Richard Dreyfuss turns in another strong performance when paired with Emilio Estevez as detectives watching the house of an escaped killer's former girlfriend. John Badham's comedy thriller, set in Seattle but filmed in Vancouver, develops a voyeuristic, sinister side when Dreyfuss becomes progressively involved with the girl (Madeleine Stowe) under surveillance. REVIEWED MAR, 1988.

Three Men and a Baby (PG). High-grossing US remake of the French film *Trois Hommes et un Couffin*, directed by Leonard Nimoy, in which bachelor boys Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg & Ted Danson are left holding the baby. Opens Apr 1. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, CC 839 1929).

EXHIBITIONS

OPENING

CONTEMPORARY APPLIED ARTS
43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993).

Bryan Illsley: Souvenirs from St Ives. Illsley established his reputation in the craft world as a maker of jewellery, but has emerged recently as a remarkable sculptor & painter, who restates many themes familiar to early modernists, such as Picasso, Gonzalez & Miro, in a fresh & original way. Apr 15-May 14. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5.30pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM
Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422).

Armada. Major exhibition to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the Spanish Armada. It promises to explore the mythology surrounding the sinking of Philip II's fleet & has on show a vast range of contemporary artifacts, some salvaged from Spanish ships sunk off the coast of Ireland, to illustrate this fascinating story. Apr 20-Sept 4 Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £2.20, concessions £1.10.

NEWBURGH STREET GALLERY
Newburgh St, W1 (434 4455).

Frazer Price: Watercolours. One-man selling exhibition of paintings inspired by travels through Nepal, Kashmir & Southern India—lots of farming scenes & street views of Kathmandu. A selection of Greek & British landscapes also. Apr 18-23. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-noon.

2nd PORTOBELLO ROAD CONTEMPORARY ART FESTIVAL
Portobello Rd, W10.

Eleven recently established galleries display new works. Among them the Creaser Gallery (316 Portobello Rd) shows a selection of striking paintings by Alison Lambert of heroic images of man & beast. The Special Photogra-



Splendid Hackney Empire, now host to the best in alternative variety



Black eyes and boa constrictors—Alice Cooper creeps in at Wembley Arena

phers' Company (21 Kensington Park Rd, W11) exhibits manipulated photographs by Nick Georghiou, Jenny Okun, David Hiscock & others. Apr 21-May 25. Mon-Sat 10am-6.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3002).

Matisse's Jazz. Two exhibitions will be running concurrently in the foyer as part of the South Bank's End Games Festival—this one shows paper figures, motifs & leaves by Matisse, published as the book *Jazz* in 1947.

Giacometti's Paris. Lithographs on themes associated with Giacometti's life & work in Paris.
Apr 22-May 15. Daily, 6-10pm, earlier on days when there are matinée performances.

ROYAL ACADEMY
Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Cézanne: The Early Years 1859-72. 65 paintings & 20 watercolours collected together for the first time as an indication of Cézanne's early genius (some were executed when he was only 20). Apr 22-Aug 21. Daily 10am-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 8500).

The Graphic Language of Neville Brody. Highly influential graphic designer most closely associated with *The Face*. Apr 27-May 29. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.FEATURE ON P 80.

STILL SHOWING

BARBICAN
EC2 (638 4141).

Karsh: A Birthday Celebration. Karsh of Ottawa was the Bernini of his time, a portrait photographer who enlarged personalities already too big for their boots. The largest-ever retrospective of his work. Until Apr 24. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

BRITISH MUSEUM
Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Suleyman the Magnificent. The extraordinary treasures of this 16th-century Ottoman sultan visit England for the first time. Gems, porcelain, silks, wicker shields & Koran covers reflect his patronage of the luxury arts. Until May 29. Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

HAYWARD GALLERY
South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Lucian Freud. If there is a School of London, Freud is at the head of it, not least because he is now the artist whom other painters, what ever their persuasion, genuinely admire. Until Apr 17. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Robert Mapplethorpe. 70 portraits from the American photographer best-known for his work with bodybuilder Lisa Lyons & his pictures of New York arts personalities. Until June 19. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £2, concessions £1.

ROYAL ACADEMY
Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Old Master Paintings from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection. Major Old Master exhibition. Ten Renaissance portraits, including the only autographed painting of Henry VIII by Holbein, are on show along with work by Duccio, El Greco & Dürer. Until June 12. Daily 10am-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.

TATE GALLERY
Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

David Mach. Among the current swarm of British avant-garde sculptors, Mach is one whose work is genuinely new & surprising. His speciality is large installation pieces, using many examples of a single mass-produced object. This time the material is life-sized china dogs. Until June 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

THEATRE MUSEUM
Russell St, WC2 (836 7891).

A Record of Pop—Images of a Decade, 1949-63. A show to mark the acquisition by the V & A of the Harry Hammond Collection. Hammond, born in 1920, photographed all the top stars from the late 40s to the early 60s. Until June 30. Tues-Sun 11am-7pm. £2.25, concessions £1.25.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY
Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Woven Air. Historical & modern textiles from Bangladesh. Until May 1. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Sun until 8pm.

AFTER DARK

Please phone to confirm details.

Banana Cabaret. Fast-rising south London venue, hot on the heels of Jongleurs, featuring a mix of stand-up comedy & circus-type acts. Saturdays. The Bedford, Bedford Hill, SW12 (319 1019).

Buttz & Spike's Club. For those who like their rock loud & traditional. Lots of Rolling Stones, lots of atmosphere (despite the small size of the venue). Tuesdays. Gossips, 69 Dean St, W1 (information 434 4480).

Café de Paris. An elegant venue for London's elegant people. Music is a mix of funk & salsa. Get there early to miss the midnight queue. Wednesdays. 3 Coventry St, W1 (437 2036).

Dancetarium. Much-imitated, never bettered club, with DJ Mark Moore spinning the hip-hop & rare groove. Attracts trendies & non-trendies alike. Saturdays. The Fridge, Town Hall Parade, Brixton Hill, SW2 (326 5100).

Hackney Empire. Splendidly refurbished music hall, now host to the best in alternative variety every Saturday night. Kids are welcome. 291 Mare St, E8 (985 2424).

Newsrevue. Comedy sketches based on current affairs, *à la Not the 9 O'Clock News*. Unique, but generally hit & miss. Thursdays. Canal Café Theatre, The Bridge House, Delamere Terrace, W2 (289 6054).

JAZZ

Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. Be-bop at its liveliest from the legendary American drummer & his troupe, here to capitalise on their new-found popularity among the under-25s. Apr 11-23. Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith St, W1 (439 0747).

La Clave. Ten-piece London-based salsa outfit, delivering the most danceable sounds in jazz. Apr 1. Bass Clef, 85 Coronet St, N1 (729 2440).

Al Di Meola. Central figure in the jazz-rock "revolution", he has given jazz-guitar a new meaning. Currently experimenting with digital-operated, guitar-triggered synclaviers (whatever they may be). Promises to be a fascinating evening. Apr 26. Hammersmith Odeon, W6 (748 4081).

Duke Ellington Anniversary Concert. The Duke, who died in 1974, celebrated by the Midnite Follies Orchestra & special guest vocalist Adelaide Hall, star of the Cotton Club. Apr 23. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, CC 928 8800).

James Moody Quartet. Multi-instrumentalist best known for his flute-playing; still a dynamic performer. Apr 25-27. Ronnie Scott's.

Sonny Rollins. Sax improviser extraordinaire, here for the South Bank's End Games Festival. Apr 26. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank Centre.

Pharoah Sanders. Ex-John Coltrane Band tenor saxophonist famed for his explosive polyphonic solos. Reckoned to be past his best, but worth catching nevertheless. Apr 4-9. Ronnie Scott's.

ROCK

Alice Cooper. Theatrical heavy rock from the man who penned "School's Out" & "Only Women Bleed" all those years ago. Joining him on stage will be a 10-foot boa constrictor. Apr 7. Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234, CC 741 8989).

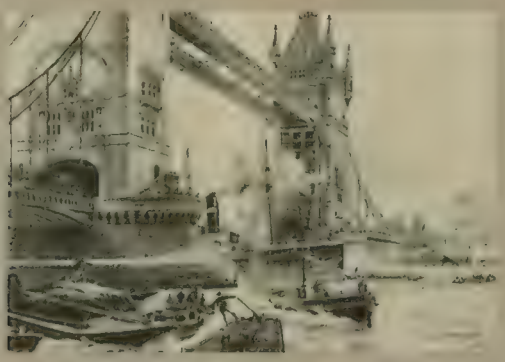
Def Leppard. Hugely successful British heavy metal band despite a tragic accident three years ago when the drummer lost an arm (he's still with the band & occasionally delights the audience with a solo). Apr 12. Wembley Arena.

Art Garfunkel. While erstwhile partner Paul Simon skips away with the honours for his "Graceland" album, the blonde one returns in an attempt not to be outdone. Is "Bright Eyes" really comparable though? Apr 13-15. Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 9465, CC).

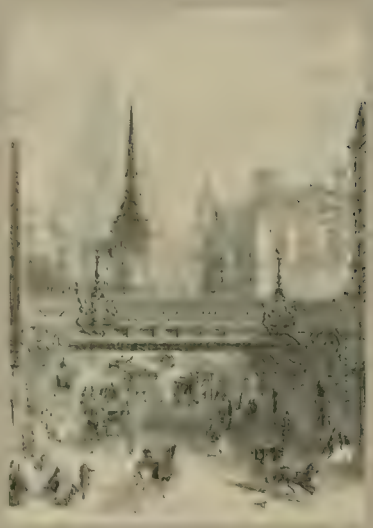
International Festival of Country Music. Among those saying "howdy" will be Merle Haggard, Crystal Gayle & Willie Nelson. Country music is increasingly popular in this country thanks to the enthusiasm of DJs such as Radio 1's Andy Kershaw. Apr 2-4. Wembley Arena.

Rush. Sophisticated rock from the Canadian trio, here to promote their "Hold your Fire" album. Apr 28,29. Wembley Arena.

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS.



An illustration published in 1886 which depicted how Tower Bridge would look when finished.



Ludgate Hill from 1863 showing how the railway bridge would look when erected by the Chatham and Dover railway company.



The hustle and bustle of London Bridge as it was in 1872.



London's Big Ben and the new Houses of Parliament as they appeared in 1857.



A Victorian scene from 1893, Sunday morning in Kensington Gardens.



A Victorian coaching scene in 1881—the start of the journey from the White Horse cellar, Piccadilly.

6 FASCINATING ENGRAVINGS FROM ILN'S ARCHIVES

The Picture Library of the Illustrated London News is one of the most comprehensive and valuable in the world. For years it has been a rich source of illustration and reference to biographers, sociologists, historians and chroniclers of all kinds.

Now we are making a special collection of the finest works available to our readers. We have made reproductions of 6 original black and white engravings featuring: 6 LONDON SCENES. Each print is presented in an ivory coloured bevelled mount and backed with card.

The price of the prints, which measure approximately 11″ × 14″ including ivory mount and backing board, is £12 each or £60 for six which includes postage, packing and VAT. Overseas prices are published below.

Take advantage of this very rare offer by applying today.

Please send me/friend _____ set(s) of 6 London Scenes at £60 each set ☐

Please send me/friend _____ print(s) No's _____ at £12 each ☐

TICK AS APPROPRIATE

The above prices are fully inclusive of VAT, postage and mounts. (Overseas customers see prices below)

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

SEND TO A FRIEND: Please send my order to:

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

☐ My cheque/postal order for _____ (amount) is enclosed payable to the Illustrated London News (sterling or dollars acceptable)

☐ Please debit my Access/AmEx/Visa/Diners Club

Expiry date _____ Amount to Debit _____ Signature _____

Price for Overseas Customers Per Set of 6 USA $96 Canada $120 Eur/ROW £60
Per print · USA $19 Canada $24 Eur/ROW £12

Return Order Form to Print Offer, The Illustrated London News, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF, England

Please allow 28 days for delivery

ILN 4/88



Costume for *The Magic Flute* at ENO



Odaline de la Martinez conducts at the Queen Elizabeth Hall



The Contemporary Dance Trust make *Giant Steps*

DANCE

Contemporary Dance Trust. New work from Jonathan Lunn: programme includes *Hang Up*, about the frustrations of a long-distance relationship, & *Exquisite Corpse*, a surreal dance with startling dream-like episodes. Apr 6, 7. New work also from Darshan Singh Bhuller; including *Giant Steps*, a jazz tribute, & his popular solo *The Smouldering Suit*. Apr 8, 9. The Place, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1 (387 0031, cc).

Northern Ballet Theatre. Programme 1 includes three diverse ballets: *Suite Italienne*, based on Stravinsky's *Pulcinella; Mémoire Imaginaire*, featuring the imagined relationship between two painters (Berthe Morisot & Edouard Manet); *A Simple Man*, inspired by the life & works of L. S. Lowry & starring Christopher Gable & Lynn Seymour. Apr 19-23 (m&e), 25, 26. Programme 2 is *Swan Lake*, produced & choreographed by André Prokovsky. Apr 28-30 (m&e). Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Royal Ballet. Two Balanchines are included in the **Triple Bill:** *Serenade*, his best-loved work, set to music by Tchaikovsky, & *Bugaku*, inspired by the visit of the dancers of the Imperial Japanese Household to America in 1959; & *"Still Life" at the Penguin Café*, a new ballet from David Bintley. Apr 2, 6. **Triple Bill:** *Bugaku*; *Symphonic Variations*, a short ballet from Frederick Ashton with music by César Franck; *"Still Life" at the Penguin Café*. Apr 7, 9, 12. **Swan Lake**, Anthony Dowell's lavish interpretation set in the Fabergé period of the ballet's first successful performances in 1895. Apr 16, 20, 21, 23 (m&e), 27 (Prom). Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

CLASSICS

BANQUETING HALL
Whitehall, SW1. Box Office, 215 St John's Hill, SW11 (870 1655, cc).

Hanover Band mark the 175th anniversary of the Royal Philharmonic Society with four concerts from the programmes of the Society in 1813-37, including Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Apr 11, 24, May 5, 15, 7.15pm.

BARBICAN HALL
EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

English Chamber Orchestra, Tallis Chamber Choir, Choristers of Southwark Cathedral. Jeffrey Tate conducts Bach's St Matthew Passion, sung in German. Apr 1, 5pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Igor Oistrakh, violin, & Natalia Zertsalova, piano, are the soloists in Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1 & Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin & Piano, under Grant Llewellyn, who also conducts Mendelssohn's Symphony No 4. Apr 5, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, Schütz Choir of London. Roger Norrington conducts Handel's Messiah. Apr 16, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra launch their international violin series with a concert directed from the violin by Vladimir Spivakov, who plays Mozart's Violin Concertos Nos 5 & 2, & conducts symphonies by Schubert & Haydn. Apr 17, 7.30pm. Pinchas Zukerman, violin, & Ralph Kirshbaum, cello, are the soloists in Bach's Violin Concerto in E major, Tchaikovsky's Rococo Variations & Brahms's Concerto for Violin & Cello. Apr 21, 7.45pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, under Simon Rattle, play Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, Berg's Violin Concerto, Stravinsky's Apollo, Ravel's Daphnis & Chloë Suite No 2. Apr 28, 7.15pm.

FESTIVAL HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

London Choral Society, London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts Bach's St John Passion, sung in German. Apr 1, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir. John Pritchard conducts Mahler's Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). Apr 3, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic give two concerts under Jeffrey Tate. Shostakovich's Cello Concerto No 1, with Ofra Harnoy as soloist, & Bruckner's Symphony No 9, Apr 5; Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Kyung Wha Chung as soloist, & Dvořák's Symphony No 3, Apr 7; 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Owain Arwel Hughes conducts Prokofiev's Lieutenant Kijé suite & Piano Concerto No 3, with Peter Donohoe, & Dvořák's Symphony No 6. Apr 6, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Pro Musica Chorus, Brighton Festival Chorus. Charles Mackerras conducts Elgar's Enigma Variations & Walton's Belshazzar's Feast. Apr 14, 8pm.

BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. Edward Downes conducts Ravel's Shéhérazade & Messiaen's Turangalîla Symphony. Apr 18, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, in the first of the End Games concerts, devoted to late work, play music by Richard Strauss. Apr 27, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Eliahu Inbal conducts Mahler's Symphony No 9. Apr 28, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus. Antal Dorati conducts Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. Apr 29, 7.30pm.

LONDON HANDEL FESTIVAL
St George's, Hanover Sq, W1. Tickets: Francis House, Francis St, SW1.

Charles Mackerras & the London Handel Choir & Orchestra take part in the opening celebratory concert for the 250th anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians. Apr 21-30.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre.

Igor Oistrakh, violin, **Natalia Zertsalova,** piano. Beethoven, Bach, Chausson, Ysaÿe, Khachaturian, Paganini/Auer. Apr 14, 7.45pm.

Emigrés. A weekend of events at the QEH & Purcell Room devoted to the music of Berthold Goldschmidt & Karl Weigl. Centrepiece is the world première of Goldschmidt's opera *Beatrice Cenci*, based on Shelley's drama. It will be conducted by Odaline de la Martinez & Helen Lawrence sings the title role. Apr 16, 7.45pm.

Bournemouth Sinfonietta. To launch the End Games series, Roger Norrington conducts late works by Mozart, Berlioz, Britten. Apr 22, 7.45pm.

Hakan Hagegard, baritone, **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. Schubert's Winterreise. Apr 26, 1.10pm.

London Handel Orchestra & Choir, under Denys Darlow, perform Handel's *Theodora*. Apr 26, 7pm.

Percussion Spectacular. Endymion Ensemble & six percussionists play works by Varèse, Takemitsu, Xenakis. Apr 28, 7.45pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911).

Margaret Price, soprano, following her recent finely sung Amelia in *Ballo in maschera*, gives a recital of Haydn, Beethoven, Schumann. Apr 5, 8pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Magic Flute. New production by Nicholas Hytner, designed by Bob Crowley, conducted by Ivan Fischer. John Rawnsley sings Papageno, with Helen Field as Pamina, Thomas Randle as Tamino. Mar 30, Apr 2,7,9,13,15,20, 22,26,28.

Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci. Strongly sung, taut revival of Ian Judge's production which merges the two operas into one dramatic entity. Arthur Davies as Turiddu & Malcolm Donnelly as Tonio head a largely new cast. Apr 6,8,12,16,21.

The Makropulos Case. Josephine Barstow returns to sing the 337-year-old Emilia Marty, one of her most striking interpretations, produced by David Pountney. Apr 14,19,23,30.

Così fan tutte. Felicity Lott & Della Jones sing Fiordiligi & Dorabella, with Maldwyn Davies & Russell Smythe as Ferrando & Guglielmo. Apr 27,29.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Un ballo in maschera. Bruno Beccaria takes over as Gustavus at the last performance. Apr 4.

Salome. Maria Ewing sings the title role in Peter Hall's new production, under Christoph von Dohnányi, with the American baritone Robert Hale as Jokanaan, Robert Tear as Herod, Helga Dernesch as Herodias. Apr 8,11,14,18;26&30 (Proms).

Lucia di Lammermoor. Edita Gruberova sings Lucia in London for the first time, with Luis Lima as Edgardo. Apr 15,19,22;25&28 (Proms).

The Knot Garden. New production by Nicholas Hytner, designed by Bob Crowley, (the team responsible for ENO's new *Magic Flute*) conducted by Sian Edwards, who will be the first woman to conduct at the Royal Opera House. Apr 29 (Prom).



Putney to Mortlake: Oxford lead in last year's university boat race. It is on Easter Saturday this year



Boxing hero for sale at Phillips

LIST OF THE MONTH

LOST LONDON

With the good news that Battersea Power Station has escaped demolition (redevelopment into a leisure complex begins this month), it is perhaps apt to remember some other London landmarks that have not been so lucky:

1 Battersea Funfair. Dismantled in 1975 after a big dipper accident killed three people. The site is now being considered for an arts centre.

2 Caledonian Market, Caledonian Rd. Huge livestock market, opened in 1855, originally with room for 7,000 cattle, 3,500 sheep & 900 pigs. Redeveloped in 1965 for housing, though the pubs and central tower remain.

3 Euston Arch. This huge monument to the railway age & London's first terminus was pulled down in 1962 to make way for the present modernised station.

4 Imperial Hotel, Russell Sq. One of London's great hotels, this stately red-brick building with terracotta ornament was demolished in 1966. It was famous for its Turkish baths decorated in glazed Doulton ware.

5 London Bridge. Sir John Rennie's five-arched stone bridge was sold to American developers in 1967. The bridge is now a major tourist attraction at Lake Havasu City, Arizona.

6 Queenhithe Dock, EC4. Oldest dock in the City, dating from Saxon times, demolished in 1971 for a hotel.

7 The Roxy Club, Neal St. The home of punk rock, 1976-77. Host to bands such as the Buzzcocks, Wire & X-Ray Spex, along with their spiky-topped fans. Redeveloped in 1977 as part of the drive to clean up Covent Garden.

8 Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Rd. Octagonal, it was built by the Revd Rowland Hill in 1782 & after closing as a chapel in 1882 it became first a factory, then a boxing arena, before it was damaged by bombs in the Second World War & demolished.

9 Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary. The first hospital to be established by public subscription in 1720 was knocked down in 1951. The site has been occupied by a car park ever since.

10 White City Stadium. Greyhound racing was a major sport in the 1930s & 40s. Sadly, London's greatest track is now to be the new headquarters of the BBC (Norman Tebbit said they were going to the dogs).

OTHER EVENTS

The Great Egg Hunt. Children (from seven upwards) & adults can take part in the Victoria & Albert Museum's Easter scramble; a trail of clues will lead to decorated & sculpted eggs. Entry free. Prizes for the first home in each age group. V & A, Cromwell Rd entrance, SW7 (938 8500). Mar 31, Apr 2 & 4, 11am & 3.30pm each day.

Oxford *v* Cambridge University Boat Race Apr 2, 2pm start. Putney to Mortlake.

Sporting Memorabilia. One of the first major sales to include boxing artifacts—books, plates, poster & magazines—among its lots. Other highlights include a baseball signed by Babe Ruth. Apr 13. Phillips, 7 Blenheim St, New Bond St, W1 (629 6602).

BOOKS: THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (–) **Under the Eye of the Clock** by Christopher Nolan. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.95. Winner of the 1988 Whitbread Prize.

2 (–) **Stalker** by John Stalker. Harrap, £12.95. The honest cop tells all.

3 (–) **Making it Happen** by John Harvey-Jones. Collins, £12.95. Marvellously unpompous industrial leader explains.

4 (3) **Oscar Wilde** by Richard Ellman. Hamish Hamilton, £11.95. A major biography.

5 (–) **Elizabeth Takes Off** by Elizabeth Taylor. Macmillan, £12.95. How to lose pounds and win fans.

6 (–) **Richard Burton, My Brother** by Graham Jenkins. Michael Joseph, £12.95. Revealing portrait of the late actor.

7 (–) **The Modern World: Ten Great Writers** by Malcolm Bradbury. Secker & Warburg, £12.95. The Professor of Literature makes 10 greats accessible.

8 (–) **Whicker's World Down Under** by Alan Whicker. Collins, £15.

9 (1) **Guinness Book of Records 1988** edited by A. Russell. Guinness Superlatives, £8.95.

10 (–) **Chuck Berry: the Autobiography** by Chuck Berry. Faber & Faber, £9.95.

PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (–) **Between the Woods and the Water** by Patrick Leigh Fermor. Penguin, £3.95. Splendid sequel to *A Time of Gifts*.

2 (–) **Hip and Thigh Diet** by Rosemary Conley. Arrow Books, £2.50.

3 (–) **Children of the Siege** by Pauline Cutting. Pan Books, £3.50. The extraordinary story of a brave doctor in a Beirut camp working with almost no resources.

4 (–) **White Mischief** by James Fox. Penguin, £3.95. The truth about high life in wartime Kenya.

5 (–) **Rotation Diet** by Martin Katahn. Bantam Books, £3.50. Eat what you like and burn it all up.

6 (–) **Communion** by Whitley Strieber. Arrow Books, £3.50. A ghostly tale.

7 (–) **Republican Party Reptile** by P. J. O'Rourke. Picador, £3.50. A new funny man from the States.

8 (–) **Road to Elizabeth** by John Ridgway. Penguin, £2.95. A touching rescue story.

9 (–) **A Walk with a White Bushman** by Laurens Van Der Post. Penguin, £4.95. Conversations with Jean-Marc Pottiez, a fellow-travelling philosopher.

10 (4) **Going Solo** by Roald Dahl. Penguin, £3.50. Another slice of his autobiography.

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (–) **The Bonfire of the Vanities** by Tom Wolfe. Jonathan Cape, £11.95. Sharp, fashionable look at the New York jet set.

2 (–) **Leaving Home** by Garrison Keillor. Faber & Faber, £9.95. Pleasant follow-up to the original Lake Woebegon saga.

3 (1) **Yes, Prime Minister Vol II** by Jonathan Lynn and Antony Jay. BBC, £9.95.

4 (–) **Deadlock** by Colin Forbes. Collins, £10.95. Russia versus the West.

5 (10) **Moon Tiger** by Penelope Lively. André Deutsch, £9.95. The splendid Booker Prize winner.

6 (–) **A Man Rides Through** by Stephen Donaldson. Collins, £11.95. The continuing saga of the land of Mordant and its fantasy inhabitants.

7 (–) **The Beautiful Room is Empty** by Edmund White. Pan Books, £9.95. Homosexual America in the late 1950s, handled with brilliance and style.

8 (3) **Winter** by Len Deighton. Hutchinson, £11.95. An exciting novel set in Germany 1900-45.

9 (–) **2061: Odyssey 3** by Arthur C. Clarke. Grafton Books, £10.95.

10 (4) **Hot Money** by Dick Francis. Michael Joseph, £10.95. His 26th horse-racing thriller.

PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (–) **Red Storm Rising** by Tom Clancy. Fontana, £3.95. Imaginative but crude piece of military futorology.

2 (–) **The Eyes of the Dragon** by Stephen King. Futura, £3.50.

3 (–) **The Janus Man** by Colin Forbes. Pan Books, £2.95. Janus looks both east and west, the epitome of the double agent.

4 (2) **The Other Side of Paradise** by Noel Barber. Coronet, £3.95. Polio and passion in Polynesia.

5 (4) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell. Coronet, £4.95. Number 5 in the Hong Kong Noble House saga.

6 (–) **Fatal Inversion** by Barbara Vine. Penguin, £3.50. Ruth Rendell under a pseudonym.

7 (1) **Bolt** by Dick Francis. Pan Books, £2.95.

8 (5) **Santorini** by Alistair MacLean. Fontana, £2.95.

9 (–) **Windmills of the Gods** by Sidney Sheldon. Fontana, £3.50.

10 (–) **Conner Street's War** by Harry Bowling. Headline, £2.50. What the inhabitants of a street in the East End did during the Second World War.

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

ACCOMMODATION

Elmsdown

Rest Home

43 SUMMERLEY LANE, FELPHAM, BOGNOR REGIS, WEST SUSSEX

Retire gracefully in the warmth and sunshine of the South in this impressive Georgian Style Residence which is close to the sea, shops and many other amenities.

As we only wish to care for a small number we can provide excellent personal service and attention in a sheltered style, friendly, family environment.

No more cooking, no more bills to worry about! Our all inclusive price of £140 p.w. will secure a large luxurious first floor room with central heating, T.V., washbasin etc. Additional personal lounge available if required.

Brochure supplied on request:

TEL: MIDDLETON-ON-SEA (024369) 5430

SUNNINGDALE BERKSHIRE

SUPERB
Holiday Cottage
adjacent to Golf Course
Near Wentworth ●
Royal Ascot ● Windsor
Tel: Ascot 0990-21068

STAY IN A COUNTRY HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE 1 HOUR FROM LONDON AT PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD

(Very good road and rail connections)

High standard of comfort and personal service. Close to Cambridge and ideal for all the family

D. C. Hipwell, Rectory Farm House, Abbotsley, Huntingdon, Cambs. Tel: 07677 282

ANCESTRY

'Over the past 20 years Colin Parry has helped hundreds of people trace their family histories in Britain. Why not let him help you?

Send brief information for free assessment of research prospects and cost estimate.'

KINTRACERS LIMITED
2 Churchwood Close
Rough Common, Canterbury,
Kent, England CT2 9BT
Tel: 0227-464740

ANCESTRY

Contact the team with the best experience World-wide

ACHIEVEMENTS
NORTHGATE CANTERBURY CT11BA (J)
TEL: 0227 462618

For economical research and art-work

HERALDRY

To advertise tel:
01-928 6969
MELINDA SMILEY

LEISURE

STEAM AND SUN

LONDON'S LATEST RELAXATION AND FITNESS CENTRE

Everything for the fitness fan or the excessive who likes to be steam, sauna, jacuzzi, sun-bed, and massage fit. Visit now. Complimentary drinks. Big founder member discount. No obligation. Non-members welcome.

17/19 CHALTON STREET,
(off Euston Road) adjoining
Hair Alive the Hair Growth Clinic

01-388 8153

Open all hours. Accommodation with full club facilities available.

THE MAYFAIR GUN CLUB

has recently opened its indoor fullbore pistol range facility just south of Tower Bridge and is now inviting applications for membership from companies and individuals who wish to participate in this exciting sport.

Novices are welcome as full training is offered to an advanced level. All the necessary equipment to shoot is available on request.

Interested persons can contact the club for further information at the address below.

94 DRUID STREET, LONDON SE1 2HQ
tel 01 252 1118
12.30–7.30 pm Mon-Fri

GENERAL

Give someone a memory to last a lifetime. Give them an original issue of The Times newspaper dated the very day they were born. £15. Also available: Nottingham Guardian (1919-1959), Yorkshire Herald (1829-1935). Glasgow Herald (1861-1933), The Scotsman (1913-1932), Punch (1860s-1970s). Met Office weather reports, (1909-1939, 1950-1959), Toronto Globe (Canada 1936-1946).
Phone 0492 531195/531303 or write:
Yesterday's News,
43 Dundonald Road, Colwyn Bay, LL29 7RE.



AVRIL NOBLE GALLERY
Antique Maps & Engravings
16th to 19th Century
The decoration which is also an investment
2 Southampton Street, Strand, WC2 7HA
01-240 1970

LONDON TICKET BUREAU LTD

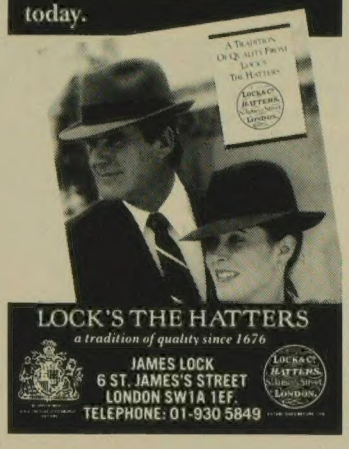
All your theatre ticket requirements and major sporting events in and around London including: Phantom of the Opera, Les Miserables, Cats, Follies, Wimbledon, Henley, The Derby, Ascot, Queen's Club, etc.

American Express and Visa accepted
Tel: 01-724 4444
Telex: DUBENS 264544

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Copy of first issue, May 14 1842 wanted urgently.
Phone: 01-928 6969 ext. 4141.

Send or phone for your copy of Lock's colour brochure today.



FINE SHIRTS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

Made to Measure with choice of styles in Sea Island and Silverline Cottons, Silks, Wool-cotton Blends etc. Free sample Fabrics and Brochure

Established 1929
Seymours Shirts
Freepost Dept. 25 Bradford BD1 1BR

SELECT FRIENDS
the introduction agency for professional people
ESTABLISHED 1984
Select Friends, 58 Maddox St., London W1R 9PD. 01-493 9937
Members of the ABIA

Relaxator



INVERSION CHAIR

Banishes the tension and stress of modern living with the, Feet up, head curved suspension. The ideal gift, a life-long investment.

Ring 01-941 2555
Write to: Relaxator Limited, (Dept ILN), Freepost, West Molesey, Surrey RT8 9BR

BOOK PUBLISHER INVITES **AUTHORS** to send manuscripts for publication on subsidy terms. All categories considered including: **WAR MEMOIRS, AUTOBIOGRAPHIES** and **POETRY. NEW AUTHORS** are welcome.

MERLIN BOOKS LTD.
East Street, Braunton, Devon EX33 2LD
Tel: (0271) 812117

HOLIDAYS

REDESDALE – NORTHUMBERLAND

3 superb self-catering cottages on a traditional Northumbrian sheep farm. Good fishing on River Rede. Magnificent scenery.
Furnished to highest standard. £300 per week.

Tel: Christine and Douglas Willey 0660 70232 for brochure

SELECT SINGLES HOLIDAYS

PARIS · LUXEMBOURG
AMSTERDAM · BRUSSELS

Details from
HAGON'S HOLIDAYS
Tel: 01-514 5818

DELTA QUEEN
STEAMBOAT · DELTA QUEEN · MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

STEAM-BOATIN'

. . . through America's heartland offers you
a unique holiday adventure on the Mississippi River.
Experience the legendary
Delta Queen
or the luxurious
Mississippi Queen.

Authentic, paddlewheel-driven cruises year-round. Comfortable cabin choices. 8 U.S. departure cities. FREE Full Colour Brochure with 66 page particulars sent Airmail Anywhere for £2.
(Specify '88 or '89 schedule.)



FISHER TOUR SERVICE
1470 Sherburne Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55104 U.S.A.

HOTELS



Passford House Hotel
Mount Pleasant, Nr. Lymington, Hants.
Tel. Lymington (0590) 682398
Ashley Courtenay/Egon Ronay recommended
*AA***RAC* *BTA commended*

'The Hotel on the edge of the New Forest'

What better prospect is there than a luxury country house—9 acres of gardens—indoor heated pool, hard tennis court and leisure complex, all set amidst glorious forest scenery yet adjoining the Solent coastline.

56 individually designed bedrooms all en-suite, together with some of the finest cuisine in the area served in our Regency restaurant, with every comfort expected of a highly recommended hotel.

'Special 2 day breaks'*
Illustrated brochure with pleasure.
Personally supervised by resident owners.
Mr and Mrs Patrick Heritage
*excluding Bank Holidays

Elegant Country Charm — Luxury London Hotel & Magnificent Suites

Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39–40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 01-724 3328.

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

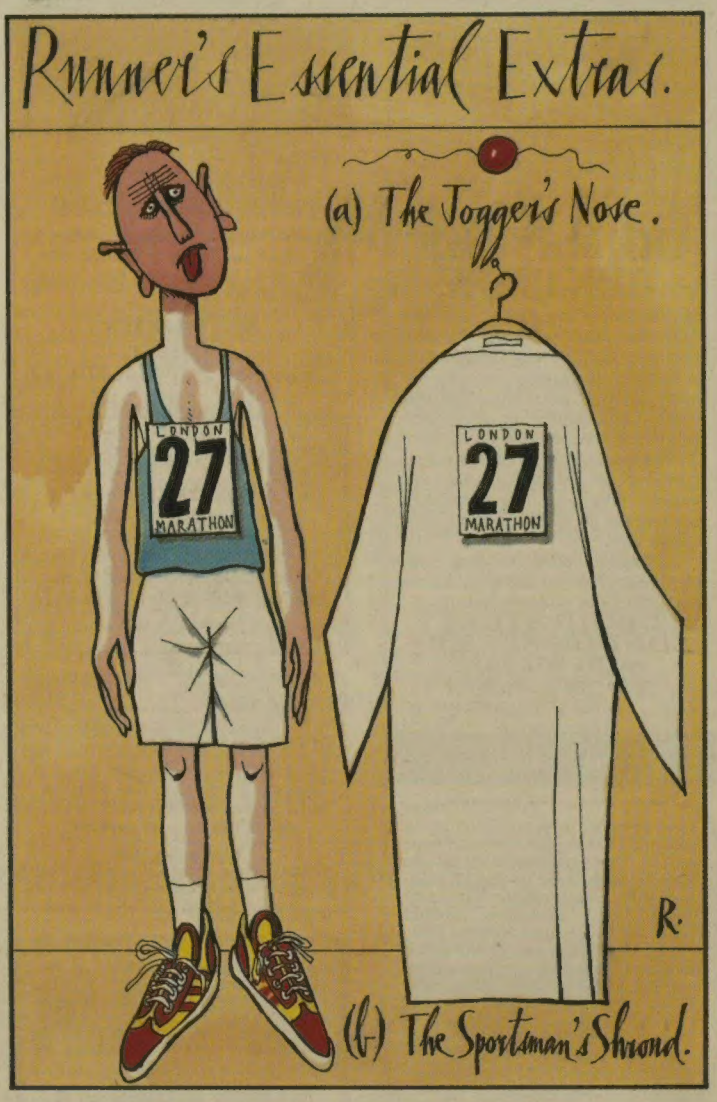
MARATHON MADNESS

Tom Fort wonders at the looniness of the long-distance runner

Running on roads is hell. This is offered not as an opinion but as a fact. It's hell; just as standing in a packed tube, steaming in a traffic jam, getting wheel-clamped are all hell. Representing the marriage of tedium and discomfort, it makes you look absurd, smell horrible and feel terrible. It earns you the disrespect of right-thinking members of society and gives you a lively prospect of becoming a permanently hobbling wreck.

So what are we to make of the spectacle of mass idiocy known as the London Marathon? Is it not a sign of civilisation's sickness that at about 9.30 on the morning of April 17 a 23,000-strong army of fanatics will lurch and elbow their way from Greenwich at the start of a 26 mile epic of torture? Probably not, but it's still a rum do.

If the average five- or six-mile pavement pounding is a taste of what hell has to offer, then the marathon is a flirtation with perpetual damnation. We are not talking here about a few blisters, a stitch, and a temporary urge to expectorate heart, lungs and stomach. We are talking of hypothermia and hyperthermia; of tissue exhaustion and debilitating dehydration; of torn muscles, snapped tendons, fractured bones; of long-term damage to joints, bringing the risk of arthritis; of blood blisters requiring toenails to be punctured with red-hot needles; in general, of a self-inflicted beating to the body from which it takes, at best, weeks to recover.



Despite the evident folly of all this, you have to be jolly careful about criticising the London Marathon. It's like Comic Relief. Everyone is aware that a red nose is the feeblest stimulus to hilarity devised by mankind, and that the routine of the clowns who sport them is the low spot of every circus. Yet a conspiracy of publicity-mad media folk and the gutter Press apparently succeeded in persuading most of the country that failure to join in this mass hollow laugh was an act of treachery.

The hacks are also in the forefront of the London Marathon conspiracy. The papers give it acres of free publicity. *The Times* even prints the name and time of every finisher, which makes stimulating reading. The propaganda churned forth is designed to prove that, because it is the biggest event of its kind in the world, because it raises £4 million for charity, because it draws huge crowds, it is therefore a life-affirming act and something of which London should be supremely proud. The madness of it is ignored.

This cheering picture of a nation which knows how to have fun and simultaneously do good is expertly promoted by the race organisers, and in particular by the race director, Chris Brasher. Mr Brasher has another job, too. He is the managing director of the sports equipment firm Reebok, which has become a major seller of specialised running shoes, and won the contract to be this year's official London Marathon suppliers. Oddly enough, another Reebok director, John Disley, happens to be the London Marathon's course director.

It has been reported that Mr Brasher is wont to respond with abuse and threats of litigation to suggestions that his involvement in the Marathon is less than purely motivated. That reputation is ill-founded. He answered my insolent questions with unfailing good humour and candour. True, he wouldn't tell me how much he was being paid by the marathon's organising committee, but I don't really see why he should. He made no effort to conceal his commercial interest in the continuing success of the London Marathon. But at the same time I was left with the depressing conviction that idealism, rather than a healthy desire to make money, was his real inspiration.

Mr Brasher's triumph is that he has managed to keep the London Marathon on an upward curve, at a time when the whole concept of such races is in disrepute. All over the country less glamorous events are being cancelled or are having to survive on a much reduced entry. But Mr Brasher had 60,000 applications this time round.

Long-distance running breeds fanaticism and obsessiveness. This is no cause for wonder, when you consider that the recommended training for a marathon is at least 50 miles a week for several months, and ideally years. Thousands of hours of putting foot in front of foot leaves plenty of time for the mind to work on odd ideas. It is a way of life, not a means to exercise, and its philosophy is clearly reflected in the runners' magazines. Learned discussions of matters such as jogger's nipple, fartleking, crutch-chafing and overpronating are interspersed with diatribes against enemies like meat, cholesterol, surplus fat, and—the two prime inventions of Satan—alcohol and tobacco.

The bodies of the long-distance runners testify to the grip of their addiction. They glory to show their iron leg muscles, wire-like tendons, bone and sinew writhing beneath the skin. Their faces are tightened in the ecstasy of agony, like devotees of a cult of self-mortification.

Are they oblivious to the pertinent lessons of history? Have they forgotten the first of their line who dropped down dead in Athens having run with the news of the Persians' defeat at Marathon? Do they not remember the grotesque spectacle of Jim Peters crawling towards the finish at the 1954 Commonwealth Games? Above all, are they no longer chilled by the memory of the celebrated mad American Jim Fixx?

Jim Fixx it was who taught a generation of heart attack victims and triple by-pass patients that running was their passport to self-discovery, health and happiness. He made a million, ran 80 miles a week and perished at 52, pounding along a Vermont road, a martyr to his cause and a warning to us all ●



At Sealink we believe you tired motorists need treatment. Special treatment.

So we've created lounges exclusively for drivers and their passengers serving drinks, coffee, tea and light snacks.

They're comfortable and very well appointed.

If you're planning a motoring holiday this year, see your travel agent or phone 01-834 8122 to find out more.

SEALINK BRITISH FERRIES

WE'RE FLEETS AHEAD.

Sealink welcomes stressful drivers.

PULCHRA

A BERTOLUCCI CREATION





18ct. Gold

BERTOLUCCI

Pulchra – «beautiful», in Latin. The only name worthy of Bertolucci's breathtaking design. Time as a precise and precious sculpture of harmoniously rounded lines, subtly matched textures and flawlessly finished metal. Born of a passion for perfection, Pulchra testifies to the enduring appeal of elegance at its finest.

Bertolucci
P.O. Box 2
Cranleigh
Surrey GU6 8UU

PULCHRA – EXCLUSIVE BEAUTY BY BERTOLUCCI

LONDON STOCKISTS: The London Hilton Jewellers Ltd, Park Lane, W1. Tel: 01 4080487. Kutchinsky, 73 Brompton Road, SW3. Tel: 01 5849311